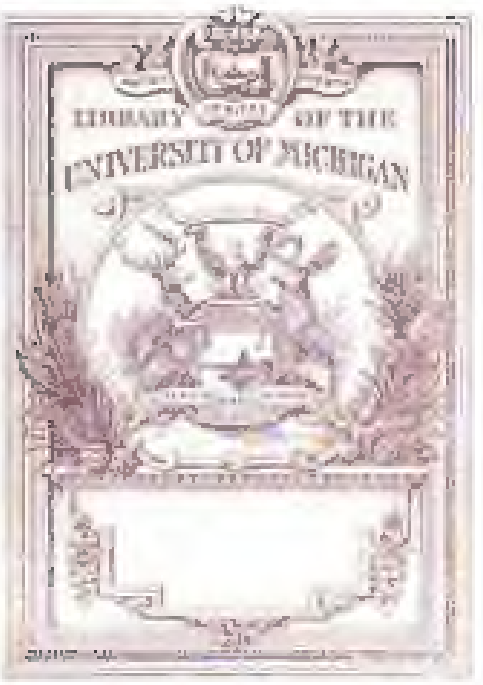

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

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The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review,"* 50a *Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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REORGANISATION OF THE UNIONIST PARTY

IF the present pace is maintained the Government will easily beat all records for attempting hasty and experimental legislation. The performances of Lords Grey and Melbourne in the thirties and of Mr. Gladstone in the seventies of the last century, will be entirely surpassed. But in 1841 and 1874 the country cried stop in no uncertain tones, and there are already signs that people to-day are tired of this reckless driving. Hasty legislation in detail from principles loosely expressed in "mandates" does not satisfy either those who are supposed to have given them or those who doubt their existence.

It seems clear, therefore, that the Unionist party will be called upon at some not far-distant date to assume the direction of affairs and to place them on safe and steady foundations. For this reason it is necessary to organise the party at once, to agree upon a plan of campaign and to educate the country as to its meaning. The Central Office and the National Union have come to an agreement so that the party can set to work in harmony and unison. It is absolutely necessary that the leader should lead and equally so that his supporters should follow cheerfully and contentedly. It is, therefore, imperative that the means of communication between the two should be improved so that the party may know where it is going and the leader may estimate with what degree of enthusiasm he will be supported. The Unionist

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party is not fond of programmes and does not, as a rule, make reckless promises or grope about for mandates, but it desires to be taken a little more into the confidence of its leader and to be able to voice its hopes and aspirations.

The present arrangement should work well if all agree to abide loyally by its terms, and it is more with the hope of filling in details than with the idea of sketching a new plan that the following is written. Geographically the whole of Great Britain—Ireland must be dealt with separately—can easily be divided into Districts, Sub-districts, Agencies and Sub-agencies. The number of Districts might be six or eight and the Sub-districts correspond to the counties, groups of small counties and the larger cities and county boroughs. The Agencies correspond to the constituencies and the Sub-agencies to the larger parishes or unions. The nomenclature is different to that adopted at present, and I think more rational. The National Union will keep in touch with the leader by means of its representatives on the General Council and will have charge of the literature. The Political Associations should appoint the Agents and Sub-agents, and the General Council, an Inspector for each District, and a Sub-inspector for each Sub-district. These inspectors would travel in the areas committed to their charge and collect and forward information to and from the centre.

The unit would be the Sub-agent who, with the aid of voluntary workers, would ascertain the number of (1) safe voters, (2) doubtful voters, and (3) the probable effect on the latter of the policies of the Government and Opposition. The returns of the Sub-agents could be collected periodically by the Agents who would thus be kept informed of the feeling in their constituencies and also forwarded to the District Inspectors who would report to Head Quarters. Without some such arrangement the Central Office must remain in ignorance of the opinion of the party.

The result of the General Election came as a great surprise to the Central Office, but those who had been speaking and

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electioneering for two or three years previously felt that some great catastrophe was at hand. The opposition front bench had not the vaguest idea of the extraordinary feeling against Chinese labour as imagined in England, and the Government greatly overrated the desire in the country to change the educational system. It has been very difficult to determine the exact amount of support given to Tariff Reform, for the quiet supporters of the movement kept away from the meetings and the active opponents attended them. It is, however, perfectly certain that the result of the General Election affords no guide to the feeling of the country on the subject.

Again it is obvious that the Government now have no idea of the intensity of the feeling against the present Education Act, and it is doubtful if the Central Office realises it, but those who have travelled about, speaking in towns and villages, must have been astonished at the indignation aroused among even those who usually take no interest in political questions.

One of the chief objects, therefore, of the Agents and Sub-agents is *to collect information* upon which the General Council can deliberate and confer with the leader.

With such information the leader could with safety and discretion draw up a plan of campaign. The National Union would then instruct its Speakers, Inspectors and Agents what it was, and they would go forth and advocate it in the highways and byways. Suitable literature created from facts, and dealing with the points of difficulty discovered would also be distributed at the same time by the Agents and Sub-agents. In this way the party would learn what its leader expected from it.

At present Agents are left to discover for themselves, if they can, what their leader wishes, and the voluntary speakers, who are so anxious to talk on political matters, frequently give their own views based often on a very slight acquaintance with the subject. To explain the Tariff Reform question requires a deep knowledge of history and economy, as well as a strong

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imperialistic sentiment, and religious enthusiasm, however deep, does not aid greatly in explaining the rank injustice of the Education Bill unless its clauses are studied and understood. Local enthusiasts should certainly be encouraged, but it would be as well if they confided their arguments to some practised politician before they launched them into mid-air.

It would seem, therefore, that the political education of the country must be undertaken by competent politicians, but they are very scarce, for the simple reason that politics is the only subject which may be practised before it is learnt. Any one who cares to spend money may be a candidate, and any one may become his agent. It is impossible to hope that busy lawyers and business men and gentlemen of leisure who are willing to be candidates will undertake educational work in their constituencies, even if they are competent to do so. That being the case, the spade work must be done by the Inspectors, Agents, and Lecturers of the National Union, and it is necessary to ensure that they know their work.

Now where is the average man to acquire a knowledge of politics? Facts in history, law and economy can be derived from text-books, and a limited knowledge of current politics from the reviews and newspapers. This is not sufficient. Some school of instruction is necessary, in which those who aspire to be Agents and Lecturers can be trained. The value of statistics when properly used, the abstraction of points from speeches, the separation of principles from padding, the best method of meeting arguments, of debating, of constructing speeches, of organising constituencies, all require careful explanation. Politicians would not make half as many mistakes if they knew history well enough to benefit by the errors of their predecessors, and Statesmen would not be driven hither and thither by imaginary mandates if they understood the real feeling of the country. This brings us to the chief part of the organised education of politicians. It is absolutely necessary in these days to discover what the country wishes, and this can only be done by travelling about among people of

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all classes and talking with them. It is as necessary to be acquainted with the atmosphere of a public-house in a mining village as with that of a West End drawing-room or a country house party. More so, in fact, for the latter is fairly constant and the former often changes.

Any strong self-willed enthusiast can command some kind of a following and make a noise in the world out of all proportion to the importance of the cause which he advocates. The great bulk of the people are quiet and are never heard at all, but the weight of their votes, silently given, determines the results of elections. We heard a great deal of opposition to the Education Bill of 1902, but who expected that labour would have half a hundred representatives in the Commons? It is the thoughts and wishes of the quiet class which the Agents and Sub-agents must discover, for there is no fear that we shall not hear the voices of the enthusiasts from the house-tops. The latter may safely be left alone, for their demands will always be too impracticable to be granted by any government however subservient, just as were those of Hume, Cobbett, and O'Connell in the past.

It may be urged that trained politicians would develop into opportunists, and only study to discover the wishes of the voters. This is very unlikely, for a knowledge of politics leads involuntarily to the creation in the mind of broad general principles by which all leaders of men are actuated. A staff of technically trained men would both educate the country and advise Statesmen when the time is ripe to apply their principles in practice. The stages in the development would be simple. Instead of bouncing an ill-understood and half-digested scheme suddenly on the country or House of Commons, and then hoping to amend it into a practical shape, Statesmen would carefully sound the constituencies and educate them first.

Now comes the question of funds. By far the heaviest item of expense in political propagandism is printing posters, catch phrases, cartoons, and leaflets, and distributing them. The average voter is not affected to any great extent by seeing

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"Vote for X Your Friend" placarded twenty times on one wall. He wishes to know how the return of X will affect his employment, his cost of living, and, perhaps, in some cases, the education of his children. A house-to-house delivery of a large envelope full of leaflets is simply waste of money, for if the voter is already favourable, they are not required, and if he is not, they are promptly thrown into the street. If the National Union has a highly trained staff of Agents and Sub-agents, an immense saving can be effected by a judicious choice of what should be circulated, and to whom. The money so saved could be devoted to the school. Most candidates would willingly subscribe to an institution which would train and supply good Agents, and the scholars themselves might be charged fees, for they are learning a business by which they hope to earn a living. Every one else must serve an apprenticeship, and why not politicians?

Another, but perhaps less pressing need, is an official political journal attached to the Unionist party. There are reviews and daily newspapers by the hundred professing Unionist views, but not one can be said to represent the official policy of the party. The reason of this is obvious. The proprietors have no more facility for discovering what is the determination of the leader than the man in the street, nor can they form a better opinion of public feeling. They can only read speeches and accounts of meetings, and, perhaps, sometimes are afforded a scrap of exclusive information. This was clearly proved at the General Election, for Fleet Street was just as astonished as was St. Stephen's Chambers. Again, proprietors of journals have their own views just as have other business men, and this is as it should be, for the public require to have every shade of opinion placed before them. The result is, however, that the same organ may support the leader one day and follow another Statesman the next, or favour a mixture of the policies of several. The *Times*, for example, used to support the Government of the day, whichever party was in power, and is still an independent but imperialistic organ.

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This is all very well, but how is the ordinary individual to know what his leader wishes and in what direction the party intends to move. With the exception of the *Times*, none of the dailies report even the speeches of leading Statesmen verbatim, so the people who read the most widely circulated newspapers are entirely dependent upon the reporters and sub-editors of those journals for their knowledge of what has been said. These gentlemen work exceedingly hard and conscientiously, but always at full pressure. A speech comes in on the tape, it is sub-edited and sent to the leader-writer, who has perhaps half an hour to explain its meaning and criticise it. Even supposing the original reporter, the sub-editor, and the leader-writer are all trained politicians, which is by no means often the case, the whole has to be crammed into a certain space. Bald sentences must thus often be printed without reference to the context or to the limitations expressed in the qualifying sentences which preceded and followed.

For these reasons it seems that a political journal is necessary, not to compete in any way with the established newspapers, but to augment the political information which they give to the world. There are scores of technical journals devoted to one subject. The clerical, legal, artistic, engineering, medical, dramatic, and sporting professions have their special organs, and why should not a great political party? In it verbatim reports of the principal speeches would be given with political news and articles written or inspired by politicians. Those interested in the subject could thus discover what was moving in the political world without hunting all over their newspapers. A sixpenny weekly, managed by a practical journalist and edited by a trained politician, would easily pay its own way, for it would be indispensable to Members, Candidates, Agents, Political Associations and Clubs, and would be read by many interested in politics.

The scheme as a whole, however, cannot be worked without funds, and it is the duty of all Unionists to put their hands into

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their pockets. Those aspiring to the honour and privilege of being Members of Parliament will benefit their cause and improve their chances of election by helping in some such scheme, and those who wish their constituencies educated should surely be willing to pay for it to be done if they cannot undertake the work themselves. It is very worthy to subscribe to local improvements and charities, but at the present moment it is more important to help organise the party and educate the country. Those who wish to maintain the Union intact, those who believe the present policy of meddling with the colonies will tend to weaken the Empire, those who think that the cutting down of the defensive forces will endanger the safety of the Mother Country, those who are opposed to religious tyranny and who consider it undesirable that local bodies should have more power to raise rates and try socialistic experiments, those who wish to see trade improve and unemployment diminish, all should show their opinions in a practical way and at once. The members of the Unionist party must rally round their leader and work hard to fit themselves for the call which may not be long delayed.

MARCUS R. P. DORMAN.

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THE INTELLECTUAL CONDITIONS OF THE LABOUR PARTY

I

THERE are various questions, religious, political and social which, though always closely connected with the general welfare of mankind, obtrude themselves at particular periods, with more than usual force on the consciousness of particular countries, or of the civilised world generally. One of these questions, which is, at the present moment, occupying an exceptional share of public thought and interest, is the question of what, more or less vaguely, are spoken of as the claims of Labour.

The "claims of labour" have acquired their present special importance, not in this country only, but in others—for example, in Russia. It is, however, with reference to the manner in which they are now being brought forward amongst ourselves, that I shall speak of them primarily, though not exclusively, here. I shall aim at setting forth in clear logical order the main ideas and principles which are animating the professed leaders of the labour movement in Great Britain—especially those who profess to represent Labour in Parliament; and I shall then point out precisely how, and to what extent, these principles and ideas accord, and fail to accord with fact. We shall find much in them which is sound, which those who are accustomed to condemn them condemn with gross

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injustice, and which in the interests of all parties ought to be frankly recognised. We shall also find much in them which is illusory and incomplete, and dangerous in proportion as it is acted on to the interests of all equally. I shall try to discriminate fairly between these two elements, extending a sympathetic consideration even to those errors which I am most anxious to identify, to expose, and to correct. If we can but eliminate the exaggerations, and supply the main omissions by which the reasonings and claims, not of the Labour party only, but those of their opponents also, are perhaps equally vitiated, we shall have taken one step at all events—and it has not been taken already—towards converting a disorderly wrangle into a reasonable and fruitful negotiation.

In dealing, however, with the ideas of a body of men so large and miscellaneous as that which we associate with the cause of Labour, there is often a difficulty in determining what these ideas are with sufficient clearness to provide criticism with a starting-point. But in the present case it happens that a starting-point of the kind required has been recently provided for us in a very interesting way. During the course of the past summer there was published in a popular periodical an account of the books which had appealed most to the sympathies, and most deeply influenced the opinions, of the Labour members in the present Parliament, the account having been compiled from memoranda contributed by these members themselves; and amongst the many books mentioned there is one so notably more popular than the rest, that it may reasonably be taken as affording a general clue, if not to any precise opinions which the Labour members entertain unanimously, yet at all events to the general spirit and the general type of reasoning which prevails amongst them with reference to Labour, its claims and prospects. The book in question is "Unto This Last," by Ruskin — a very short, but highly characteristic work, in which the science of Political Economy, as expounded in the orthodox text-books, is attacked with

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scornful eloquence as no science at all and the true nature of wealth, and the relations between Labour and Capital—or, to speak more correctly, between the employing and the employed classes—are briefly set forth, according to the author's conception of them, with all that high and emotional solemnity of which he was so great a master.

In many quarters, on its appearance, this work was received with ridicule: and it is not amongst those to which, in the opinion of the critical public, Ruskin has hitherto owed very much of his authority or reputation. It is, therefore, a curious thing that, thus late in the day, it has been exercising so great an influence on a new class of students, whose immediate predecessors at the time of its publication, were, with a few exceptions, probably unaware of its existence. At all events its unique popularity amongst the official representatives of Labour invests it with an interest independent of its own merits; and will render a re-examination of it highly instructive and interesting, as showing us not only the spirit and intellectual methods of the writer, but those also of the men whose newly acquired powers in Parliament have done more to stimulate thought than they have, thus far, to affect legislation. In the present article I shall analyse this work, as a preliminary to the criticism of it which will follow.

II

"Unto this Last" begins with an impressive repetition of the old accusation that Political Economy is a science wholly illusory, because it deals with an assumed world which has no counterpart in reality. It deals exclusively with what it calls "the economic man," or the man whose sole motive is the acquisition of wealth. But such a being, say the critics, is nothing more than an abstraction; he has no concrete existence; and any science resulting from a study of this fictitious animal, has no application whatever to the practical affairs of life. It is impossible, says Ruskin, restating this

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position, to formulate "any advantageous code of social action," unless we take full account of what he calls "social affection." It is true, he proceeds, that the Economists do not formally deny that man does possess such affections in addition to the desire of gain. But the desire of gain, they say, is a constant: the social affections are inconstants. Let us eliminate the inconstants, and deal with the constants only: and the laws being once determined which are due to the operations of this, "it will be for each individual afterwards to introduce as much of the affectionate element as he chooses, and determine the result for himself on the new conditions supposed."

This argument, says Ruskin, is plausible, and would indeed be perfectly sound, if it were not for the fact that these disturbing elements, the affections, so permeate the entire being of man that the desire of gain can never be practically separated from them. It exists and operates only in what he describes as some "chemical combination with them;" and its behaviour, as thus combined, differs as much from that which the Economists ascribe to it on the supposition that it acts singly, as the behaviour of charcoal in isolation differs from the behaviour of charcoal when united with other elements in such a way as to form gunpowder. Touch it, says Ruskin, as it exists in combination with the social affections (and it never exists otherwise)—touch it thus, under the impression that its action will have that manageable and calculable character imputed to it by the ordinary Economist: and what follows may well be some explosion "which will send you and your apparatus through the ceiling." The precise result of acting on the Economist's principles we can never foreknow accurately; but we may be sure that it will not be the result which, according to those principles, it ought to be. For man "is an engine whose motive power is a Soul; (and) the force of this very peculiar agent, as an unknown quantity, enters into all the political Economists equations, and falsifies every one of their results. In fact, "the Maker of men never intended that

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human actions should be guided by any balances of (calculable) expediency. He has therefore rendered all endeavours to determine expediency futile for evermore."

What then, he asks, is to guide us in the sphere of economic action, if calculations of what is expedient are thus powerless to do so? Our sole guide, he says, is to be sought in the principles of moral justice, as to which no well-intentioned man need ever be in any doubt; and he proceeds to illustrate his meaning by going at once to the relations which ought, he says, in justice to exist between the employers and employed. The two simplest examples of employing and employed persons are, he says, to be found in the master of a house and his servants, and in the commander of a regiment and his men. In both cases, he urges, the best results are obtained when the employed are treated by the employers with personal kindness and consideration. "Affectionate" treatment of this kind meets with an affection which corresponds to it; and services are rendered far more valuable and efficacious than any which could be secured by a system of purely commercial discipline. The same thing is true, he continues, of manufacturers and their workmen also; or would be so, if it were not for certain unfortunate differences by which the relations of these latter classes are at present distinguished from those of the former. Of these differences, one of the most important consists in the difference of the principles on which the employed are remunerated.

A servant or soldier is engaged at a definite rate of wages, for a definite period; but a workman at a rate of wages variable according to the demand for labour, and with the risk of being at any time thrown out of his situation by the chances of trade. Under these circumstances no action of the affections can take place, but only an explosive action of the disaffections.

The primary questions, therefore, which are thrust on us by the economics of justice are, how far the rate of wages may be fixed by the reasonable needs of the recipients, like the pay of soldiers and domestics, "so as not to vary with the demand for labour;" and how far it is possible that industrial employees

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in general may be engaged on such such fixed terms permanently, like the soldiers in a standing army, and not be liable to irregular discharge and re-engagement, in accordance with the irregular and incalculable fluctuations of trade. Could fixity of employment, and a just and irreducible wage, only be made the rule in the modern world of business, the main economic difficulty would—so Ruskin holds—be solved. In this way of managing things, there is nothing, he says, inherently utopian: for in domestic life, in the Army, in the Church, and in the Government they are managed in this way already. A soldier is engaged for a regular term of service; and each man, if he is engaged as a soldier at all, receives the same wages as any other in the same position. A cabinet minister or a clergyman, once appointed to his post, receives the same stipend, whether his abilities be great or small. If the wages of a housemaid fit for a certain establishment are, on an average, £25 a year, the mistress of such an establishment would never think of economising by engaging an incapable slattern at £12 10*s*. If she engages a servant at all to fill the post in question, the servant receives the usual wages attached to it; just as a vicar, when once selected for a living, receives a stated emolument, be his personal capacities what they may. And, continues Ruskin, what is done in such cases as these, ought to be done in the case of industrial wages generally. Every labourer employed ought, according to the nature of his labour, "to be paid by an invariable standard," which should in no case be insufficient for his decent maintenance. The inferior bricklayer, if you employ him to lay your bricks, should receive no less than a good one, a payment adequate to the needs of a human being in his position. "By all means," he says in conclusion of this part of his subject,

> by all means choose your bricklayer. That is the proper reward of the good workman to be chosen. The natural and right system respecting all labour is, that the good workmen should be employed at a fixed rate, and the bad workman unemployed. The false, unnatural, and destructive system is when the bad workman is allowed to offer his work at half-price, and either take the place of the good, or force him by his competition to work for an inadequate sum

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Next, as to fixity of employment. It may, Ruskin admits, be a more difficult matter to arrange that employment shall be constant, than that rates of wages should be fixed; for if a thousand workmen in any business are sufficient when trade is good, how can the manufacturer, without serious loss, continue to maintain them all when the demand for his products slackens? To this question, he says, there are two answers. One is that, if constant employment be guaranteed, their rate may be reasonably lower than it is when they are uncertain and intermittent. The other answer is that, even though under these conditions the employer should at times lose, as he almost inevitably would, it is his duty to look on such losses as incidents inseparable from his calling, just as the possibility of wounds or death is inseparable from the calling of the soldier; and the manufacturer must, for the sake of justice and affection, learn to bear them in the true soldier's spirit. As the soldier suffers for his country, so must the manufacturer, when occasion requires it of him, for his work-people.

> As the captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave his ship in the case of wreck, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take the suffering of it with his men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel. . . . All other doctrine than this respecting matters, political being false in premises, absurd in deduction, and impossible in practice, consistently with any progressive state of national life.

Such is Ruskin's exordium; and the ordinary Political Economists will, he says, answer that he is merely playing tricks with logic, the science of Political Economy remaining just where it ever was, attested by the experience "of every capitalist or business man in Europe" as an exposition of the laws by an adherence to which "money is actually made." And the men of business, he admits, understand what they are really talking about. They know how money has been made, and on occasion lost, by themselves; but what they fail to understand is the process of the production of wealth in general. If ten men start with £1000 a year between them,

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each possessing £100, one man may acquire £500 a year for himself, leaving to each of the others no more than £50. He may even, by using his wealth in appropriate ways, so hamper the others that their incomes fall to £40. Thus private fortunes may grow, and yet the wealth of the community at large may remain just what it was, or may suffer an actual diminution; whilst the mass of the people will in either case be poorer. This need not be the case; but it may be, and sometimes is; and for Political Economy, as at present taught, which is exclusively the science of the rich, it is all the same whether this be the case or no. The truth is, he continues, that, under any conditions, wealth has no meaning apart from the existence of poverty; for no nine men would consent to labour for the tenth, unless the tenth had something to give them, and they themselves had nothing. That Labour should be remunerated in this indirect way—that is to say through the medium of a wage-paying employer who directs it, is not, in itself, says Ruskin, a good thing or a bad thing. Whether it is a good thing or a bad depends altogether on the manner in which the remuneration is made, and the purposes to which the labour is applied. If the remuneration is equitable in amount, if the employer treats the men with sympathy, willing to incur occasional losses himself rather than let them suffer from circumstances beyond their own control, and farther if the tasks to which he sets them are healthy in themselves, and result in healthy or ennobling products, then the wealth of the wage-payer is fulfilling its true ends, giving life to the community like the healthy circulation of blood, and bringing its blessing to rich and to poor equally. But if it is used without due regard to the fact that the labourers are men, and not merely industrial mechanisms, hired to-day at the lowest price they will take, and turned adrift to-morrow without thought of their welfare; and if, in addition to this, the services and the products demanded of them result in meaningless luxuries for the employer, and the means of gross sensualities for themselves, wealth then becomes a curse

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instead of a blessing, and, to any community in which such a use of it prevails, it will bring immediate misery to the many, and ultimate ruin to all.

Between private wealth, then, which is a national blessing, and private wealth which is a national curse, the difference, Ruskin goes on to insist, is a moral difference; and what is needed to solve the economic difficulties of to-day is a moral reform which will carry economic reforms with it. But Political Economy, as at present taught, ostentatiously declares that it has nothing to do with morals; and thus deliberately renounces all power of throwing any light whatever of the deepest forces which are at work in those regions with which it affects to deal. Let us compare, he says, the true Political Economy with the false, in respect of the manner in which they deal with the rate of wages.

Equity in exchange, Ruskin says, consists in an exchange of equivalents. In exchanging goods for the production of which special skill is requisite, our problem is often complicated by the difficulty of balancing one kind of skill against another; but underneath this question of special skill, and in most cases practically separable from it, lies the simpler question of time; and it is with this question of time that we primarily have to do. "Money payment consists radically in a promise to some person working for us, that for the time and labour (or labour-time) which he spends in our service to-day we will give or procure" such and such labour-time whenever he may happen to demand it; and in order that this payment may be just, the amount of labour-time given must be equal to that received. "If a man works an hour for us, and we only promise to work half an hour for him in return, we obtain an unjust advantage." The exchange is equitable only when the labour-times exchanged are equal. "Thus the abstract idea," says Ruskin, "of just or due wages, as respects the labourer, is that they will consist in a sum of money which will at any time procure for him as much labour as he has given."

And now, he proceeds, let us contrast this true principle of

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wage-paying with the principles assumed and advocated by the Political Economy of to-day. According to the true principle the labourer's wages are determined by what, in justice, ought to be given him. According to the false principle they are determined by the least he can be induced to take. Thus, if two men are anxious to do some single piece of work, the great doctrine of the modern Political Economist is that these men should be allowed to underbid one another, and the employer hire the man who is willing to accept the least. The hirer who follows justice will regard such conduct as damnable. To him it will make no matter whether two men or twenty are willing to do his work. Whichever of these men he employs, he pays him such wages as are just, though another man at his elbow might be willing to work for half —and indeed though he himself, if pressed, would have done so likewise. This is the just procedure. The Political Economist may object that if the hirer had, as we must here assume, only means enough to hire one man at full wages, it would be better that he should pay something to both than leave the second man with nothing; and with the money saved by halving the payment of the first man, the hirer, Ruskin admits, would be able to employ the second to do some other piece of labour for him from which he might derive advantage, and this second man would have something, instead of being left to starve. But, Ruskin continues, what the objector quite fails to see is that the second man has just the same chance of employment if the whole available wages are paid over to the first, that he would have if the hirer were to divide them between the two. For though the hirer, if he pays the first man two pounds (the just price) instead of one, has no second pound left with which to hire the other, yet this second pound is not lost. The first man has it in his pocket, and he will be just as capable as the hirer from whom he received it, of passing it on, in return for so much labour, to the other man. The position of this other man, therefore, remains just the same, whether the original hirer pays the first man an

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unjust wage or a just one. The only difference is that, whereas if the original hirer had kept back part of the price in making his contract with the first man, he would have had two men working at a pound apiece for himself, we shall, if the hirer pays the first labourer in full, have the first labourer getting two pounds for work done for the hirer, and the second labourer getting one pound for work done for the first. Thus the capitalist, by paying to his employees such wages as are just, instead of the minimum which the employees might be compelled to take, does no doubt diminish the number of men whom he can, as a wage-payer, control for his private benefit; but he increases in the same proportion the power of the men whom he does employ, to employ other labour in their turn, not for his benefit, but for their own.

> The immediate operation of justice in this respect is therefore [says Ruskin] to diminish the power of wealth, first, in acquisition of luxury, and secondly in exercise of moral influence. The employer cannot concentrate so multitudinous labour in his own interests, nor can he subdue so multitudinous mind to his own will. But the secondary operation of justice is not less important. The insufficient payment of the group of men working for one, places each under a maximum difficulty in rising above his position. But the sufficient or just payment, distributed through a series of offices or grades of labour, gives each subordinated person fair and sufficient means of rising in the social scale; and thus not only diminishes the immediate power of wealth, but removes the worst disabilities of poverty. It is on this vital problem that the entire destiny of the labourer is ultimately dependent.

And at the bottom of it all, Ruskin repeats, lies this question of just wages—of our giving to each labourer employed according to the grade of his labour, a claim on as many hours of similar labour to be devoted to his own benefit, as he has given for ours—even though, by trading on his needs, we might, as the Economists advise us, be able to force on his acceptance one half, or perhaps one quarter, of his due.

And now, says Ruskin, this much being settled, we have to consider the more particular problem of how this due is to be estimated in terms of money. For though the wages of any particular kind of labour performed for us to-day are

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ultimately a return of some other labour equivalent to it, for the labourers' sake this return is not direct. If a man builds an engine chimney for us, we do not pay him by getting a man to build an engine chimney for him. But we give him the power, by paying him so much money, of choosing how and when so much labour, the equivalent of his own, shall be used. The labour which he has spent in building the engine chimney may be returned to him in the form of equivalent labour spent on providing him with tobacco, or coals, or coats, or a new roof to his cottage. Money-wages, therefore, being a payment for a piece of specific labour in the form of a claim on labour, or the products of labour generally, we must, with a view to determining in any case what sum is the true equivalent of any piece of labour in question, examine the nature of "Value, Wealth, Price, and Produce."

When Ruskin reaches this part of his subject, his reasoning though still pertinent to the main doctrines which he is advocating, loses something of the coherence by which it has been marked hitherto. His observations obviously bear on the subject which he has in hand; but he leaves his readers, for the most part, to apply them to this subject for themselves. I will content myself here with briefly summarising his arguments, and indicating their connection with what has gone before.

The object of giving a man money-wages for his labour is that he may buy with them the products of an equivalent amount of the labour of other people. For it is the products, not the labour itself, which are ultimately his real reward. Thus the just money-value of a day's labour expended on the production of a particular product is measurable by the indeterminate amount which results from the expenditure of equivalent labour on products of other kinds. Thus, if it takes two men of equal capacity the same number of hours, the one to build two yards of wall, and the other to weave two yards of carpet, the just payment of the former will be precisely as many shillings as will buy him four yards of

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carpet, if carpet be the thing he wishes for. Money, in fact, or price in terms of money, is the common denominator by means of which the relative values of different kinds of produce are compared, and so much or so many of one kind balanced against so much or so many of any other. Hence the importance in relation to the question of just wages, of arriving at a true conception of what value, price, produce, and wealth in general are.

Beginning, then, with the question of the value of material products, Ruskin enters on a long and elaborately ironical attack directed against the teachings of the school of Mill and Ricardo, with regard to this question of what renders products valuable, and large accumulations of them wealth. Many of his criticisms are not only acute and true, they are also distinct contributions to thought respecting the subjects dealt with. But a large number of them are merely carping and frivolous; and are not so much attacks on what his adversaries really meant, as on literary and other imperfections in the manner in which they expressed it. Thus having ridiculed the doctrine of value which, at first sight seems to be implied in certain of Ricardo's phrases, he admits that conceivably Ricardo meant something different, and this is a something which Ruskin himself accepts; his only excuse for his whole previous onslaught on him resolving itself into the observation, "If Ricardo meant this he should have said so." Indeed, his conception of the value of products, so far as value means value in exchange, is virtually the same as that of Mill and Ricardo themselves. He elucidates the truths of that doctrine, and he also repeats its imperfections. He differs from them only in insisting that exchange-value of products cannot in practice be divorced from their moral and social value; and that, though the fork with which one man eats his food may have an exchange-value equal to that of the dagger with which another man kills his neighbour, the moral or social value of the one implement is great, that of the other less than nothing. In the false Economics value has only one meaning.

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In the true Economics it has two. The value of products as determined by the proportions in which they are mutually exchangeable, is traversed by, and ultimately referable to, the moral value of the lives to which the consumption or the use of them ministers.

Mere exchange-value, however, especially as expressed in money, has its moral aspect also, when once we regard it morally; for on this depends our apportionment of the just wages of labour. We must, therefore, says Ruskin, "ascertain the nature of Price." The ordinary Economist thinks that by juggling with prices—by buying in the cheapest market, and selling in the dearest it is possible to make a Profit. The true science of Economics will show us that this is wholly impossible. Profit means "making an advance—turning one measure of corn into two measures." "This," says Ruskin, "can only be done by labour." "In exchange there is no profit, There is only a bringing of advantage to the exchanging persons." A man who has two spades wants a loaf. A man who has two loaves wants a spade. One loaf and one spade change hands. Both men are advantaged, but the number of products remains the same. It is true that in practice this work of exchange may require the labour and skilful judgment of some third man. When this is the case, the third man gives labour also, and must receive a just reward for it—a reward which is genuine profit. But such a profit is the result of the labour which the exchange necessitates. It does not arise out of the fact of the exchange itself. This doctrine seems strange to many of us because, as a matter of fact, following the precepts of the ordinary Political Economist, one man, when an exchange is effected, is constantly an enormous gainer—as when he gets a precious stone from a savage in exchange for a packet of needles. But so-called profits such as these are not profits. They are robbery. They are a plus which is made out of a minus. My gain is the savage's loss; and my power of acquiring it depends "either on his ignorance of the social arrangements of Europe, or on his want of power to take

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advantage of them, by selling his diamond to any one else for more needles." This transaction, says Ruskin, is a perfect example of the practice of exchange as prescribed by the modern science of Economics. It is the science of the few, which is founded on the "nescience" of the many. True Economic Science—the Economics of Justice—forbids all trading on the ignorance or weakness of others—"all attempts at concealment" on any commercial dealing. There will be advantage on both sides, but there will be profit on neither.

What does most to hide the iniquitous character of the gain of the so-called profit, which is constantly made in exchanges by one or other of the two parties, is the fact that these exchanges are made generally by means of prices expressed in money; and hence the importance of ascertaining on what price really depends. The only definite conclusions as to this, which Ruskin reaches, are substantially identical with the Economists' whom he so fiercely denounces. Price depends he says, on

> the quantity of the wish which the purchaser has for the thing, opposed to the quantity of the wish which the seller has to keep it; and farther, on the quantity of the labour the purchaser can afford to obtain the thing, opposed to the quantity of labour the seller can afford to keep it.

He here adds nothing to what Mill or Ricardo would have endorsed but the really striking observation, to which I shall refer hereafter, that "three-fourths of the demands (or wishes) existing in the world are romantic," and also an admission (which is wanting in the arguments of Ricardo) that labour is of many qualities, the amount of which, measured by time, differ greatly in value; and, such being the case, he must, he says, dismiss the subject as one far too complicated to admit of his discussing it exhaustively at the moment. He then abruptly proceeds to inquire into the nature of Capital.

Capital, he says, is radically nothing more than a tool, the most perfect type and example of it being a well-made ploughshare. Now a ploughshare is useful only because it leads to the multiplication of corn:

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and the true home question to every capitalist and to every nation is not "how many ploughs have you?" but, "where are your furrows?"—not "how quickly will this capital reproduce itself?"—but, "what substance will it furnish good for life?"

Or, to what kind of consumption does capitalistic production lead?

From this curt disquisition on Capital, he returns, in conclusion, to a former branch of his subject—namely, the effects on a people generally of a just remuneration of its labour. And here he indulges in one more, in a parting attack on the Economist, who defines the "natural rate of wages" as "that which will maintain the labourer." "Yes," exclaims Ruskin, "maintain him—but maintain him how?" Are these wages to be such as will, within a given period, maintain three generations of men, who die prematurely, worn out with work; or two generations of men sufficiently well nourished to reach the limits of hale old age? And yet again, will these natural wages be such as to secure for the labourer any moral and intellectual education? Such are the pertinent questions which are asked by the true Economist; but for the false Economists, such as Ricardo, they appear to have no existence.

He makes no attempt here to discuss these questions himself, but winds up with insisting on their importance in a number of eloquent passages, to certain of which I shall have occasion to refer hereafter.

Such is the book which, more than any other, appears to have influenced the Labour members in the present Parliament. We shall find that it not only throws a considerable light on their opinions, but throws a light even more important of the character of the reasoning by which these opinions have been reached. In the following papers I shall endeavour to show how.

W. H. Mallock.

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THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

OUR knowledge of the birth of a language is always veiled by the haze of long vistas of antiquity, and this is not because we imagine that language, alone of all living forces, has ceased to develop from that which went before, but for the reason that, while such development is taking place, contemporary observers fail to distinguish any phenomena beyond those they choose to stigmatise as ignorant or vulgar departures from accepted rules.

When the Assyrian tongue emerged from its antecedents it is known that the *literati* of ancient Babylon preserved the classic language of Akkad in its purity with fierce and narrow jealousy, looking upon the innovators as common barbarians, and contriving to keep the ancient Akkadian alive, or half-alive, in strict rituals long after the new language had become the medium of intercourse of the people. In the same manner it is probable that the Etruscan upper classes looked with contempt upon the beginnings of the new Latin tongue, while in their turn Italian and Spanish must have been met at their first appearance by many a sneer from the well-educated Romans. We know that our own language did not emerge from its mixed Anglo-Saxon and Norman ancestry without encountering cold and hostile criticism; and the beauties of the old words preserved or the new ones introduced by Chaucer were not relished by the speakers of the Norman-English which prevailed in good society or the learned circles of his period.

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Yet in none of these instances is it possible that even the most liberal-minded contemporaries can have realised that they were assisting at the birth of a new development of that marvel of the world, the human language. In our own day a striking, though unappreciated, example of this rule is ever before us in the slow growth of a new tongue, springing up in the United States of America, the language of which is gradually following all the lines of evolution familiar to the student of philology. Its elements are wide, diverse, even confusing, composed, as they are of selections, on a basis of the English tongue, from almost every language spoken in the world at this time. There is good reason why a distinctive language should spring up in a vast country inhabited by recruits from all the world and perpetually refreshed by drafts of immigrants. Words that are most expressive, or easy, or descriptive, strike the ear and are gradually adopted, but besides this there is that deep race-character which evolves its own mode of speech, a durable material gradually embodying its characteristics as the prehistoric monster was embodied in the alluvial mud, immutably and for ever.

The whole subject of the development of this language is too vast to be considered in the space of an essay, but some indications for its study may very well be pointed out for those who have the training or the inclination to study a living process instead of dead bones. Indeed, so vast is the subject and of such interest and importance that a volume might very well be written on it by a trained philologist, and it is to be hoped that before long some such skilled, dispassionate criticism may be given to the world.

First, as to the most striking divergences from the mother tongue; those of the accent and intonation. This divergence cannot, obviously, be conveyed on paper, and it is to the region of physics that we must turn for an explanation of the strong nasal accent, clearly a return to the characteristics of the race of the soil of America. This, we are told by scientists, is due to a particular formation of the palate, peculiar originally to the

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American Indians, but now shared by the invaders; as well as to certain action of the climate upon the vocal chords which are said to tend, in the very dry air of that Continent, to become tense, hard and chiefly adapted to the formation of shrill sounds.

Besides this intonation, or accent, another individual trait is to be observed in the new language. This is a strong development of one of the sharpest characteristics of any language: the peculiar rise and fall of a sentence. To this feature of speech the fact is owing that, though speaking a foreign tongue perfectly as to accent, grammar, and construction, a stranger to that tongue may almost always be detected, even by others than those native to its peculiarities. Historians declare that the "twang" has spread from the New England States, which were originally settled by the Puritans, who deliberately affected a sing-song intonation. This may very well be the origin of that trait which the American language now possesses with marked individuality, for the rise and fall of words and sentences, and the note on which a sentence ends have become of such a distinctive type that many years residence in England, or in any other foreign country, will fail to eradicate entirely what has now grown to be a national distinction.

Apart from either the accent or the intonation of speech is the value of vowel sounds, and this, too, has been altered both in the words of the mother-tongue and in those taken from other sources, the essential characteristics of such alterations being a marked diminution of the vowel sounds in imported words, such as tom*a*to, p*i*azza, &c., which have in the new language entirely lost their original vowel-value, besides frequently replacing an English equivalent. On the other hand, in many words taken from the mother-tongue a great air of novelty has been effected by a new breadth, as in the substitution of *corfee* for coffee; *dorg* for dog; *gorn* for gone, and so on.

Possibly the new language may have enriched itself by acquisitions from languages other than English, but this is a

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doubtful question when we note the value and usually the superiority of the word thus abandoned. Here, however, as in every other criticism upon this subject, we must not forget that towards the new language contemporary critics are in precisely the position of the purists of Akkad, of Etruria, of Rome . . . of all ages, for we are hide-bound by the conviction that our own language, at the period in which we live, has reached the final stage of development of which it, or a branch of it, is capable. Thus, to our narrow views, the new American language tends to impoverishment in another direction, by the peculiarity it exhibits of making what we deem to be a wrong and unwarranted use of perfectly good English words. It seems to us that from laziness, ignorance, or inattention, Americans employ certain words in many instances where such words cease to have any significance at all, and the helpless slaves are done to death by toiling at unnatural tasks. A striking instance of this over-working may be taken in the word "claim," which in the United States is now employed in the most inhuman fashion, to do the work of a dozen healthy, willing substitutes. In the new language a man does not allege, assert, protest, profess, advance, propound, depose, avow—he "claims" that he performed, saw, or submitted to an action. He does not declare the truth, he "claims" to have spoken it. In fact, this word "claim," in company with many others, has been so disfigured by misuse and unsuitable tasks that the original significance, in this case that of asserting a right, has been hopelessly weakened, if not entirely lost. To make the significance of this custom more apparent, we may consider the use of the word "prominent," which in the new language has to do duty for the adjectives notable, remarkable, chief, principal, leading, foremost, important—and a host of others, more or less closely allied. Indeed, the prevalent use of the substitute "prominent" for all these willing workers is one of the new departures that jars most upon the sensitive ear that it is prejudiced in favour of the purity of the mother-tongue.

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As to what seem to us mere wanton misapplications, of which the American language daily furnishes fresh examples: the noun "loan" used in place of the verb "to lend," and the formation of new verbs on the same lines, sound to English ears as clumsy and uncouth as a misuse of an old word may have sounded to the cultured ears of Norman barons. In the same way we do not relish the substitution of tempo*rary* for temporary; secret*ary* for secretary; ind*ooce* for induce; pro-d*ooce* for produce—but doubtless the first appearance of "veal" for *veau;* "table" for *table;* "beef" for *bœuf,* and so forth were the cause of many bitter comments and galling witticisms at the courts of the early Williams and Matildas.

Many English people think that "fall," though sanctioned by such masters of our tongue as Tennyson and Dryden, is a poor substitute for the beauty, music, and dignity of *autumn;* we fancy that our off-shoot has lost both precision and harmony in the exchange of a generic term such as "corn" for the pretty word maize, and so on, with instances innumerable.

As regards the national characteristics revealed to the careful student of the American language, these developments may chiefly be discovered in a choice made by the younger nation among the riches of the mother-tongue. No two words are really synonymous, but for the sake of harmony or variety one may often be used as appropriately as the other. The race inhabiting the United States of America has risen almost exclusively from the peasant and lower classes of other lands, and with a most creditable access of wealth and culture a great national pride has been made manifest in many ways, but in none more obviously than in the choice of every-day words. A few instances will convey more impression of this national megalomania than pages of cold reasoning. For example: "city" is universally used to define a town or village; "physician," doctor; "college," board school; "store," shop; "state-room," cabin; "saloon," public-house; "rock," stone or pebble; "gun," pistol; and so on, *ad infinitum;* while the simple verb *to give* is replaced by the grandiose "donate," a

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terrible hybrid, even if not a sheer philological impossibility. Of this development, as of the others under consideration, instances may be multiplied indefinitely.

There are some Americans who, though freely adopting all the innovations of their new language, at the same time wish to disclaim any departure from the original model. These linguists, after the manner of religious reformers, announce that their apparent heresies are but a return or adherence to, the original canons. Of such, to give an example, is the expression "I guess," for which a superior purity and antiquity are claimed over the English "I think." As to antiquity, many cases of the use of the verb "to guess," to conjecture, wrongly employed, that is to say, in the place of anticipate, think, presume, or imagine, are to be found in classic English literature at dates either before or since the rebellion of our American Colonies. But not even the august sanction of Chaucer, Sheridan, Shakespeare, and Wordsworth, who furnish authority for this particular laxity, can alter the fact that our modern English fastidiousness is in the direction of grammatical accuracy and purity. Some authorities tell us that the modern American use of "I guess" was a form of local provincial dialect in that part of the Motherland which supplied the more energetic and enduring of the early settlers. For this assumption we have a parallel in the many Scotticisms, Irish phrases and other forms of local dialects which have been gradually imported by thrifty or successful immigrants and subsequently embedded in the new language. Of such is the Scotch "yard" for garden, the Irish "sure" for the English certainly, "back" for behind: *e.g.*, "back of the house" for "behind the house."

So that no feature of the development of a new language may be missing, even the orthography of the older tongues has been modified or abandoned, this, again, to the regret of the older conservative linguists, who imagine that many precious philological treasures are thus to be swept away. For instance, they say, these conservatives, that the omission of the letter "u" in the word honour robs that word of the

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interest of its French origin without in any way aiding towards an elucidation of the manner in which it is pronounced, which, if the new linguists really aim at phonetic accuracy, should be written o-n-n-e-r. The same arguments apply to the new spelling of the words labour; French, *labourer;* American, labor; phonetic, layber. English, colour; French, *couleur;* phonetic, culler—and all cognate examples. It is true that here, again, we are confronted by the argument of a return to the oldest forms, to the Latin color, honor, labor, &c., but this reversion to the primitive type is not consistent with the pronunciation borrowed from the intervening Norman. Either retain the spelling that signifies the Norman value, say the conservatives, or spell the words phonetically, but the return to the Latin form while retaining the modern value of vowel sound is neither intelligent, cultivated, nor harmonious. Here, again, we critics must not forget that we are in the position of all such critics for all time; and, moreover, that orthography, of which we are so tenacious, has, in many instances, only been fixed within very recent times. It is only necessary to glance into the works of cultivated writers of the early part of the last century to come across such examples as the word "praejudiced" from the pens of those who would have shuddered at the modern anglicised dress of that revival.

To the realm of orthography, and to other influences as well, must be traced the peculiar names which we see arising and establishing themselves amongst the people of the United States. From an American newspaper I take the following at random, with all apologies to those who bear them if their eye should chance to light upon these lines. Seaver, Odlin, Barel, Helvie, Bash, Petters, Spangenberg, Boree, Zobel, Dialukes, Fozer, Pardee—these are some of the names that first occur to me. Undoubtedly they bear a stamp of America. But why is this? Why, in two or three generations should a new and distinctive type of name have arisen in a country that is not, after all, so very far removed from the Motherland? The solution of the problem lies, or so the

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present writer fancies, in the fact that probably the immigrants are their own name-fathers when, on landing in the new country, they give their name as it is pronounced to a possibly not very learned official for registration. From all nations, from all parts of the world, the new citizens arrive, bearing strange names, uncouth to the ears of those to whom their language is absolutely unknown—to whom, in fact, no definite language is really known, for they, themselves, are in the process of forgetting the ancient forms and not yet being decided about the new ones.

A final word may be said about the spirit in which this language is being evolved, for by some complicated mental process the American people assert their independence of all hampering forms of the ancient tongue while still hotly proclaiming adherence to classic accuracy. This, no doubt, could we but obtain more intimate knowledge of the conditions of former languages, would be found to be an inalienable feature of growth; and the intolerance of the purists of the mother-tongue might be changed to deep attention and interest could they but see clearly the process that is unfolding before their eyes. Certainly a scientific study of the subjects thus lightly touched upon in this brief study might very well prove instructive and profitable, and at the same time many of the new developments, instead of being contemptuously cast aside, as vulgarities or worse, might come to be recognised as parts of a new Transatlantic language.

ENID CAMPBELL DAUNCEY.

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POLAR PROBLEMS AND THE INTERNATIONAL ORGANISATION FOR THEIR SOLUTION

IN the autumn of 1905 there was held at Mons a great Congress of representatives from all parts of the world to consider practical questions for the advancement of human well-being. This Congress, recognising the fact that the whole of the globe must be known in order that full knowledge may be had of the resources which lie at the disposal of civilised humanity, voted a resolution to create an International Association for the study of the Polar regions, with the objects of (1) obtaining an international agreement upon the different questions associated with Polar geography; (2) making a general effort to reach the terrestrial poles; (3) organising expeditions having for their objects an extension of our knowledge of the Polar regions in every respect; and (4) forming a programme of scientific work to be carried out in the different countries during the existence of the International Polar expeditions. Following this the Congress unanimously passed a further resolution expressing a wish to see the formation of such an association in 1906 by a preliminary meeting of a general conference of the maritime and scientific staffs of the principal Polar enterprises which have been undertaken up to the present, and suggesting that the Belgian Government should take the initiative in approaching

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the governments of other countries. The Belgian Government accepted the invitation thus addressed to it, resulting in the preliminary meeting of the staffs of the great Polar expeditions summoned on September 7 in Brussels. A vast scheme of international action was laid down at this meeting of scientists and explorers—a scheme which meant nothing less than the systematic exploration of every portion of the globe as yet unsurveyed.

Briefly, the questions laid before the Association, and which, it is proposed, shall be solved by international co-operation, are three in number:

(1) The problem of the North Pole;

(2) The geographical problems of the Antarctic regions;

(3) The scientific problems necessitating simultaneous expeditions and universal co-operation.

In view of these recent discussions, the attention of future navigators might be directed to a voyage which has passed almost unnoticed, but which, nevertheless, opened a new era in the exploration of the glacial ocean: that of the regretted Admiral Makharoff on board his ice-breaker, the *Yermak*.

Admiral Makharoff proved that it is possible to navigate in the ice of the North Pole with a steel-hulled vessel of large tonnage furnished with powerful engines. It seems certain that with the aid of a vessel of the type of the *Yermak* the greatest part of the space which is as yet unknown of the Arctic regions could be systematically explored, and, if it would be imprudent to allow such a vessel to winter in the ice abandoned to the drift, it could still be used to clear the way, for a vessel built of wood, of the type of the *Fram*, would be left at the chosen locality.

It seems desirable, also, that the experience of the first voyage of the *Fram* should be profited by; such a voyage, recommenced on the new, but following the old route of the *Jeannette* as a point of departure, would have many more reasons for being undertaken than attempts of exploration of the Polar basin having Greenland, Spitzberg, or Franz Joseph's

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Land as a base of operations. From a scientific point of view such a voyage would be inevitably most fruitful.

These are the points which it is most desirable to consider in connection with the preparation of the plan for the systematic exploration of the North Pole. If the mystery of that region is not yet entirely pierced, a veil far larger and still more dense, shrouds the Antarctic regions. The discoveries, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, of the great island-continent of Australia did nothing to lessen the hope of the discovery of a rich and habitable land nearer the South Polar regions, and it was to discover this land, or prove its non-existence, that Captain Cook sailed on the expedition which was the first to cross the Antarctic circle. Cook sailed from Plymouth on July 18, 1772, in the *Resolution*, having with him the *Adventure*, commanded by Tobias Furneaux. The first crossing of the Antarctic circle was effected on January 17, 1773, and the first typical Antarctic land, South Georgia, was discovered by Cook on January 14, 1775. Cook's farthest point south was reached on January 30, 1774, 71° 10′ S. and 106° 54′ W. It was the most southerly point reached in the eighteenth century.

Before the discoveries of gas and petroleum, seal oil possessed an imense value, as Mr. Mill recalls in his excellent work on "The Siege of the South Pole," and the Polar seas were filled with whaling fleets, which gathered rich harvests by the coasts of uncharted islands. When they could do so the sealers kept their knowledge to themselves, as the sea-traders of earlier centuries had done, and for the same reasons, so the knowledge gained from those who sailed for profit was little and uncertain. The first cartographical addition to the South Polar map was made by another English sailor, Captain William Smith, who, in the brig *Williams*, on a voyage from Valparaiso to La Plata, swept southwards hoping to find better weather by keeping off land, and discovered the South Shetlands in 1819.

In the early years of the nineteenth century there were in

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the Antarctic waters, besides the English sealers, gathering oil, fleets of American sealers who did a great trade in skins with China. One little town in Connecticut, Sonnington, was famous for its sealers, and valuable records have been preserved of the cruise of one of its fleets, consisting of five vessels under the command of Benjamin Pendleton, which anchored in 1820 in Yankee Harbour, Deception Island, in 68° S. A picturesque incident is related as happening while the little fleet lay here. Captain Pendleton, observing several mountains to the south, one of which was an active volcano, sent Captain Palmer, in the *Hero*, to examine them more closely. Palmer was overtaken by a fog on his return, and when the fog lifted he found to his astonishment that his ship was sailing between a full-rigged frigate and a sloop of war. These proved to be the two vessels sent out on a voyage of discovery round the world by the Emperor of Russia, Alexander I., under Fabian Gottlieb Bellingshausen, the *Vostok* and the *Mirni*.

Bellingshausen, whose voyage lasted for two years, from 1819 to 1821, crossed the Antarctic circle six times, and sailed over great stretches of unknown ocean, supplementing Cook's voyage in many important particulars. He was the first to follow the edge of the ice-pack in latitudes of from 68° to 60° for nearly 45° of longitude, one-eighth of the circumference of the earth, and in all this stretch of ocean he met with nothing except floating ice. His longest cruise south of the sixtieth parallel lasted for two months and three days, and during it he sailed over 145° of longitude. On January 2, 1821, he discovered Peter I. Island, in 69° S. latitude and 90° W. longitude, the first land discovered within the Antarctic circle, and on the 28th of the same month he discovered Alexander I. Land, in 68° 43′ S. and 78° 10′ W. In addition to the discoveries of land, the charted records of Bellingshausen's voyage, which was made through over 242 degrees of longitude south of 60° S., proved of great value as showing the existence of a continuous open sea south of the parallel of 60°.

The next to advance far into the unknown towards the

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South Pole was another English sealer, James Weddell, who, sailing from Leith in the brig *Jane*, pushed as far as 74° 15′ in longitude 34° 16′ 65″, in the sea since known as Weddell Sea.

If the day had not yet come when ships fitted out by commercial enterprise were to desert these waters, their last full profitable harvests being reaped, the time was at hand when science was to make them her own, awakening to the realisation of the immense possibilities which would be brought to it by knowledge gained by research in the Antarctic regions. As long back as 1699 a purely scientific expedition had been fitted out by the British Government, when Halley, the Astronomer Royal, was sent with a captain's commission in command of H.M.S. *Paramore Pink*, to the South Atlantic to study the variations of the magnetic needle. The second scientific expedition sent to the Antarctic regions was that of H.M.S. *Chanticleer*, under Captain Foster, who was despatched in 1828 to the most southerly known land accessible, the South Shetlands, to make a series of pendulum and magnetic observations. Captain Foster went beyond the South Shetlands to 63° 48′ S., 61° 45′ W., and discovered land on which he landed and which he named Cape Possession.

Amongst the mercantile houses of England there was one, Enderby Brothers, whose name stands conspicuously for the enlightened manner in which it advanced the interests of geography. This firm, whose ships sailed in the southern seas since 1785, encouraged its captains to undertake discovery, and instead of pursuing a policy of selfish secrecy, it published abroad and shared with all the knowledge its servants gained. One of the captains in the employment of this firm, John Biscoe, circumnavigated the Antarctic regions in 1830–32, in the brig *Tula*, penetrating to 69° S. in latitude, 10° 48′ E., and discovering Graham Land, Enderby Land, and Biscoe Islands. Biscoe returned to England in 1833; the same year another of the Enderby captains, John Kemp, sailed in the Antarctic regions and saw signs of land in 66° S., at a spot since marked on the charts as Kemp Land.

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In 1838 Enderby Brothers joined with seven other London merchants in fitting out a voyage towards the South Pole under the command of Captain John Balleny, in the *Eliza Scott*, which was accompanied by a cutter of fifty-four tons. On this voyage the first Antarctic land known south of New Zealand was discovered, at the little group of islands known as the Balleny Islands, and with this useful discovery the sealers pass out of the history of the Antarctic regions, giving place to explorers whose aims are wholly scientific.

It was not until far into the nineteenth century that the great problems to be solved regarding terrestrial magnetism were clearly realised, those questions on the solution of which the science of navigation so greatly depends; the degree of variation of the needle of the compass from true north, the dip of the needle to the horizon, and the total intensity of the magnetic force. About 1830 Gauss, the great German physicist, made known his theory of terrestrial magnetism, the vast importance of which was at once recognised. Scientific expeditions were organised in France, England, and America, to the spots at which observations could be made to fill in the gaps in the magnetic maps. In each country the expeditions were organised as summer cruises in Antarctic waters, the commanders being ordered to retire from the icy regions on the approach of the severe Antarctic winter, when thickly gathering ice was likely to prevent retreat from the land of unbroken night.

Although each country's initiative was taken for the same scientific ends, the three great expeditions were not organised in concert, and much was lost by the fact that rivalry, rather than co-operation, was the spirit which fired the chiefs of each expedition to their greatest work.

The French expedition, which was the first to sail, was in Antarctic waters in 1838 and 1840, the American expedition spent in them the Antarctic summer of 1839 and 1840, and the English expeditions the Antarctic summers of 1840–41, 1841–2 and 1842–3. Admiral Dumont d'Urville, who com-

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manded the French expedition, was more deeply interested in the scientific study of the islands of the Pacific than in Polar discovery, and the Antarctic portion of his cruise was undertaken at the suggestion of King Louis Philippe. Sailing from Toulon in the autumn of 1837, Dumont d'Urville turned southwards early in 1838 and directed his course towards the South Pole over the route followed by Weddell. In February 1838 he discovered the land named by him Louis Philippe Land, which forms part of that already known as Palmer Land, and, returning to the Antarctic regions after an interval spent in the Pacific, he discovered Adélie Land in 66° 30′ S. and 138° 21′ E.

The American expedition, which consisted of five vessels, was under the command of Charles Wilson, a lieutenant in the United States Navy: its instructions, as regards the Antarctic area, were to sweep as wide an expanse as possible of the unknown seas in which discovery was probable. These instructions were boldly carried out, the success of the expedition being, in the greater part, due to skill and the bravery of its commander and the officers who sailed under him.

The English expedition, which sailed on September 25, 1839, under Captain James Clark Ross, R.N., to whom the glory already belonged of placing the English flag on the North magnetic pole, was splendidly fitted out, having all that English science could devise placed at its disposal from the great resources of the English Navy. The expedition sailed in two ships specially constructed to resist the pressure of the ice-pack, the *Erebus* and *Terror*. Ross, whose instructions commenced by recalling the fact that the expedition was undertaken to carry out observations by which the science of magnetism might be essentially improved, founded many fixed stations for magnetic observations, he circumnavigated the South Polar regions, and, in his specially constructed vessels, he was the first to penetrate into the Antarctic ice-pack, contact with which would have proved fatal to any of those frailer ships in which his predecessors had sailed towards

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the South Pole. New land and a great ice-barrier prevented Ross from reaching to the magnetic pole, as he had hoped to do, but his daring was rewarded by the discovery of the great volcanic mountains, Erebus and Terror, which tower to 12,400 and 10,900 feet above the coast of what is now known as Ross Sea, by that of Possession Island, and of a line of coast, Victoria Land, which he traced for 570 miles to Cape Crosier, where it merged in the great southern barrier—an unbroken wall of ice, flat-topped and perpendicular, from two hundred to four hundred feet high, which he followed for 250 miles. On February 28, 1842, Ross penetrated to 78° 9′ 20″ S., which remained the farthest point south reached for sixty years.

Ross's work was continued in the Antarctic regions, in 1848, by Lieutenant Moore, in the *Pagoda*, but then, and for a long time, there was a lull in Antarctic work, Franklin's Arctic voyage, and his tragic fate, having riveted explorers' eyes, and directed their efforts to the North Pole.

The great physical and biological survey of all the oceans undertaken by the English expedition in H.M.S. *Challenger*, under the command of Captain Nares, R.N., acting in conjunction with Professor Thomson, the scientific director of the expedition, was undertaken in 1874, in the first steam vessel which crossed the South Polar circle. Its scientific work in the Antarctic regions threw a great flood of light on Antarctic questions. There is no exaggeration in saying that the much-disputed question of a Southern continent was resolved by this expedition by the aid of a microscope; the glaciated rock fragments dredged by the *Challenger* being of a kind only found on continental land. Up to this time all the expeditions towards the South Pole had been undertaken in the less tempestuous and occasionally mild season of the Antarctic summer. Science required that the darkness of the Antarctic winter should be pierced; and in 1897 the Belgian expedition, commanded by Adrian de Gerlache, faced the gloom and the dangers of the long winter night. The

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Belgica, having discovered the Gerlache Straits between Graham Land and the Palmer Archipelago, and surveyed them in the most full manner, advanced in the pack to 70° 30′ S. and 85° W., was gripped by the closing ice, and remained ice-bound for thirteen months. During these thirteen months scientific observations were carried on without ceasing, and a great store of knowledge was gained.

At the time that the *Belgica* was breaking out from her ice-bound winter quarters, Mr. Berchgrevink, who commanded an expedition fitted out by Sir George Newnes, in the *Southern Cross*, struck anchor in Robertson Bay, at the foot of Cape Adare, one of the promontories discovered by Ross, in 70° S. and 174° E., and unloaded stores and materials, to pass the Antarctic winter on land. Mr. Berchgrevink and his companions added to the store of scientific knowledge of the Antarctic regions, and helped to pave the way for greater research.

The commencement of the twentieth century saw the organisation of the great scientific expeditions, the English expedition under Captain Scott, R.N., in the *Discovery*, and the German in the *Gauss*, commanded by Captain Ruser, under the direction of Professor von Drygalski. The German expedition reached the ice-pack in February 1902, in 61° 58′ S. and 95° 8′ E. and proceeding south discovered and wintered off Kaiser Wilhelm Land, in 89° 48′ E. longitude and 66° 2′ S. latitude. The British National Expedition, under Scott, entered the pack in the vicinity of Victoria Land, in January 1902, and remained south of the region until February 1904. Before going into winter quarters Scott followed the great ice-barrier, which Ross had been the first to meet, to the east, to longitude 165°, where it trends to the north, and where a glaciated range, showing some bare peaks, rises from the barrier. Scott gave the name of Edward VII. Land to this land, which he followed as far as 76° S., longitude 152° 30′. Starting on November 2, 1902, Captain Scott, accompanied by Lieutenant Shackleton and Dr. Wilson, made a great sledge journey along

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the coast of Victoria Land to the highest Southern latitude as yet attained, 82° 17′. The ice surface over which the explorers travelled was flat, and offered no obstacles to be surmounted, but the journey was, nevertheless, a tedious one. The nineteen dogs which drew the sledge could not drag in one load the great weight of provisions which were necessary for the sustenance of men and animals during the months of absence from their base, and the track had to be covered more than once, each mile forward entailing three of heavy marching. After fifty-nine days' journey, at a distance of 380 miles from the *Discovery*, the explorers were forced, by the running short of their food, to abandon their onward march and turn backwards. They were then in sight of the great range which continues the coast of Victoria Land southwards, and of two great mountains, Mount Markham, 15,000 feet high, and Mount Longstaff, 9500 feet high. The march across the ice, which resulted in these valuable discoveries, and which had to be abandoned only because the stores ran short, on the very threshold of what promised to be discoveries of still greater importance, lasted in all ninety-three days. On the return journey all the dogs were lost, or had to be sacrificed, and the three explorers had to struggle back to the ship laden with baggage. Scott's expedition has been the most successful, adding immensely to the geography of the South Pole, and to our scientific knowledge of the Antarctic world.

During the same years of 1902 and 1903 Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld wintered on Snow Hill Island, and made a long sledge journey southward along the broad flat belt of ice attached to the shore of King Oscar II. Land. Nordenskjöld was unfortunate in being obliged to allow his ship, which was badly damaged by the pressure of the ice, to sink in Erebus and Terror Gulf, but he and all his crew were safely rescued by Captain Irizar of the Argentine naval vessel *Uruguay*. The geological discoveries and the other scientific observations of Nordenskjöld and his companions are most valuable, and will cause their expedition to remain as memorable for

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scientists as the dramatic fate of the ship makes it for the historian.

Another most valuable expedition which has been recently undertaken was that of the *Scotia*, directed by W. S. Bruce, which spent two seasons exploring and dredging the ocean in Weddell Sea, and wintered in the South Orkneys. This expedition reached 74° 1′ S. in 22° W., and discovered land at the point which was named Coats Land.

The latest expedition has been that of the French doctor, J. Charcot, in the *Français*, which spent a winter on one of the islands discovered by de Gerlache.

Notwithstanding all these voyages and discoveries, the great question of the existence of a continent at the South Pole remains to be answered. The question is an old one, but the recent expeditions have added pages of more immediate and scientific interest to its history, and, actually, the problem to be solved is far more definitely stated than in former times. It is no longer simply a question of learning if the Antarctic continent exists, or if, as Sir Clements Markham supposes, two great islands lie in the unexplored space. Such is no longer the question, for we could not be content now with the knowledge of the contour of this new world to complete the maps of the globe; there must be made a mass of discoveries, answering to the needs of modern geography.

Modern geography requires the knowledge of the bathymetric conditions of the oceans, that is, the relief of the bottom of the sea in every region of the globe; the relief of the continental masses is also as yet very insufficiently known over large areas, and almost nothing is known of the oreography of the Antarctic continent; we must learn not only the alignments of the mountain chains, but also their geological age, the distribution of the existing volcanoes and the rocks from ancient eruptions should receive our full attention, as well as the glacial phenomena, and the aspect and mechanism of the existing glaciers.

The animals and the plants which inhabit the ocean must

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be studied, as must the physical and chemical condition of life in the seas, for in these domains there are still many researches remaining to be made in every region of the Southern hemisphere.

Moreover, in the Antarctic regions there is much to be done besides the making of hydrographical surveys. Terrestrial magnetism, atmospheric electricity, meteorology, and climatology are some of the other sciences, intimately connected with geography as it is now understood, which wait new observations and new discoveries in the South Polar regions.

The Antarctic question, then, forms an amount of geographical and scientific problems, intimately connected with each other, the solution of which would make a vast addition to our general knowledge.

This addition must be made to science, because we must know the natural laws which govern the earth to learn the powers which man might control; and it is my profound conviction that a systematic and International exploration of the South Pole should be preceded by a circumpolar and principally oceanographic expedition.

This idea is not new, for it is due to Maury and dates from 1861, but that has not prevented it from being completely and quite wrongly ignored. Every advantage is to be gained by taking it into consideration, and by commencing the work of the new International organisation by circumscribing and reducing the area of the region as yet unexplored, and by becoming acquainted with its borders, learning the conditions of the ice, and the chances of discovering new coasts. Moreover, to use the expression of Maury, it is necessary to commence by seeking "the port where the vessels" of the International expedition "could shelter, and from which they could send out expeditions by land, or over the ice, according to circumstances."

Before entering on the plan of the preliminary expedition, it is convenient to summarise the discoveries of land which have been made up to the present, so that an idea can be

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formed of the extent of the sections which are as yet unexplored, or insufficiently explored.

The most practical and the most natural manner of subdividing the Antarctic area is that of making three divisions of it, each one corresponding with one of the three oceans which bound it. The portion towards the Atlantic extends from Enderby Land to Louis Philippe Land; the slope facing the Pacific comprehends Palmer, Danco, Graham, Alexander, Edward VII., and Victoria Lands; the section towards the Indian Ocean extends from Cape Adare to Enderby Land.

It is sufficient to recall the explorations which have been made in each of these sections to determine which are the sectors which necessitate, most particularly, a preliminary oceanographic and coast-line exploration.

To the south of Australia, and in a great part of the north of the Polar circle, numerous land discoveries have been made by Balleny, Wilkes, Dumont d'Urville, and von Drygalski. It would be interesting to know if these lands form a continuous coast, and to learn their geological constitution; but studies on these points would be work for a special expedition, and all that need be previously done in this sector is to make observations along its coast into the conditions of the ice, to make bathymetrical surveys, and to search for a port or a situation where a winter station could be established.

From 85° east longitude to Enderby Land there extends, however, a sector which is still very little explored. By 78° of longitude the *Challenger* advanced beyond the Polar circle, and the observations which the naturalists made on that memorable expedition allow the conclusion to be drawn that the chances of discovering land in this longitude are exceedingly great. It would be particularly interesting to explore this region, more particularly to know if Kemp Land and Enderby Land are accessible, if winter stations can be installed on them, and, finally, if other coastlines, or at least a continental plateau, will not be seen to fill in the existing blanks in that part of the contours of Antarctica.

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The Atlantic portion shows a still larger gap. Between 45° E. and 10° W. no land has been discovered, either by Cook, Bellingshausen, Biscoe, or Moore, the navigators who explored the outskirts of the pack, and not a single sounding has been made to the south of 60° parallel, that is to say, to the south of the route followed by the *Valdivia* between Bouvet Island and the longitude of Enderby Land, where the German expedition advanced in December 1898 as far as the 64th parallel.

The sector which comprises Weddell Sea may be considered for the moment as being sufficiently explored by the expeditions of Nordenskjöld and Bruce.

On the Pacific side there remains the space comprised between the regions of the drift of the *Belgica* and Edward VII. Land, recently discovered by Scott, that is to say, the sector 105–145° W., which should be studied by the preliminary circumpolar oceanographic expedition.

The preliminary expedition, which can be organised without delay, must be well equipped for scientific work, and should be able to complete the circumpolar exploration in the course of two or three summer voyages by following a well-arranged plan.

The study of the ice and the soundings must be made systematically all round the South Polar continent, and everywhere efforts must be made to reach the mainland and discover the places where winter stations can be established, and along the coast or the ice barriers the bottom of the sea must be dragged.

There is another problem of a practical order which the preliminary expedition should also solve, that of the possibility of utilising automobiles as a means of locomotion, or at least of transport on the Antarctic glaciers on the flat barrier of Ross Sea, and perhaps on the inland ice of Antarctica.

In 1903 when the *Discovery*, with the scientists and sailors who made up its staff, was bound up in the far south regions of the Pole, I published my views on the subject in the

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journal of the Société Belge d'Astronomie, and quite recently I had the satisfaction to learn from Dr. Kettlitz and Lieutenant Shackleton that the staff of the *Discovery*, the pioneers of the farthest South, are convinced so much that motor traction is possible in that region that if they were preparing again for their great journey southward they would try to do it by means of motors.

Now that we already know, I may say with certitude, that the greatest part of the regions as yet unexplored of the South Pole is occupied by land, that Antarctica—the last new continent—exists, the study of the interior of that continent is as necessary as the mapping of its coasts. This study will furnish effectively contributions of the highest importance in connection with our knowledge of the oreography of the new face of the globe, and besides, the questions which can be solved by glaciologists and geophysicians on the unknown Antarctic continent are so numerous and varied that every effort made to penetrate its mystery is justified; every effort that is made by men of science in a purely scientific spirit.

The obstacles which stand in the way of Polar exploration by automobile are numerous, the difficulties in the construction of motors suitable for such work are varied, but none are insurmountable. Of course, it would be perfectly ridiculous to start for the South Pole in a motor carriage of the type familiar to us. It is evident that there must, first of all, be invented, constructed, and experimented with a machine which combines all the requirements of solidity and simplicity, and, preferably, which can be easily taken to pieces for transportation; one which will work in any degree of cold, which will be sufficiently light not to sink too deeply in the snow, and sufficiently powerful to ascend steep slopes.

It is, then, a question of replacing the intelligence and good-will of dogs (which are usually used in Polar exploration with more or less good results) by machines intelligently planned, and more docile than dogs, and, above all, consuming less combustibles, calculated by weight.

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The question of the type of machine best adapted for Antarctic uses will be decided by a series of experiments with motor-sledges, constructed according to different principles, and the experiments will be made on the snow-fields of Alpine glaciers.

As regards the general lines of the machine, one might be made preserving the frame but replacing the two front wheels, which only serve for steering purposes, by runners, while the back wheels—the motor wheels—might be made very wide, so as to rest on a large surface. Or, the frame might be dispensed with, and the motor placed on the bottom of the sledge, which it would propel by means of a single wheel placed behind, one very wide, a veritable cylinder, and furnished with teeth to give it a greater grip on the snow plain; or, again, the sledge might be propelled by means of a screw in contact with the snow and working longitudinally behind the sledge. In a sledge propelled in either of these manners, a second sledge trailed behind the motor, could be used as a means of guiding its course.

For the transport of heavy weights, or in the case of steep ascents, cables might be used, for the working of which a simple and practical system can be easily imagined.

The technical difficulties in the construction of the motor-sledges for Polar purposes can be surmounted, beyond any doubt; and for the first attack there is a region which is the most interesting, for it is that through which the nearest approach to the Pole has been made, the region of the immense flat glacier which terminates in Ross Sea, and over which Captain Scott and his companions, Shackleton and Wilson, made their great march southward.

The circumpolar voyage is, thus, the first step to be taken for the elucidation of the geographical problems of the Antarctic regions. The other voyages should be based on the information gathered on this preliminary expedition, to which too much importance cannot be attached, for, in spite of the mass of knowledge newly acquired within the last few years by the

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expeditions of the *Belgica*, of the *Southern Cross*, of the *Discovery*, of the *Gauss*, of the *Antarctic*, of the *Morning*, of the *Scotia*, and of the *Français*, complementary information is still necessary regarding the unexplored sections in order to decide on how the work may be partitioned in order to obtain the maximum of result with the minimum of distinct expeditions.

Suppose that it were necessary to reduce the expenses as far as possible, and that all that could be done in the near future was the elucidation of the geographical problems of the South Pole: the solution of the question of the existence or non-existence of the Antarctic continent, for example. In such a case three expeditions should be fitted out, in vessels well equipped, having on board solid and capable workers. These expeditions would profit largely by the information gathered by the preliminary expedition, according to which information the expeditions might be assigned the ground to work on in the unexplored sections, and the places in which to winter simultaneously, either in such suitable localities as might be discovered, or in the pack itself. Such an enterprise could be brought to a successful issue without great cost: it is the very minimum of what must be expected from the resolution of the Congress of Mons.

The resolution voted at Mons, however, embodied a programme more vast than this, and in accordance with the desires expressed in it a more complete project must be devised. The next effort for the exploration of the South Pole must be a great one, and not one confined simply to geographical problems. The solution of certain scientific questions necessitates, in fact, a large number of simultaneous expeditions, which can only be carried out through universal co-operation; and that co-operation must be obtained; a similar enterprise has already been accomplished for the study of the Arctic regions.

In 1875, on the return of the Tegetthof expedition, Weyprecht made a communication to the Naturferscherversammlung, assembled at Gratz, in which it was demonstrated

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that for the elucidation of certain laws of nature it was essential to explore the Arctic regions in an intensive manner, that scientific research should form the principal object of new expeditions, and that the geographical discoveries should be attempted in the direction in which they would extend the field of scientific investigation, and that the subjects into which it was necessary to study deeply should determine the location of the observation stations; that the series of observations should be simultaneous, co-operative and continuous. Afterwards Weyprecht and Count Wilezek drew up a plan of the work to be done, which plan was sanctioned by the International Meterological Congress held in October 1879, at Habourg, under the presidency of Neumayer. A second congress was convoked at Berne, in 1880, and in 1882 thirteen Arctic and two Sub-Antarctic expeditions were sent out by England, Germany, the United States, France, Austria, Finland, Holland, Russia, and Sweden and Norway. At the same time thirty-four observatories adopted the scheme of simultaneous observations.

As soon as possible in the future there should be carried out an International enterprise for the study of the Antarctic regions, greater still than the Arctic co-operation of the years 1882–1883; such is the sense of the vote of the Mons Congress.

I say advisedly that the new enterprise should be greater than the ancient one, for during the last twenty-five years the exigencies of science have augumented considerably, and, moreover, notwitstanding all the scientific acquisitions of the expedition which have recently returned, it may be affirmed that our actual knowledge of the Antarctic regions is less extended than our knowledge of the Arctic regions was in 1880, and because the area to be studied is more vast, comprehending as it does all the Sub-Antarctic regions south of the 45th parallel.

It is now some years since, in 1899, on the return of the *Belgica*, I made a communication to the meeting of the

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British Association at Dover. In that communication I said the idea of Weyprecht should be adopted on the new and applied to the study of the Antarctic and Sub-Antarctic regions. The possibilities of realising that plan completely is furnished to us by the existence of numerous islands. These islands permit the connection between the Antarctic world, the South American, African, and Australian permanent meteorological and magnetic observatories, by a polygon of temporary scientific stations.

A part of my programme is already realised. The Argentine Government has installed a permanent meteorological and magnetic observatory on Ano Neuvo Island, near Staten Island; it is continuing the scientific observations of the Scottish Antarctic station at Laurie Island, and it has installed another station this year on Wendell Island.

The example being given, it only remains to follow it, and, as I have said, there are numerous islands on which stations could be placed. Facing the Atlantic side of Antarctica, there are Bouvet Island, South Georgia, the Sandwich Islands, the South Orkneys, and South Shetland. In the Indian Ocean there are Prince Edward Island, the Crosets, Kerguelen, Saint Paul, MacDonald, and Neard Island; while, finally, to the south of New Zealand there are Auckland, Campbell, Macquarie, and Balleny Islands. It goes without saying that the expeditions to be sent into the unexplored sectors, as well as the other Polar expeditions, should work simultaneously and make meteorological and magnetic observations at the same time as those made at the Sub-Antarctic stations. Finally, it would be most advantageous to have stations also established in the boreal and Arctic regions.

The International organisation and co-operation must be the work of a conference of explorers. At Dover I was under the illusion that the plan of co-operation was near; it seemed to me, in fact, that the polygons of stations could be worked at simultaneously with the expeditions of the *Discovery* and the *Gauss*. It is fortunate that I was mistaken, for the

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experience acquired will now permit of the organisation of all the work in a more systematic manner. The effort will also be more general and more efficacious now, thanks to the resolution of the Congress of Mons, and thanks to the numerous good intentions which have been manifested.

Amongst those who have given their adherence to the formation of an international plan of action, and to united effort, organised under the guidance of the International Association are the Dukes of the Abruzzi and Orleans, Messrs. Bruce, Charcot, Cook, von Drygalski, de Gerlache, Greely, Lecointe, Nordensjöld, Svendrop, Racovitza, Scott, Shackleton, and the writer. The adherence to the plan of united action of those well-known explorers is already a guarantee for the success of that magnificent project; and with their adherence there must now be included that of a great number of scientists who have intimated their approval of the project and expressed their desire of forming part of the Association.

In 1889 Sir Clements Markham subdivided the Antarctic regions into quadrants, to which he gave the names of Ross, Weddell, Enderby, and Victoria, and formed a plan of campaign in which he took account of only two spheres of action, that of the German expedition and that of the organisation with which he was intimately associated. According to this plan all the co-operation was to be confined to two expeditions, each having, as a field to work upon, one half of the unexplored regions.

The enterprise projected at Mons must be otherwise interpreted; all the nations are invited to take part in it, and it must be truly wide and international.

The little *Belgica* was the first to winter at the South Pole, and the accumulated reports of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition prove that the results obtained by it can be compared favourably with all that has been done since. These memoirs form an ineffaceable monument to the honour and enterprise of de Gerlache and the generosity of the Belgian people. The pleasing duty of showing the road to be followed has once more

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devolved on Belgium, and in the fulfilment of that duty the organisation of the preliminary circumpolar expedition is clearly the first thing to be done by that country.

In order that the other expeditions to follow may profit as largely as possible by its discoveries, it is desirable that this preliminary expedition should start at the earliest moment possible. Starting from Antwerp about the month of August 1908, the circumpolar expedition could leave the latitude of Cape Horn at the end of November to explore the section facing the Pacific, where, guiding its course with the anticyclonic winds of the Antarctic summer, it could go right to the ice-wall in Ross Sea, with a view to experimenting with the motor traction. Returning to Melbourne for the winter, the expedition could quit Australia early in the season to sail in search of new lands, and of ports for wintering on the coast of Wilkes Land and the unexplored sections to the south of the Indian Ocean and of the Atlantic. During the time that these preliminary expeditions are being made the organisation of the International co-operation can be proceeded with in Europe: that co-operation which, we may confidently hope, shall result in the solution of the great problem of the Polar regions.

HENRYK ARCTOWSKI.

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THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AT WORK

THE House of Commons is the supreme authority in this Nation. It should, therefore, be a consoling thought to the people that every sitting of the House is opened with prayers for light and guidance in the exercise of its unlimited powers.

Mr. Speaker stands at the head of the table. By his side is the Chaplain in gown and bands. Standing in files along the benches are the Members—the two great political parties facing each other across the floor. The service opens with the 67th Psalm, with its aspirations for the enlargement of God's Kingdom, to the joy of the people and the increase of God's blessings. "O let the Nations be glad and sing for joy, for Thou shalt judge the people righteously and govern the nations upon earth." The sublime maxims of the Lord's Prayer are recited. For social policy: "Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread"; and for foreign affairs, "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation." There are prayers for the King and Queen. Then there is an invocation to God on behalf of the House of Commons, at which the members turn to the walls with bowed heads.

Send down the Heavenly Wisdom from above [the Chaplain prays] to direct and guide us in all our consultations; and grant that we, having Thy fear always

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before our eyes, and laying aside all private interests, prejudices, and partial affections, the result of all our counsels may be to the Glory of Thy blessed Name, the maintenance of true religion and justice, the safety, honour and happiness of the King, the public welfare, peace and tranquillity of the realm, and the uniting and knitting together of the hearts of all persons and estates within the same in true Christian love and charity one towards another, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Strangers are not admitted to the Galleries until this service is over. The first sight of the plain architectural features of the House of Commons must be disappointing to any one swayed by its great associations and stirring memories. If there be any secular institution to which something of divinity attaches it surely is the free Legislature of a Nation.

The people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the Voice of God.

At any rate, there ought to be something of religious solemnity about a place where the habits, customs and institutions of the people are moulded, where the morality of the country finds expression in laws.

Is it really in this simple chamber of modest dimensions and severe aspect that the principal House of the Legislature of Great Britain and Ireland, which has so long wielded the sceptre of civilisation, is content to meet? Is it here that since 1852—the year when the Chamber was first occupied—so many exciting and momentous battles over political principles have been fought? Have these plain wainscoted walls really echoed with the potent voices of the great Parliamentarians of the Victorian era—Lord John Russell, Palmerston, Cobden, Disraeli, Bright, Parnell, Churchill, and Gladstone? From this narrow hall, indeed, influences radiate which are felt to the farthest confines of the world, in the wigwams of savage tribes as well as in the Chancelleries of the Great Powers.

Yet there are objects within the Chamber, made sacred almost by history and tradition, which at once catch the eye. The visitor will notice with becoming awe the high canopied Chair, surmounted with an oak carving of the Royal Arms

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and will look with fitting reverence on Mr. Speaker in his big grey wig and black silk gown. At the head of the Table, beneath the Speaker, sit the Clerk of the House, and the two Assistant Clerks, all in the gown and short wig of a barrister-at-law, busily discharging their multifarious duties, such as sub-editing papers handed in by Members, containing questions to be addressed to Ministers, amendments to be moved to Bills, and notices of motions to be proposed should opportunity offer, and taking minutes of the proceedings for the Journals of the House. The Table is indeed a "substantial piece of furniture," as Disraeli described it on a famous occasion when he expressed his satisfaction that it lay between him and Gladstone, who had just concluded a fierce declamatory attack. It contains pens, ink, and stationery for the use of Members, volumes of the Standing Orders and Sessional Orders, and other works of reference. At the end of the Table, on either side, are two brass-bound oaken boxes. These are the famous "despatch-boxes" on which Ministers and ex-Ministers lay their notes when addressing the House, and, following the traditional example of many great Statesmen, thump to give emphasis to an argument. But of all the objects in the House calculated to awaken historic memories the Mace, perhaps, is the most potent. Made of silver and gilt with gold, its large globular head surmounted by a cross and ball, its staff artistically embellished, it lies a prominent and luminous object, when the Speaker is in the Chair, on raised supports at the end of the Table.

Business begins the moment the Speaker takes the Chair. It is noted, almost every day, for its miscellaneous character. Private Bills—or Bills introduced on behalf of the promoters of commercial or municipal undertakings which interfere with rights of property—are first considered. But the proceedings are formal, and devoid of interest. Petitions are also presented to the House at this stage of the sitting. A Member rises in his place, and stating that he has a petition to present reads a brief summary of its purport. It invariably ends with

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the phrase, "And your Petitioners will ever pray, &c." No one has ever seen the sentence completed. What then, can "&c." imply? It seems a slovenly way of completing one's prayers. One is reminded of the backwoodsman, who chalked up his pious wishes at the head of his bed, and, when tumbling in at night, jerked his thumb over his shoulder saying, "Lord, them's my sentiments." "Will the honourable gentleman bring it up?" says the Speaker, referring, of course, to the petition. The Member walks up the floor and drops the roll into the yawning mouth of a big black bag, hanging at the back of the Chair. More often there is no public mention whatever of the petition in the House. The Member to whom it is sent contents himself with privately stowing it away into the bag, without any one being made a bit the wiser in regard to its nature or contents. Through the yawning mouth of this big black bag petitions may be said to drop out of sight and out of mind. It is true that their presentation is recorded in the Journals of the House. But they make no impression whatever on the minds of Members in regard to the grievances they are intended to ventilate, or the administrative evils they are expected to remove; and they are heard of no more, except the Committee on Petitions, before whom, in due course, they come for scrutiny, find that some of the regulations have been violated—that, for instance, a portion of the petitions, instead of being in writing, is printed, or lithographed, or type-written, or that some of the signatures are in the same handwriting, or denote personages whose existence is manifestly fictitious, when the petition is either returned for correction to the Member who presented it, or its rejection is recommended.

The Chamber has now rapidly filled up for "Question Time," which is often the most interesting part of a sitting of the House of Commons. One of the most valuable privileges of a Member of Parliament is the right to question Ministers before the House proceeds to business, in regard to public affairs, matters of administration, or legislation. These interrogations and the replies are an unfailing source of interest and

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also of entertainment. The House then wears an animated aspect. The benches on each side are thronged with members, each supplied with a copy of the "Orders of the Day"—a white folio paper of many pages, in which the questions are printed, with other matter relating to business—and one of the most characteristic sights which the House affords is the flutter of these papers on the crowded benches, as the questions on all sorts of subjects—illustrating the freedom of speech of the House, and its unlimited jurisdiction within the far-spreading empire—are put and answered.

Questions are given in writing to the clerk at the table. "A question," according to the Standing Orders, "must not contain any argument, inference, imputation, epithet, or ironical expression." The judge of the propriety or admissibility of a question is the Speaker. He disallows a question when in his opinion it is an abuse of the right of questioning. Questions are sometimes altered or cut down by the clerks on the ground of unreasonable length or impropriety of expression. Members occasionally complain of this censorship. Recently the Irish Party resented as offensive the insertion at the table of the word "Roman" before "Catholic" in a question handed in by one of their Members. But, on the other hand, they rejoiced over their success in passing and having printed upon the notice paper a question in which the word "grabbers"—that term of ill-omen in Irish agrarian agitation—appeared for the first time in the records of Parliament. But however questions may be sub-edited, it is rarely that one is refused by the Speaker. A question addressed to a Minister must, of course, relate to some public affair with which he is officially concerned, or to a matter of administration for which he is responsible. But with these limitations a Member may interrogate a Minister on any subject, no matter how local or trivial, and insist upon the reply to it being read by the Minister at the table. The Minister, however, may decline to answer on the ground of public interest. This salutary rule prevents the unwarrantable interference of Members in the

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most delicate functions of the executive which, if allowed, especially in foreign affairs, would be productive of confusion, and, perhaps, disaster.

Questions of an urgent character, or of exceptional importance, may be asked without notice. But as a rule two or three days' notice is given in order that time may be afforded for the preparation of the replies. If an oral answer is desired in the House the question must be marked with an asterisk. The replies to questions without this distinguishing mark are printed and circulated with the Votes and Proceedings. It is not, of course, the Ministers who discharge the task of looking up the information that is asked for. The questions are sent to the different State Departments, to whose heads they are addressed, and the answers are drafted by the permanent officials. In most cases all the Minister has to do with the replies is to read them in the House of Commons. Each day's questions are printed, as I have said, in the "Orders of the Day," with the names of the Members responsible for them. They are also numbered. The mode in which they are put in is this—each Member rises in his place when called on, in succession, by the Speaker, and simply says: "I beg to ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department question No. 1"; or, "I beg to ask the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland question No. 40." The Home Secretary looks up question No. 1, or the Chief Secretary question No. 40, in the bundle of typewritten answers supplied him by the clerks of his Department, and reads it in reply.

The development of this practice of questioning Ministers in recent years has been very remarkable. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that it became an established feature of the proceedings of the House of Commons. In 1849 a special place was assigned to questions in the "Orders of the Day." Before that year they were few in number; they referred mainly to the arrangement and progress of business, and were rarely printed. The first time a question appeared in the "Orders of the Day" was in 1835. But after

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1849 questions were printed regularly in the "Orders of the Day," and the subjects inquired about—confined, previously, to pending legislation—extended gradually to public affairs and matters of administration. Still, it was rare to see more than twelve, or at the most twenty, questions on the paper for thirty years subsequently. In the Session of 1860 the number of questions asked was 699; in 1870, 1203; in 1880, 1546; and in 1890, 4407. In the present Session the questions occasionally exceed 120 per day. All this illustrates how this usage of interpellation, like other important elements in the working of the House of Commons, came almost imperceptibly and haphazardly into operation, and now rests immovably on the foundation of custom.

Until 1880 it was the custom of Members to read every question when putting it to the Minister, although it was printed in the "Orders of the Day." On July 8, 1880, after question time, Joseph Cowen called attention to the fact that two hours had been occupied in asking and answering questions. Yet the number of questions put that day was only thirty. The hon. Member added that, having taken the time on his watch, he had found the mere reading of the questions occupied an hour; and he asked the Speaker whether, as the questions were printed in the "Orders of the Day," it was necessary they should be read. Mr. Speaker Brand, in reply, said: "It has been the general practice for many years for hon. Members, in putting questions, to read these questions, and it has been generally found to be a convenient course. There is, however, no absolute rule the subject." From that day, however, the reading of questions was gradually discontinued; and questions were put simply by a reference to the number each bore in the "Orders of the Day." It was only a month later that Mr. Finigan, a Nationalist Member, on reading a question, was received with loud cries of "Order!" The Speaker was asked whether it was not "a great abuse of the rules of the House" for the hon. Member to have read his question. "The matter is not so much one of order as of propriety," replied Mr.

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Speaker Brand. "I consider that the hon. Member in reading the question of which he has given notice was, strictly speaking, not out of order. With regard to the propriety of his doing so, I give no opinion." This was the last occasion a question appearing in the "Orders of the Day" was read on being put to the Minister.

Questions disposed of, the House comes to the real business of the sitting. At this stage of the proceedings leave may be asked for to move the adjournment of the House, but even if it be granted action is not immediately taken. The object of such a motion is to obtain from the Government an explanation of some act of commission or omission on their part; of something which, in the opinion of the Opposition or any other section of the House, they have wrongly done or left undone. The matter complained of must be—as the Standing Order says—"a definite matter of urgent public importance" in the opinion of the Speaker, and must also have the concurrence of at least forty members. Therefore, when a member rises after questions and asks leave to move the adjournment of the House, stating at the same time the object of the motion, the Speaker, should he consider the matter definite and urgent, asks whether the hon. gentleman is supported by forty members. Immediately the associates of the member rise in their places, and if they muster forty leave is granted, but the debate stands over until a quarter past 8 o'clock. Forty members make a quorum, without which no business can be done.

Then the Speaker rises and says: "The Clerk will now proceed to read the Orders of the Day," and the Clerk, with a copy of the Order Paper in his hand, reads the title of the first of the long list of Bills down for consideration. It is the second reading or the third reading stage, at which, on all great Bills, there is usually a big debate. Disraeli is said to have described the House of Commons as a dull place, with moments of emotion. In my opinion, founded on twenty years' experience, it is impossible for the House of Commons

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ever to be dull. Its moments of emotion are, indeed, many ; and the largeness and vitality of the questions at issue there always redeems it from tediousness. For Disraeli—as for most of those who have once breathed its intoxicating atmosphere—it always had an absorbing charm. Joseph Gilles Biggar lived in the House and for the House. Outside it he had no interest or amusement. I happened to be talking to him in the Lobby during one dull sitting, when a colleague asked him whether he might go to a theatre for the evening. Biggar was then the Chief Whip of the Nationalist Party, and a stern martinet. "Theatre!" he exclaimed contemptuously. "This is better than a theatre, Mister. It is all real here." Yet he was the man who, by the invention and use of obstruction, did most to outrage its time-honoured and most cherished customs. The House of Commons is, indeed, an interesting place. It has an interest of the highest dramatic intensity on the occasion of a big debate on the chief political issue of the day, which deeply stirs Party passions and prejudices, and brings down into the arena of the floor the chiefs of the parties to fight for principle with the keen and subtle weapon of the tongue.

"Mr. Speaker." So begins each Member who rises to address the House. Of all the speakers in the Chamber Mr. Speaker speaks seldomest, and in the fewest words. The Speaker sits in his high canopied chair, not to talk but to listen to talkers. Hours may pass and "order, order," may be the only words spoken by Mr. Speaker. Yet it is impossible to exaggerate the trying and arduous nature of the Speaker's duties, or the strain, mental and physical, involved in their discharge. He guides the deliberations of the House. He names the Member who is to continue the debate. This is not a matter simply of "catching the Speaker's eye," as it is popularly called. The Speaker does not always name the Member upon whom his eye may first rest. On both sides of the House Members jump to their feet, eager to join in the debate, each straining forward, or shaking his notes to attract

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the attention of Mr. Speaker. One and all remind you of the puppy who raises himself on his hind legs and wags his tail to solicit notice. The Speaker's selection of one from among these competitors to fix his wandering orb is careful and deliberate. If a Liberal is talking it is certain that a Conservative will talk next. The object of the Speaker is to secure that, as far as possible, every phase of opinion on the subject at issue shall find expression in the debate. Therefore it is that members on opposite sides, supporters and opponents of the question, follow each other alternately throughout the discussion, the only exception to the rule being that should a Minister, or one of the leading occupants of the Front Opposition Bench, intervene at any stage, he has the right, more or less prescriptive, to be called on by the Speaker.

The Speaker follows the flow of discursive and sometimes idle debate with what appears to be the most absorbing interest. Indeed, it is into his ears that the Member "in possession of the House"—to use the traditional phrase—pours all his views and prognostications, all his fears and expectations. It is "Now, Mr. Speaker, let me say," or "With great respect, Mr. Speaker, I submit." Accordingly, the Speaker may not betake himself, even for a little while, to his own select and profitable thoughts. He must always be seized with the drift of the argument of the Member who is addressing him. At any moment he may be called upon to rule a point of order. His faculties must always be wide awake. At any moment some emergency may arise, without the least forewarning, when all his authority, tact, and wisdom will be needed.

There have been judges of the High Court who possessed the inestimable idiosyncrasy of being able to go to sleep during the speeches of counsel, and waking up at the moment that the gentlemen learned in the law concluded the slumberous presentation of their arguments. The atmosphere of the House of Commons is usually drowsy. Members may be seen asleep on the benches at all hours. Yet it is a remarkable fact that there is only one instance on record of a Speaker

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—impassive figure though he be, in a big wig and a flowing gown, reclining in a large Chair under a spreading canopy—having been caught nodding or napping. It was to Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the only Speaker over whom tired Nature asserted itself, and whose weighted lids, despite his desperate resistance, were finally closed in slumber, that Mackworth Praed addressed these lines:

> Sleep, Mr. Speaker; it's only fair,
> If you don't in your bed, you should in your chair,
> Longer and longer still they grow,
> Tory and Radical, Aye and No.
> Talking by night and talking by day;
> Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Formerly the Speaker was closely confined to the Chair while the House was sitting. Members might come and go, but he was chained to his post until the adjournment. It was only in his unavoidable absence that the Deputy Speaker—appointed for the first time in 1853—could perform his duties and exercise his authority. Now he may be relieved at any time he pleases by the Deputy Speaker, and though the House now sits continuously, without the former interruption for half an hour between seven and eight o'clock, called "the Speaker's chop," his place is filled for an hour or two midway in the sitting by the Deputy Speaker to enable him to dine at leisure.

The varying aspects of the House during a big debate are surprising. During one speech the benches are crowded. During the next there is but a Member here and there amid the desert of green morocco. All the time Members are restlessly moving in and out of the Chamber. Indeed, the general inattention or indifference to ordinary speakers is very marked. The doors of the main entrance under the clock swing open and a Member, hat in hand, enters and stands at the Bar. One sentence of the speech that is being delivered suffices. Out he rushes again. Here and there on the benches a Member sits apart in a half-dreamy state, his arms folded, his hat over his

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eyes, engrossed with his own thought. A good deal of babble is heard in the course of the debate. But it is not the babble of argument and contention. It is the babble of Members chatting and joking with each other, heedless of the honourable gentleman who is wrestling with his arguments, and to whom only the polite Mr. Speaker is attentive. A loud laugh is heard. Nothing could be more serious than the speech which is being addressed to the House. What then is the cause of this misplaced gaiety? A good story is being told in that group of Members yonder making merry among themselves. A few Members listen half abstractedly, with expressionless faces. There are some, however, whose attention is eagerly concentrated on the talker. They seem to hear, but not to heed. Not a gleam of sympathy is to be found in their looks. They are all on an edge to join in the debate. Some of them divide their feverish attention between the talker, the clock, and their notes. Others are mumbling to themselves the favourite passages of their intended speeches. But will the opportunity of delivering these speeches come to them? Time is flying for these Members, impatiently on the pounce. The hon. gentleman on his legs has long ago exhausted all he really had to say. But he is in that curious predicament of the unpractised and self-conscious speaker that he does not know how to stop. So he goes on haranguing, not that he has anything particular to say, but that it seems infinitely easier to go on talking to Mr. Speaker than abruptly to finish and sit down. Mr. Speaker, certainly, is listening amiably, politely, but scarcely sympathetically. The hon. gentleman's arguments seem to bring no conviction to Mr. Speaker. Across the face of Mr. Speaker no smile flutters at his jokes. The object with which Mr. Speaker follows his remarks is to see that he does not offend against the rules of debate. It must be a trying ordeal addressing the House of Commons, that most fastidious or inattentive of audiences, and not the least of its terrors are the sleepless eyes and the vigilant ears of the ever-listening Mr. Speaker. Still, the fate of those to whom was given the

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chance of taking part in the debate might have been worse. At any rate they have had the relief and the satisfaction of self-expression. The debate might have closed, and left them, like the unsuccessful competitors for the Speaker's eye, with carefully prepared unspoken speeches lying oppressively on their minds.

In its way a debate in the House of Commons is a very odd proceeding. What is its chief aim and end? Ostensibly, it is to persuade and convert. But really it never effects that purpose. A speech has rarely led to the transference of a vote from one side to the other. Hundreds of great debates, remarkable for the display on each side of eloquence and argumentative power of the highest degree, have taken place at St. Stephen's without affecting the Party allegiance of a single Member. One hears of the triumphs of Parliamentary oratory. But in truth these triumphs are often but vapour and wind. The orator is inspired only to those whose principles his eloquence upholds. The believers on the benches behind him are moved and kindled by his words: but no light of the faith which illumes his periods goes out to the unregenerate who sit opposite in darkness. By the lure of his eloquence not one of his opponents is entrapped. They see beauty in his passages, but no conviction. In the course of a Parliament a waverer or two may cross the floor of the House of Commons, but it is true generally to say that political opinions are so stoutly built on the foundations of conviction or Party allegiance, that whatever they may be—Conservative or Liberal, Free Trade or Fiscal Reform, Unionist or Home Rule—they stand four-square to all the winds of argument and persuasion that blow in the deliberations of Parliament. The object of debate in the House of Commons is, therefore, not so much to persuade the other side, as to justify the political faith to those who profess it—which, in most cases, is but pushing an open door—and, above all, to disseminate opinion in the country. "Mr. Speaker, Sir," says every Member who rises in the Council of the Nation to give expression to his views. Many of them might more appropriately begin, "Gentlemen of the Press

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Gallery," for to reach the country they must first convince the reporters that what they say is worthy of publication.

The Speaker has no power of putting an extinguisher on a tiresome talker. All he can do is to call a Member to order for irrelevance or repetition, and on the third unheeded warning, to direct him to discontinue his speech. The House, however, shows its resentment of the impertinences or inanities of a talker by cries and exclamations. A Member who was once subjected to considerable interruption appealed to Mr. Speaker Spencer Compton to put down the disturbance, saying that he had a right to be heard. "No, Sir," replied the Speaker, "you have a right to speak, but the House have a right to judge whether they will hear you." A far finer thing was said by Mr. Speaker Lowther in the early days of the present Session in vindication of the dignities and decencies of debate. There had been unmannerly interruptions of an Opposition speech on the part of some new Members who had not time to become acquainted with the traditional courtesies of the House. "One of the great boasts of this House," said the Speaker, in a dignified reprimand of the disorder, "is that we listen to the speeches and reply afterwards."

Nevertheless, Members very properly enjoy considerable licence in expressing their dissent from the views that are being laid before them, or their desire to bring an irritating or superfluous speech to a speedy conclusion, by interrupting cries "No, no!" or "'Vide, 'vide!" without having to fear any censure from the Chair. These interruptions are to some men only an incentive to extend the scope of their unappreciated remarks. "If you don't allow me to finish my speech in my own way I'll not leave off at all," said one Member who was regarded as a bore. The threat had the desired effect. "I am speaking to posterity," said another Member grandiloquently, in reply to his interruptors. "Faith, if you go on at this rate," remarked a voice from the Irish quarter, "you will see your audience before you." "Sir," retorted the talker, "I can afford to wait."

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It was not until 1882 that the Government was armed with powers arbitrarily to close a debate which, in their opinion, was being deliberately prolonged for the purpose of causing them embarrassment. Before that period the deliberations of the House of Commons were guided and controlled not so much by written regulations as by customs and understandings that for generations had been universally accepted. Obstruction was the invention, as every one knows, of Joseph Gilles Biggar and Charles Stewart Parnell in the late seventies of the nineteenth century, and the extent to which it was employed by the Nationalists in the early eighties, with the avowed object of dislocating the Parliamentary machine, until their objects were conceded, showed that if the opportunities for its use were not restricted, the due transaction of business might well become impossible.

Accordingly, Gladstone carried a closure resolution on November 11, 1882, in an Autumn Session held specially for the purpose of considering it. The new Standing Order gave power to the Speaker, or the Chairman of Committees, when it appeared to him that "the evident sense of the House" was in favour of an immediate division, to so inform the House, or Committee, and, on a motion being made, to put the question under discussion forthwith. Henry Bouverie Brand was Speaker at the time. Early in the preceding year, at nine o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, February 1, 1881, he had terminated a sitting which lasted forty-two hours, or from the preceding Monday at four o'clock, debating Forster's motion for leave to introduce a Bill for the Better Protection of Person and property in Ireland, by refusing to call upon any more of the Nationalist members who still desired to speak, and thereupon peremptorily putting the question. This was admittedly an arbitrary and coercive proceeding. There was no rule, written or unwritten, to justify it. But that it was in accordance with "the evident sense of the House" was indisputable. Mr. Brand, however, never had occasion to apply the new Standing Order, which was designed to render un-

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necessary any repetition of his high-handed action. The closure was employed for the first time on February 28, 1885, close on two and a half years after it had become a rule of the House, by Mr. Speaker Peel, against the Nationalist members. In the division on the motion "that the question be now put" the ayes, on the first application of the closure, were 207, and the noes 46. The rule provides that the closure must be supported by more than 200 members, if the minority is over 40, or by 100 members if the minority is under 40. A reduction of the majority by seven votes would therefore have rendered ineffectual this invocation of the closure by the Speaker. Thus Mr. Peel narrowly escaped a serious rebuff, which would certainly have impaired his authority and might have been followed by his resignation. It was unlikely that any Speaker would ever again put his position to this hazard. Moreover, the application of the closure, on the sole initiative of the Speaker, should tend to embitter the relations between Members and the Chair. A wise move it was, therefore, on the part of the Conservative Administration in 1887 to relieve the Speaker of this onerous and personally invidious responsibility, by giving power to any Member—private or official—to attempt to put an end to obstructive discussion by moving the closure, leaving, however, to the Speaker the discretion of putting, or refusing to put, the motion to the House. He is empowered by the Standing Order to refuse the closure should it appear to him to be an abuse of the rules of the House, or an infringement of the rights of the minority.

The benches, deserted for the most part during the dinner period, fill up again about ten o'clock for the two concluding speeches of the debate—the final attack by the leader of the Opposition, and the defence by the spokesman of the Government. It is then that the Chamber, full of warmth and glow and animation, looks its very best. The illumination comes from the ceiling. The original lofty oaken roof was so acoustically defective that to hear was most difficult, while its hanging clusters of gas-jets made the atmosphere intolerably stuffy.

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Then a novel ceiling was designed which not only lighted and ventilated the Chamber, but served as a sounding-board. The ceiling is of glass of the hue of the primrose, divided by carved oaken ribs into panels with delicate floral decorations, through which the gas-jets on the outer side send a flood of light that fills the Chamber with radiance, soft and mellow. The lights also bring out the fine carving of the oak wainscot of the Chamber, and the panels emblazoned with the coats-of-arms of the Sovereigns from William the Conqueror to Victoria, which decorate the railings of the surrounding galleries. It is on such an occasion, too, that the debating advantages of a small chamber are seen and appreciated. The House is crowded. Every member present may not be comfortably seated, but all can command a complete view of the scene and hear the speeches distinctly. This tends to keep the debate at a high level. The orator may speak in his ordinary voice. The audience are compelled to follow him with strained attention. They can give full play to their feelings. The House accordingly is moved by great excitement. Cheers are answered by cries of defiance. Statement and denials, charges and recriminations, hurtle through the air. There is also seen the rhetorical aid to invective, afforded by the arrangement of the rival political parties on two sides of the chamber, separated only by a narrow floor. The opponents gaze at each other straight in the face. They see each other's flaming eyes, or curling lips, their looks of dejection or triumph. In moments of passion they add fuel to each other's wrath. Moreover, with the enemy straight before him, the orator can point the finger of scorn with tremendous effect. This was a favourite gesture of Gladstone during his passionate and emotional speeches. Flinging himself almost half-way across the table, and shooting out his right arm, he would point the extended forefinger at the occupants of the front bench opposite, his face ablaze with righteous indignation and infinite disdain in his voice, while they—alas, for the futility and impotence of Parliamentary oratory!—more often than not beamed with

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satisfaction that they should be thought worthy objects of the great orator's fiery rhetorical exasperation.

But the last word has been said. The great debate is closed. Now comes the division, which is often the most dramatic episode. There is no summing-up of the rival cases. The clash of so many conflicting arguments in the course of a heated debate must be most distracting to any one who desires to come to a calm and unprejudiced conclusion on the questions in dispute. Would it not be well, then, if the Speaker—the only member of the House who hears the entire discussion, who is raised above personal likings, above party interests and passions, above class animosities—were to endeavour, at the close of the debate, with the cold neutrality of the impartial judge, to make straight the confusing entanglement of thought, to weigh nicely the many antagonistic opinions, to estimate in its true proportions and according to its proper value the issue at stake for the guidance of the whole House. Fantastic thought! Nothing of the nature of a judicial element can be introduced into the Legislative Chamber of the nation. No representative of the people desires to be helped to a disinterested judgment in the division lobbies. The triumph of Party is the sole consideration. Besides, the art of the Speakership is not concerned with sagacious and logical conclusions. It is not concerned even with the passing of sound legislation. The art of the Speakership lies solely in the preservation of order and the regularity of the proceedings.

Therefore, when the debate has concluded, Mr. Speaker rises in his chair, and simply puts the question, "The question is that this Bill be now read the third time. As many as are of that opinion will say 'Aye.'" A shout of "Aye" arises from the Government benches. "The contrary, 'No,'" continues Mr. Speaker, and a volley of "Noes" comes in response from the Opposition side of the House. "I think the 'Ayes' have it," says Mr. Speaker. He always decides in favour of the side supported by the Government, unless the motion be of a non-party character, when he is guided by the volume of

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sound from the "Ayes" and the "Noes." But in most cases the decision of the Speaker is not accepted. The Opposition again roar out, "The 'Noes' have it," and thus a division is challenged.

The Speaker then gives the order, "Clear the Lobby," and at the same moment the electric bells in every corridor and in every room of the Palace of Westminster ring out a summons to members to hurry to the Chamber for the division. The policemen who are on duty in the lobbies and corridors also shout "Division!" with all the strength of their lungs, and so, amid the clanging of the bells, cries of "Division" answer other cries of "Division" in every part of the Palace. This ringing and shouting continues for two minutes, measured by a sand-glass in front of the Clerk at the table, which takes that time in its flow. Into the House the Members come rushing from dining-rooms, library, and smoking-rooms, while the sands in the glass are running their course. Formerly, when the two minutes had passed the Speaker made a sign to the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the doors of the chamber are locked. The doors could not be opened again until the division was concluded. Every Member in the chamber had to vote. Visitors in the distinguished Strangers' Gallery, or Peers in the Lords' Gallery—whose way out lay through the lobby—could not leave until the division was over, and the doors were again unlocked. Gladstone has an interesting note in his diary in reference to the visit of the Shah of Persia to the House of Commons, on July 1, 1873, which is worth repeating, as the state of things to which it refers has now come to an end. "A division on a trifling matter of adjournment took place during his Majesty's presence, in which he manifested an intelligent interest. The circumstance of his presence at the time is singular in this view (and of this he was informed, rather to his amusement) that until the division is over he could not be released from the walls of the House. It is probably, or possibly, the first time for more than five hundred years that a Sovereign has been under personal

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restraint of any kind in England." The present plan of taking divisions, invented by Mr. Harcourt, First Commissioner of Works in the present Session of 1906, did away with the old system, of locking the doors during the counting of the votes. It is, therefore, no longer necessary for a Member who does not desire to vote to leave the chamber when the division is challenged.

At the end of the two minutes interval the Speaker puts the question a second time in the same form. The declaration of the Speaker, "I think the 'Ayes' have it," is answered again by a shout from the Opposition benches, "The 'Noes' have it." The die is now cast. The division lobbies must decide the issue. The Speaker accordingly adds, "'Ayes' to to the right and 'Noes' to the left," and names the two chief Government Whips as the tellers for the former, and the Whips of the Opposition as the tellers for the latter.

The Members then pour into the division lobbies, which are two wide corridors on each side of the Chamber. The supporters of the "Ayes" come up the House and enter their lobby by the door behind the Speaker's Chair; the "Noes" go down the House and file into their lobby by the door under the clock. In each lobby clerks sit at a desk, each with a list of Members alphabetically arranged before him. At one side of the desk there is a large card marked "A to M"; and on the other side of the desk another card marked "N to Z." The Members pass this desk in single file—each on the proper side, according to his initial letter—giving their names to the clerks, who tick them off on the printed list. In this way a record of the Members who take part in each division is taken. As the Members pass out of the division lobbies they are counted by two tellers, one representing the the Government and the other the Opposition, and each acting as a check on the other in the reckoning.

Thomas Creevey, in his diary, under date January 29, 1810, writes in reference to the publication in the newspapers of the way in which certain Members had voted:

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A damned canting fellow in the House, Mr. Manning, complained of Members' names being printed as a breach of privilege, and so it would have passed off if I had not showed them that, so far from it being a breach of privilege, it was a Vote in King William's time, "that Members names should be printed that the Country might know who did, and who did not their duty."

It is the fact, however, that not until 1836, four years after the passing of the Reform Act, did the House of Commons adopt the wise and popular plan of recording the votes of every Member, and publishing them day by day as part of the proceedings of the House. The votes of Members who joined in the debates—at that time a very small number—might be guessed on the publication of their speeches in the Press, but the votes of the silent majority was an absolute secret. Who were present at a division and how they voted could not be ascertained by the constituences. All that was publicly known were the numbers on each side. At that time there were no division lobbies. The usual mode of taking a division was that one side went out of the House; the side that remained was counted; and the number of those that went out was ascertained as they returned to the Chamber. The Press Gallery was always cleared when, on the challenging of a division, the Speaker said, "Strangers will withdraw." These words were continued in use until the present Session, though in recent years they applied only to visitors in the seats under the clock, which are generally used by Government officials, and who are now, under the new plan left undisturbed. Old Members regarded the method of taking a division, introduced in 1836, with considerable disfavour. The tellers who at first took the record often found it difficult to obtain the names of some of the Members as they intentionally rushed past them in the lobbies,

The average time a division occupies is ten minutes, but some big divisions, for which there is a full muster on each side, take a quarter of an hour. But at length all the members have returned from the lobbies, and the counting is over. The tellers appear in the Chamber, and report to one of the clerks

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at the tables their respective numbers. The victors will now be known in a moment. The clerk writes the figures on a slip of paper, which he hands to the principal teller of the side that has won. Immediately, a shout of delight arises from the triumphant majority. They do not wait for the announcement of the exact result. They know they have won—by what majority does not for the moment concern them—and they rejoice accordingly. Now we shall hear the numbers. The four tellers meet in a row in front of the table; the tellers for the victors to the right facing the Speaker, the tellers for the vanquished to the left, and when they have bowed to the Chair, the principal teller for the majority reads out the numbers in a loud voice:—"'Ayes' to the right, 398; 'Noes' to the left, 190." The Ministerialists again lift their voices in exultation and the Opposition answer back with mocking laughter. "Order, order!" is heard from Mr. Speaker. The result of the division must be announced from the Chair. The paper containing the figures has been passed on by the clerk to the Speaker, as the tellers return to their places. "The 'Ayes' to the right were 398; the 'Noes' to the left, 190," says the Speaker, and he adds: "the 'Ayes' have it." Once more the triumphant cheering and the shouts of defiance are renewed.

Does a Bill on its third reading really represent the reasoned and deliberate opinion of the Majority who have carried it? Would the Majority have come to the same conclusion if—instead of being Members of an Assembly dominated by Party interests, depending on the uncertain chances of popular election, and anxious, therefore, to conciliate and stand well with the electorate—they could have considered the question independently and impartially, in the calm seclusion of their cabinets and come to a conclusion upon it, solely on its intrinsic merits? Having put these fascinating, because somewhat perplexing, questions, I must leave them to be answered by every one as he pleases.

But listen! "Who goes home?" This cry echoes through the lobbies and corridors of the House of Commons

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when the House has concluded its sitting and is about to shut its doors. Surely, a quaint and curious question to ask of our legislators every night. It had its origin in the far-off time when an M.P., wending his way homewards alone at night, was liable to be attacked and robbed, and so the door-keepers of the House made arrangements for parties of members, living in the same district, to go home together for mutual protection. Centuries ago the representatives of the people streamed out of the dim vastness of Westminster Hall, and separating into groups, followed the link-boys carrying flickering torches, through the dark and intricate streets between Westminster and the residential quarter of Covent Garden, catching fleeting glimpses on the way of footpads skulking in the shadows. These dangers are things of the remote past. Yet, such is the reluctance to part with old forms and ceremonies at St. Stephen's that in these secure and orderly times of open thoroughfares, and electric lights and vigilant police, the question is still nightly asked: "Who goes home?"

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

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A RIDICULOUS GOD

I

THE founder of Positive Philosophy offered to the faithful the prospect of being officially included in the Human Race seven years after death if at the end of that period their contemporaries judged them worthy of that intoxicating, if belated, honour. Then they were also entitled to the collective adoration of their successors, who had never so much as heard their names. This was perhaps to make up for having been consistently held of small account by their contemporaries.

Comte has conquered. We are living under the shadow of his thought. Positive Science, or what claims to be such, is the governing influence of our lives. Science is asserting her claim, and certainly her intention of forcing her rule of life upon those who are so foolish as to be of another opinion; and here she is but following the precepts of Auguste Comte, who approved of "free inquiry" only in pre-positive times, since it was the sole means of establishing his philosophy. But once that final event was accomplished, there must be no more free inquiry. What would there be to inquire about after that?[1]

[1] "Indispensable and salutary as it (free inquiry) has been, this dogma can never be an organic principle, and moreover it constitutes an obstacle to re-organisation now that its activity is no longer absorbed by the demolition of the old political order. . . . Systematic toleration can exist only with regard to opinions which are considered indifferent and doubtful." . . . "This philosophy (Positivism) alone can indicate the final term which human nature will be for ever approaching, never attaining."—"Philosophie Positive" (Auguste Comte).

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This Grand Inquisitor of the Holy Positive Church is the original mover of the present drift of opinion towards the coercing of unbelievers and the sacrifice of the "unfit." Nature, we are reminded, brings about her ends by the destruction of those less well-equipped beings; therefore advanced opinion cavils against allowing them the means of protection and healing provided by their century, lest these should lead to the defeat of Nature's beneficently murderous intent. Science discovers a new serum, and long before there is time to judge of its ultimate action, her admirers ask impatiently why the stupid sceptics should not be forced to use it in the name of the common weal. Even in the baffling question of heredity, and its obscure and complex laws, the "thinking public" is eager to intervene, and urges the forcible prevention of marriage between persons who fail to satisfy the latest theories as to "fitness," and there are not a few who would place the matter in the hands of a medical supreme court, wherein couples could be suitably paired off according to racial suitability.

Thus the State, guided by science, would superintend the people's morals and all personal relationships, and prescribe their very heroisms, in the same fashion as a watch-maker, by a cunning arrangement of wheels, will cause a clock to strike at chosen intervals.

The process would give us a population punctually heroic, each citizen performing his good deeds under the same irresistible impetus that induces him to pay his taxes, and we should thus achieve an automatically virtuous humanity. Moreover, as virtue leads to happiness, would it not be also automatically happy? Some such clockwork Utopia was undoubtedly Comte's dream when he created his new God, the *Grand Etre*, as he christened him, this monstrous hybrid that we call Humanity; composed, so to speak, of its own Past, Present, and Future rolled into a unified being and established in the imagination as a vast personality.

The doctrine of the Trinity is child's-play compared with

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this mystery of the racial Three-in-one, this Being who is, yet is not, nor ever can be; who exists at this moment, who was in the moment that is past, and yet neither was nor is nor ever can be fully Itself, since it consists also of all the unknown millions of the Future.

And yet there are not three Gods but one God!

It is to analyse and to bring into full daylight the true nature of this mystic being that the present article has been written, for, absurd spectre of the Brocken though he be, his is the power and the glory of to-day. Comte himself unconsciously discloses the character of the Idol in his famous three-fold division of human progress into the theological, the metaphysical and the Positive stages. The *Grand Etre* belongs unmistakably to the metaphysical category.

When some advanced primitive man began to harbour rationalistic doubts as to a personal Fetish, he gradually abandoned theological beliefs and attributed to the Idol (and to other objects), in place of a personality, a "power," an "essence," a "virtue," a "quality"; and later, these metaphysical conceptions became the occasion of the famous Realist and Nominalist controversies of the ancients and of the learned in the Middle Ages.

"It is one of the puzzles of philosophy," says J. S. Mill, "how mankind, after inventing a set of mere names to keep together certain combinations of ideas and images, could have so far forgotten their own act as to invest these creatures of their will with objective reality and mistake the name of a phenomenon for its efficient cause."

This attribute of the mind is the source of half our convictions and well nigh all our controversies. Once this mental act has been performed (of endowing a linguistic device with objective reality) education, conscious and unconscious, begins to weave the idea into the "cerebral tissue" and it takes a big revolution of thought to dislodge the usurper. So it is with the Religion of the *Grand Etre* which grows stronger every

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day. Where the teachers of our fore-fathers exhorted obedience to the Gods, our priests and prophets bid us adore the Race, in whose knowledge and fear we are being religiously brought up: and an awesome, ungrateful, ungracious deity he is! While he claims more ruthlessly, and devours more greedily than any fetish of Central Africa, he has nothing to give to his starving votaries, no material from which wise or simple can derive any guidance, or thought-centralising support. The Idol who now sits on the throne of the Gods has none of their attributes except their astounding odiousness!

They at least were personalities, generally detestable indeed, but capable of touching the emotions of mankind, since from human emotions they had sprung. But the modern deity has no personality, and has not sprung from the emotions of men but from their grammatical conventions. He is a mere collective term, with no more individuality or life than a glorified verb, or a bedizened preposition. He has no pedigree, no psychological status, no character of any kind, for indeed he is a nullity, a mere Noun of Multitude, and not even in disguise!

The elder dynasties might well feel jealous of their upstart successor, this *nouveau-riche* among the gods; for while *they* had to be content with such general malevolence as contemporary superstitution enabled them to gratify, this new Croesus sweeps in contributions from all points of the compass, levies toll on almost every power and instinct and sense that man possesses, the artistic sense and the sense of humour alone refusing tribute.

The imagination dares scarcely contemplate the personally-conducted Cook's-tourist sort of world, which the new Moralities are preparing for us, an existence as metallic and bleak and respectably dreary as that preposterous Race in whose phantom interests every suffering creature, human or otherwise, is to be sacrificed, from generation to demented generation. But not even the mechanical Utopias, with their population of marionettes, can turn the feet of the faithful

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from the shrine. One hears always more and more, and from persons less and less able to realise what they are saying, that in all problems affecting human life, the one thing that ought to be considered is the "Social Organism," whose health has to be tended very much as one might tend a sick Mastodon or some other gigantic invalid whose appetite must be gratified at whatever cost of private martyrdom.

Does the great Mastodon really enjoy himself after all that is being done for him?

Perhaps it is the prevalence of absurdities of this sort which goaded the writer of a large volume on modern life entitled "Ignorance" to speak of his comtemporaries as "rational idiots."[1]

The idea of aggregate humanity as an organism must not be confounded with the very different idea of the essential unity of the individuals constituting the "race" and with the still truer and larger idea of the kinship of the whole creation. But this conception makes of each unit a self-existent being not a mere part of a whole; and the notion of sacrificing any one unit for the good of the "others" would seem at once sacrilegeous and absurd. The doctrine of unity supposes a meeting-place of all conscious spirits—so to put it—beyond the region of ordinary consciousness, in that "sub-consciousness" whose curious manifestations are beginning to be more and more studied by modern psychologists. In this region (as telepathy alone seems to indicate) the mind is in communication with other minds; with *all* other minds it is asserted, so that, if this be true, the loneliness and "separateness" which we at once cherish and suffer from is a sort of illusion. We are really companioned in our most desolate moments, if we could but realize it, since (according to this doctrine) we belong to the great ocean of life and consciousness, and are one with all the essential "selves" that exist.

What could be really farther from this idea (which implies the most developed and intense existence of the unit) than the idea of the *Grand Etre* who devours his constituent elements

[1] "Ignorance." By Marcus A. P. Dorman.

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and grudges them their lives and their happiness lest he should be insufficiently fed with the flesh and blood of sacrifice?

The radical difference becomes clearer if we think of two possible ways of regarding the beads of a necklace, for instance. The Comtist philosopher would crush any single bead without mercy, because in his strange confusion of thought (as it seems, at least, to his opponents) he sets his heart upon the glory of the necklace and despises its individual pearls. The individualist, on the contrary, deeply values each separate pearl as a precious and beautiful thing *for its own sake*, knowing, too, that the necklace can well take care of itself so long as each bead is safe and sound.

But the converse of this would not hold true, for it would involve a direct contradiction, since it is impossible that the necklace should be safe and sound unless its individual pearls are so. In fact, it all resolves itself into the veriest truism; yet almost every "thinking" mind of to-day is trending in the direction of the doctrine which thus reduces itself to rank absurdity.

It is a doctrine that, in reality, in spite of first-sight appearances, leads farther and farther away from the conception of brotherhood and essential unity. As the human being grows more and more individualised (that is, developed) he becomes capable of more and more relationships with other units, for he has, so to speak, a larger surface of possible contact and so a greater recognition of kinship. The *personal* man grows less restless, less assertive, as the unity of life is increasingly realised, but the *individuality* grows stronger.

False, then, is the philosophy that would depress this attribute of developing man in favour of a supposititious "organism" of society.

Surely if ever there was a glaring instance of that metaphysical superstition which Comte attacked and founded in his turn, it is this attribution of an organic reality to a mere aggregate. If this aggregate be in any serious sense an organism, the amazing fact has not been proved, or brought within

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sight of reasonable probability. And even if it *were* proved, why is one organism so very much more precious than any other, that millions of these others should be incessantly sacrificed to it? Moreover, supposing that it *is* more precious, by what just ordinance can it demand the immolation of its inferiors? On the contrary, *noblesse oblige*. A dangerous pretention indeed that of the right to annihilate all whom one considered to belong to an inferior category! How many of us would live a day under that dispensation? Finally, it is an organism whose sensations no man has ever experienced, whose real life (granted the mad hypothesis that it has one) no man can never know. Why, then, this quixotic devotion to an unknown and unknowable organism? But the cheap analogy finds ready welcome, and—pushed to lengths beyond all reasonable uses of analogy—gives birth to a thousand fantastic and disastrous beliefs.

To worship humanity and despise the human unit is truly a cross-grained manner of thinking, though the strange creed wins apparent support from the doctrine of Evolution, with its inspiring idea of an ever-developing human type, an idea which forms a fine sub-structure to a system of ethics based upon Nature's sacrificial methods—the sacredness of racial duty, self-renunciation *à outrance*, general martyrdom for the sake of general beatitude. Such is the noble pile that has been hastily run up on the basis of Evolution, such its lofty, but jerry-built conclusions. For man is not "Nature,"[1] though he may be her child, and he is progressive and civilised and human, exactly in proportion as he deserts her methods, refuses to copy her ruthlessness and her indifference. Civilised society regards a man as a dangerous lunatic who follows too closely the example of his Mother Nature. What sane being takes the tempest and the earthquake for his teacher of ethics? Why, then, should he cite Nature's carelessness of the individual as a justification for man's cruelty towards him? Why

[1] Nature is not here used as including man's conscious will and possible developments, but in the ordinary sense of external phenomena.

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should he seek to hurry his "unfit" fellow to destruction, or to doom his sensitively-organised brother to life-long sacrifice on behalf of the "Race" claiming for such conduct a moral sanction? All moral sanctions are founded on something opposed to or beyond the mere crude dictates of mechanical Nature. Therefore the popular theories of the day, which propose to assist "Nature" in making her "selection" are entirely retrograde, showing a movement in the direction of barbarism—*evolution backwards*, if the phrase be permitted.

II

There are passages in the works of some of the most ardent apostles of this Religion of the Aggregate which, if read elsewhere, would be taken for a brilliant caricature of their own doctrines The wind is thus completely taken out of the sails of the opposition. Professor Drummond, for example, is so in love with the idea of sacrifice and renunciation, that he believes the universe from the beginning to have been bent on producing beings whose dominant attribute was the instinct of self-immolation.

"Is it too much to say," he asks, "that the motive of organic nature was to make mothers? . . . In as real a sense as a factory was meant to turn out locomotives or clocks, the machinery of Nature is designed to turn out mothers."[1]

And the reason why Nature was so anxious to make mothers would seem to be that they are no sooner made than they proceed to unmake themselves in favour of their offspring. Always the principle of sacrifice so dear to the human heart since the first savage tortured some weaker brother on the altar of his God! That a finer idea may at certain epochs and under the inspiration of particular minds have been woven into the primitive barbarism of the idea of sacrifice is not denied; there are few ideas that cannot be so

[1] "Ascent of Man."

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treated. It is merely the primitive barbarism and its survivals to-day that are here dealt with.

Mothers are quite a modern luxury, as Professor Drummond makes us realise, and it has taken Nature incalculable eons to produce them, and their special instinct. The Professor looks back with a shudder to the earliest imperfect forms of life when there was no maternal being to be sacrificed; he contemplates with dismay those comfortless innumerable ages during which "motherless cryptogams" had to fend for themselves in an ill-managed world which made no proper provision for maternal immolation! Like the ill-fated lion in the Roman arena, who alone among his comrades had not got a Christian, these orphan cryptogams, alas! in their millions and tens of millions, had not so much as a mother between them!

But such hardship has no longer to be faced: mothers can now be obtained by the meanest cryptogams (or their evolutionary successors), and no matter how mean her cryptogam may be, the appointed mother must be ready to obliterate herself on its behalf without unworthy repining. This important change in the arrangements of the universe, incomparably greater in its results as regards comfort and convenience (barring perhaps that of the mothers) than the greatest material advancements of civilisation, leads Professor Drummond to the natural conclusion that Love is the final result of evolution. Such consideration for the general welfare does seem to show amiable intentions on the part of the universe. All has gone well if slowly. The cryptogam is not for ever orphaned: he has got his mother; the Lion has found his Christian, and the *Grand Etre* is about to secure his Individual!

That this is no mere caricature can be proved up to the hilt by the multitudinous writings of the school, for instance those of Professor Drummond, just quoted. Take, for example, his eloquent praises of a flower, in its freshness and beauty. But not because of its beauty is it blessed. It is because it offers another example of self-effacement.

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> After clothing itself with a beauty which is itself the minister of unselfishness, it wastes, it lays down its life. [Why?] Because within this death is life . . . there in a cradle of cunning workmanship are a hidden progeny of clustering seeds, the gift of the future which this dying mother has brought into the world at the cost of leaving it. No one reverences a flower like the biologist. He sees in its bloom the blush of the young mother, in its fading the eternal sacrifice of maternity.[1]

The author chooses his example tastefully, but Nature offers other examples of reproductive processes of which he could hardly make so ornamental a picture. One is cited by Benjamin Swift, who speaks of the

> midge whose cells begin to prey upon the body, which is their common parent, devour it, leave it a heap of waste-products, and issue from the *débris* to become, in their turn, victims of the same strange method of propogation.

This image is the same in essence with that of the young maternal flower: it is the same in essence with all the glowing sentiment that pervades society and literature on the subject of motherhood and its beautiful self-abnegation. It has at the heart of it the identical principle that lies at the heart of the new religion; the ever-fascinating world-old idea of sacrifice. There is a strange ancient delight in the notion of making someone suffer that another may enjoy. In ancient times, as we all know, it was thought that no city could prosper unless some living man or woman (generally woman) was built into the walls as a sacrifice to the *Grand Etre* of the day. And the sufferings of that one being were counted as nothing by the many who desired to be saved at his expense. Until that savage taint disappears from human sentiment man has not placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder of happiness and spiritual progress.

We have the same grim old gospel once more in its bare and prosaic form in the writings of Dr. Woods Hutchinson, but it comes as a relief to the reader of the "Ascent of Man"; "clustering progeny" and "dying mothers" seeming to add a sickly horror to an already sufficiently gloomy picture.

[1] Ascent of Man.

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Dr. Hutchinson approves of monogamy solely because

it looks to the benefit not of the individual but of the race, not of the life which is, but of that which is to come. . . . Neither of the parties has any individual rights which are entitled to half the consideration of those of the children.[1]

In the light of this doctrine, therefore, no human being existing at the moment has any importance worth considering, unless, indeed, he is lucky enough to be still in his bassinette. The one supreme claim on the conscience of regenerated mankind will be the somewhat negative merit of not having yet been born, and this in spite of the intense anxiety to check any tendency to decrease in the birth-rate. The potential human being thus ranks far above the actual, and the more etherially potential he can manage to be, the higher his claims to consideration. The longer, therefore, he can postpone what may be called the indiscretion of his birth, the better for him. For once entered upon the perilous path of existence, once beyond the stage, during which his mother must renounce everything for his sake, he must rapidly proceed to disgorge all the spoils that he has been allowed to accumulate (in virtue of his previous non-existence), and must begin to renounce in his turn—not for *her*, indeed, for mothers, as we have seen, have been especially evolved for non-reciprocal sacrifice and are understood to find in it what is called their "crown"; not for her must he renounce, but for other potential beings, the date of whose birth has been so far successfully postponed. It is a strange destiny and a strange doctrine! Scarcely has the human unit become aware of his own existence, with all its mystery and its tumult of pain and longing, than he is asked to dedicate it to an Unknown Quantity, a great vague abstract Being, with whom he does not and cannot come into real relations. He must, nevertheless, pay back the huge debt which unconsciously he has incurred to the usurious Monster.

[1] "Evolutionary Ethics of Marriage and Divorce."—*Contemporary Review*, September 1905.

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"Without being a party to the bargain" he might retort.

But the high-priests of Humanity pay no attention to mere individual repartee. As a Possibility he was sacred, as an accomplished Fact he is a negligeable quantity. His fate recalls the anecdote of the gardener who found among his early cabbages a luckless toad which he promptly flattened out with his spade, remarking severely as he did so: "*I'll* larn yer to be a toad." "*I'll* larn yer to be an individual!" is the cry of the modern reformer, and, in the days to come, the truly circumspect will do their best to conceal, as far as possible, all traces of the unfortunate fact of their separate existence, and many of the more sensitive will feel a sort of shame in it and a desire to apologise for what, after all, is not their fault. *L'individu malgré lui*—he will learn to crush out the promptings of an unusual nature by the force of his own trained conscience; by the might of his will disciplined and pledged from birth to the will of the majority.

Thus the system would end by destroying all initiative and individuality, not only because these qualities (per hypothesis) would tend to be suppressed as being out of line with the ideas of the aggregate, but because the conditions of life must on that account become more and more unfavourable to their production, so that fewer and fewer persons of original type would be born. Whether this would be for the eventual good of humanity it is for its worshippers to decide.

It is they who yearn to drill mankind into virtue and wisdom (as they themselves conceive of virtue and wisdom) at any cost of personal rights and liberty. If they succeed as to drill, they cannot expect from the drilled the attributes of a free people. It is vain to hope that in these untoward circumstances when the real "fire from heaven" descends it would be recognised by others if not by the possessor of the gift. When it appears it is always so utterly unlike anything that is expected or has been seen before, it burns up so much cherished *débris* of worn-out systems, opens up such startlingly wide avenues running clear and straight into sun-lit far-away lands,

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that the first instinct aroused is to stamp out the revealing flame, to pile up the old barriers and to turn the frightened eyes away from the great vistas of the new vision. A social system which treated the individual as a mere brick in a great edifice whose fate was of no moment, must expect to be taken at its word; its units, would, in the long run, *be*, in very truth, of no moment, and then what becomes of the Great Edifice?

But, ignoring all this, ignoring everything but his Idol, the social reformer goes bravely on his way, with uplifted banner. He sees nothing comic but everything virtuous in the proposition to build a happy world out of miserable individuals: he does not smile at the picture of meritorious men and women going figuratively hungry and naked, age after age, in order to feed and clothe future beings who, by the very nature of the case, can never succeed to the bequest, since they too must starve and shiver for the sake of their equally doomed successors. After what eons of toil is the happy residuary legatee of all this sacrifice to come into his fortune?

Meanwhile the units are to be counted as nothing in comparison with the great All. The Present is to be a mere nursery garden for the Future wherein everything is to be arranged in ordered rows; myriads of neat little plants equal of height, of girth, of stretch, extending in trim quadrangles and parallelograms and stripes to the uttermost ends of the earth!

The ever-neglected Present is like the lady who spends the live-long day with her hair in curl-papers because she is going to a party in the evening. Only with Humanity, the evening party never comes off! We all wear our curl-papers in vain.

The whole mad scheme is a sort of distorted, rationalistic form of eternal punishment, with its terms confusingly transferred to the wrong side of the equation, so to speak, so that the sum comes out bewilderingly, ironically wrong; for the just are especially punished, in a system where all is punishment and 'all is essential tragedy. The punishment is modified, it is true; for the penalty of having been brought into existence, in this case, is eternal only in the sense that

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the painful renouncements must be made for ever (for if there is one thing of which the agnostic is more "cocksure" than another it is that the grave is the end of all things). But though the savage injustice of dooming a soul to unending anguish is removed from the new dogma, it requires that soul to suffer and renounce in a fashion almost abject during the few years of its existence, whether it has done well or ill, or rather it has to sacrifice its little moment and chance of happiness and self-expression with more than ordinary heroism if it has greatly developed its moral sense, for in that case it better understands its responsibilities and its own nothingness. Thus the old idea of the connection between sin and suffering is transposed and confused in the new Inferno, in which a less lurid, less obviously horrible, but a truly heart-breaking fate awaits both saint and sinner—but especially saint!

Many indeed testify to virtue's "own reward," but that is of the inner and subtle kind, and the fact that it exists is no justification for making so very sure that (as the cynic complains) it is the only reward it ever gets. Virtue under this system becomes in fact its own eternal punishment. Certainly, to give the doctrine (and the Devil) its due, the virtue demanded is of a magnificently undiluted kind. All the more tragic therefore this ruthless trampling of the faithful under the ponderously stupid feet of the Great Mastodon!

And what a process of "natural selection" will be thus brought about! The unselfish natures, the souls readily responsive to the claims of the ideal will answer soonest to the hunger-cry of the Sacred Beast and so they will be picked out to minister to its appetite, and thus we find the system reducing itself to utter absurdity: to a vast machine for rewarding with martyrdom the beings who answer most closely to the type demanded and obey most faithfully the high priests of this strange religion.

MONA CAIRD.

(*To be concluded*)

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SOME REFLECTIONS UPON ENGLISH AND GERMAN EDUCATION

WHEN we are told it would be a good thing to "see ourselves as others see us" we are usually intended to understand that the spectacle would not be flattering. And in few things have the words been more quoted than in discussions on education. We are constantly reminded of foreign criticisms of our system—usually uncomplimentary, of course—and we are even more often adjured to copy our neighbours in this, that, or the other point, sometimes with only imperfect knowledge of what it is we are to copy, and mostly with an entire disregard of the conditions of life which prevail abroad. The result has been that we English are somewhat inclined to take a despondent view of our schools, and to call at random for some violent change which will transform in a moment our national system into something that is to be thorough, efficient, and above all, money-making.

Little wonder, then, if we turn with pleasure to anybody who can lighten the gloom. There are some of us who have a lurking confidence that the picture is not so black as it is painted, and that there may possibly be some points in which we are an object of envy to our rivals. But it is hard to make a true comparison. We may read books about curricula and class management in other lands without being much the

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wiser; even those who go abroad to make inquiries cannot see all that is going on, and what they do see is too often specially selected for exhibition purposes. The personally conducted Mosely commissions are excellent in their way, but they do not penetrate below the surface; and, as a rule, the inquirer only brings back such information as is supplied to him, which may, or may not be, the whole truth. In order to get a trustworthy account of two rival systems, it is essential that we should consult somebody who has had experience of both, and has sufficient judgment to be able to criticise both impartially. The present writer lately had that opportunity, and the criticisms that he then heard form the subject-matter of this article.

The facts are these. A German schoolmaster, who has had a long acquaintance with our English public school system, and proved himself during his stay in this country a careful and a successful teacher, and moreover, a shrewd observer and good judge of character, returned to his native land to take up a responsible post in a similar school there. He could not help being struck with the difference between the two national conceptions of school life, and his verdict is not always in favour of his countrymen; indeed, in what some consider to be the highest ideal of education—the formation of character—he admits that we are very far ahead. But he sees our defects, too; and, though many of the points that are now touched upon must have been made before, it is worth while to put them together for purposes of comparison, even though we may not presume to decide which is the better system as it stands. We can each learn from the other, and it is a matter for thankfulness that both nations seem willing to try.

Usually, in discussions of this kind, the chief bone of contention is the curriculum; but this point of view leaves out human nature to a large extent. To talk and write about the lessons taught is only an imperfect means of getting a clear idea of a country's progress in education; there are the teachers

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and pupils to be considered, and it may be that they are the main factors in the question.

For a moment, however, it will repay us to digress into the vexed question of what ought to be taught, chiefly for the purpose of removing a misapprehension that exists in many minds in England to-day. We are told with wearisome repetition that our chief failing is due to technical education being inadequately provided for commercial people (which is to a large extent true) and that we ought to disregard all other subjects save those which render the path to that department of study easy (which is utterly misleading). Our German friends are fully conscious of the value of such training as is useful in the development of trade, commerce, and special industries; but it would probably surprise some of our critics if they heard what is the minimum which must be learned in that country before technical education may even be begun. It has been long recognised that it is waste of time to attempt to teach backward pupils anything of a technical nature: the only possible method is to build upon a wide, general knowledge. This is essential for developing the intelligence, and the parent who objects to literature, for instance, because all he wants for his son is "a business education," would be treated with very scant courtesy in Germany. So when we hear reformers prating about the necessity of relieving our educational system of its literary "trimmings," let us bear in mind that this is not the method by which our rivals achieve their success, but quite the reverse.

And now we may pass on to the other divisions of the subject; but before we do so we ought to premise that the schools discussed are secondary schools, and the masters are those who have had a University education. Though the line is not drawn in Germany so distinctly as here between secondary and elementary schools, it is as well to remember that there is almost as sharp a division between the two classes of masters there as in England, even though they do, in certain cases, work in the same school; so that those who think the elimina-

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tion of column B from our register will establish a teachers' millennium will not find much support for their view if they go to Germany for their evidence. But, be that as it may, our comparisons shall be confined to similar conditions in both countries.

It is a commonplace remark that German teachers are better than ours. On the whole, there can be no question that they are; and the reasons are not far to seek. They are better trained in the first place, and, moreover, they have a greater interest in their calling; their position is practically secure, so that the fear of the workhouse does not hang perpetually over their heads; no wonder they can do better work. Briefly, the stages by which the schoolmaster arrives at his enviable position are these. He begins with a nine years' course in a public school, for every step of which he has to fight his way. Promotion is not a mechanical process; he must earn it, and about one boy in five in the lower forms fails to do so. Should he fail twice in the same class, out he goes. The higher the pupil gets the keener is the competition, though it is fair to add that rejections are not so common in the highest classes, because the lame ducks have been left behind before this eminence is reached. When the end of his school days is come, probably about the age of twenty, the aspiring candidate goes on to the University. His career there extends to four or five years. But he is not yet a teacher. He must do one year of training at a recognised centre, which is followed by another year of probation. Only when this is finished is he qualified to apply for a properly constituted mastership, though it is possible for him to earn money beforehand by doing temporary work, or filling places as a substitute. Nevertheless, he may have to wait some time before being finally admitted into the charmed circle, and Professor Paulsen has stated that a man cannot expect to have secured a competence until he is thirty years of age. Rather a long time, it is true; but think of the sifting process that has been going on throughout it.

Now let us look at the career of our own secondary school-

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master, and let us face it frankly. The average man has had an education in one of our public schools, to begin with, but with all deference to our time-honoured system, there is very little of the "sifting process" in it. He jogs along happily, is promoted or "shoved up" in the ordinary course of events year by year, and finds himself possibly at the end of it in the sixth form. But even if he does not, what is there to prevent him going to the University? Nothing. Dozens do so every year who have failed ignominiously to secure a higher certificate from the Joint Universities Board—which ought surely to be the minimum qualification insisted upon from students before matriculating. But let us suppose that our budding schoolmaster has a fair amount of intelligence, as he probably has. He is a scholar, say, of his college; he has hopes of a first, perhaps two. But hope is proverbially delusive, and he finds too often that he scores a second and a third, or it may be even less. What is to prevent him becoming a schoolmaster? Again, nothing: and if he is a "poll" man with a taste for athletics, there is not only no obstacle, but every inducement. It was hoped, some little time ago, that the register then established would in time ensure that a schoolmaster should know something of his business before he undertook actual teaching work, and it may yet be that something will be substituted for the machinery which has been so ruthlessly destroyed. But as things are just now, and as they have been for long enough in the past, no previous experience or training is required. Our teacher emerges like the butterfly out of the chrysalis, and the only wonder is that he is not worse than we find him. Contrast this with the equipment of the German master; to teach at all he must pass his examinations with considerable distinction, and unless his attainments are of the first order he must confine his efforts in the way of instruction to the lower half of the school.

Why are our English masters, then, amateurs while the Germans consent to undergo such a searching test of ability before they are qualified? Plainly because the bait held out

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is very different in the two cases; it is largely a question of salary. Our own countryman takes to teaching because he has failed in attempting something else, or because he doesn't want to go in for the Church after all, or, in short, because there is nothing else that he can turn his hand to, without experience and without capital. The resources of his parents have been strained to see him through Oxford or Cambridge: there are probably others of his family coming on, and it is time he began to earn his own living. And it may be remarked, in passing, that the addition of a year's training, unless it is subsidised by some outside agency (the State for choice) is not likely to prove an attraction in the future; until recently it was talked of as a *sine quâ non*, but up to the time of the abolition of the register its only effect was to scare away hundreds from the profession. It costs money, and it is hard to spend money when you ought to be earning it.

To return to our newly appointed master. At first he is pleased with his lot; he gets £150 a-year, it may be, with board and lodging thrown in, and he is in clover. But wait a bit. He does ten or possibly twenty years of sterling service, the best years of his life, only to find at the end that his market value, if it has not gone down, is not a penny per annum higher than when he began. He has had no opportunity of saving money; to have thought even of marriage would have been considered insanity (sometimes the statutes of his school lay it down that as long as he is on the staff he must "be a bachelor or live as such"); and he may be thankful if he does not encounter a new headmaster of strenuous views and half his age who will dismiss him without a qualm. At the best, then, he must be content to plod along on a bare living wage, carefully shutting his eyes to what may be in front of him. True, it is conceivable that he may become a headmaster, but these "plums of the profession" do not grow on every bush, and would not always be worth picking if they did. So well is this state of affairs known now that the schoolmaster is almost the last profession to

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which a University graduate in England will turn for a living.

Meanwhile, what of the pay in Germany? A teacher begins with a salary which, including lodging allowance, may be estimated at about £175 a-year. Not much difference to begin with; but after twenty years' service it is probably double that sum. It is something to have an annual increase, but more important even than this is the pension that the schoolmaster can count upon at the end of ten years. If he retires then, he retains one quarter of his salary per annum; but if he goes on, as he usually does, he continues to add one-fortieth to it for every extra year of service until the maximum is reached. This takes place when forty years have been completed, and though it may be contended that a pension at that age is not worth much, at any rate it is a comfort not to have to worry about provision for one's declining days. Now for the headmaster. He is naturally paid more than an assistant; probably his first appointment, including his house, will be worth £260 a year, so that it is not unusual for him to have authority over subordinates who are earning larger incomes than himself. In how many English schools is this the case? However we look at it, the position of the German master is better than ours; undoubtedly so in respect of salary. But we are members of a wealthy nation, and why should this thing be?

So much for the position of the teachers, but what of the teaching? Well, it must be admitted that the work of instruction is better performed on the average than it is with us. We have mentioned the weeding-out that takes place each year, and the necessity for the pupils to work hard to earn their promotions. This means a more uniform class and better results. But we must also allow that the German teacher is more *au courant* with the subject that he teaches than his English rival. To take an instance that will be recognised by any practical schoolmaster in England. The Mathematical Association some years ago initiated certain changes in the teaching of their subject, but, unfortunately, in their reforming

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zeal they failed to take account of the men who have to teach it, and the result is that the greatest difficulty has been experienced in our public schools in getting teachers capable of carrying their recommendations into effect. It has happened that in geometry, for instance, the teaching has insensibly swung back to the old Euclidean model, chiefly because so many young men who were not mathematicians had to undertake its exposition, and Euclid was the only thing they knew (or if they did not, there was always the book to fall back upon). And, worst of all, the examining bodies have pandered to this weakness. No doubt the Classical Association will find a similar difficulty in its efforts at reform. The fact is that we have not yet in England fully realised that a curriculum is one thing and the teacher another—and the latter is the more important factor of the two.

It would seem, therefore, that in the *technique* of imparting instruction we have much to learn. This will hardly be disputed by anybody who has studied the subject; but, after all, the acquirement of knowledge is not everything in education. Unfortunately, the other aspects of it are less tangible, and not so easily understanded of the people; and yet they may be, from a national point of view, more important. We must consider along with other things the effect of his severe course of training upon the person of the German teacher. Some startling statistics at once confront us, which go to prove that he comes to his work jaded and depressed. A return recently made, which called forth the intervention of the Kaiser to lessen the possibility of its recurrence, showed that the proportion of those rejected by the military boards for the minimum (one year) of service with the army (a concession granted to those who do well enough in their final examination) was no less than 60 to 70 per cent. The cause of their unfitness was certified in the majority of cases to be affection of the nerves or of the heart, due to over-study; and it has also been remarked that the university student in Germany is inclined to show less energy and interest in his work than he does at

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school. So it looks as if the tremendous effort of preparation may defeat its own object, if it tends to dull the freshness and energy of the teacher when he is trained. Whatever we do in England, we at any rate provide a type of man whose eagerness and cheerfulness are a perpetual stimulus to his pupils. A buoyant nature, with a ready wit to back it, is a powerful educational instrument; and they are not to be found in a tired man.

There is one more aspect of teaching that we must touch upon before we pass on. In Germany no master has the elbow-room that his English compeer is allowed in dealing with his subject; we may go even further, and say that the head-master himself is restricted in the way in which he has to run his school. Every small item in teaching has been carefully thought out and arranged beforehand; in grammar or history a definite course must be followed. Even in literature the very poems to be read are specified. It happens, therefore, that in schools of the same type we may almost assume that a particular subject will he presented in a practically identical way. To those of us who believe that the study of literature, for instance, is best stimulated by a free lance who is inspired with a genuine love for his subject the success of such a policy is unthinkable. Our Board of Education has set a good example by suggesting, instead of prescribing, courses of reading, and we should not be far wrong if we attributed this excellent idea to the system that has borne good fruit in some of our public schools. Children who hate a "walk" will jump at the offer of a ramble through the fields, and so it is with older children in their progress through "the realms of gold." Whatever may be the merits of a stereotyped syllabus, and from the point of view of examinations they are many, it has a cramping effect on both master and pupil. This has been recognised in Germany, and of late years the tendency has been to give much more freedom to boys in the later stages of their school life, so that some advance is being made in the direction of "specialising," and the encourage-

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ment of private reading which prevails in our sixth forms in England.

There is all the difference in the world between being told to do a thing, and doing it because your inclination has been drawn in that direction; and this antithesis is not an altogether inaccurate description of the two national points of view, at any rate in connection with the handling of older boys. And it brings us, almost insensibly, to the main point of difference between schools in the two countries—the relation of master to pupil. The advantage of a young man's enthusiasm has been noted, but it does not appear solely in his doings in the class-room; it is of infinite value outside. In this respect England has an enormous lead, which is regretfully recognised by every European country that competes against us. So much so, that great efforts have been made in France and Germany to induce the master to take more interest in his pupils in their leisure hours, and it is gratifying to be able to record that the attempt is meeting with some success. Nowadays it is not an unheard-of thing for a master in France to interest himself keenly in the amusements of his class; and in Germany, too, we have heard of some of the younger men taking their pupils out for the day on the occasion of a holiday—not officially, but as friends. But such *camaraderie* is by no means universal, and it will be admitted that it is the exception, and not the rule, as it is with us. Such a consummation cannot be brought about by a stroke of the pen; it is the outcome of generations of mutual confidence and good-fellowship, and to expect it where a boy has been disposed to regard a master as a sort of special constable is to fly in the face of human nature.

The connecting link between master and boy which most surely binds the two together is some system of monitorial responsibility exercised by the older pupils in a school. All who have been through the mill will be ready to admit that there have been occasions when a word in season from one of the prefects has had a much more lasting effect than "common-room tagging" from a master. If the monitorial authority is

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not exercised properly, or not put into force at all, it is the fault of the masters, because those of them who mix freely with their boys can detect without much trouble that something is wrong; and it is then their duty to intervene promptly and decisively. School stories, of which we have had many lately, which depict the master as standing by and looking on while the prefects battle (often unsuccessfully) with overgrown athletes of inferior moral tone, are untrue to life—in a well regulated establishment, at any rate.

Yet the athlete, or perhaps we should say athleticism, is the pivot on which the authority of the older boys rests. The careful organisation, sometimes overdone, of school games gives to the captain a well-nigh autocratic power, which is never effective or popular unless it is founded on fair dealing. "To play the game" has become a part of our English phraseology, showing to what an extent the spririt is abroad in the land. And it is just here that the foreigners' system of education breaks down. They know it, and are striving by all the means in their power to make up the leeway; but it will be long before our lead in this particular direction is challenged. Nothing that is here urged can be construed into an adulation of the athletic spirit, which contains some real dangers; but it would be running to the other extreme to shut our eyes to the good which is admittedly inherent in the proper admixture of games in the school career, and to class as "futile" those whose sporting energy is so often translated into useful administrative action in after life.

German school games are only poor imitations of the real thing. There is exercise to be got in pursuit of them, but the vivifying factors of honest sportsmanship and disinterestedness are as yet only beginning to peep above their horizon. They will come in time, no doubt, because our neighbours are keenly alive to their deficiencies in this respect, and are enthusiastic believers in education and everything that pertains to it; but it is a hard thing to implant this instinct into a country where the authorities are inclined to regard everything of the kind

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from a military standpoint. We have so long been accustomed to the spirit of keenness without undue partisanship that we sometimes do not make the proper allowances for those whose lines have not been laid in such pleasant places. But it is rather pathetic to find that our greatest rivals in education, to whom we attribute the possession of all that is desirable in school management, would willingly exchange half their pre-eminence in dexterity of teaching for the indescribable tradition that seems to be the exclusive product of our public schools.

Can it be developed? The Germans may succeed in doing so, in a rather roundabout way. The latest theory of their educational experts is that the true object of school training is to foster the national spirit. Within limits this is true; and when they recognise that citizenship, liberty, and the kindred rights of man are not the exclusive possession of any one people they will have arrived at a proper conception of what a national spirit is. Ultimately, perhaps, it will be possible to assume that when a thing is described as being an outrage upon the national feeling, the real meaning is that it is contrary to ideas of fairness all the world over. We have been accustomed always to regard our national standard of justice as perfect; this does not imply that other countries are unjust, but it serves as an ideal to which our citizens may refer their own conduct in after life. As we have seen it expressed elsewhere, the word "un-English" conveys to our minds the notion of something unmanly or unfair. Let us hope that the same spirit may animate all our neighbours: the sooner, the better for everybody.

There is no surer way of creating it than by making it one of the first impressions of educational life. England has succeeded in fostering it far beyond the stage reached by any of her rivals in the educational world; and, if she had failed in all else, she would still deserve to be ranked with the first for that reason.

R. B. Lattimer.

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THE POSSIBILITY OF AN INTELLIGENCE IN THE PLANT

IT is no exaggeration to say that within the last few years revolutionary changes have taken place in the sphere of human knowledge. More than one orthodox belief has been shaken almost to the point of overthrow by the assaults of our tireless investigators in their search after truth. Startling have been the discoveries of the past, still more so will be those of the future, and at this intermediate stage in the elucidation of nature's problems it were well to cultivate the habit of the open mind.

There are few more fascinating propositions than those which have been advanced in connection with the possibility of an intelligence in the plant. To most people the suggestion may seem to be scarcely worthy of consideration; the point having been settled long ago, to their way of thinking—so fondly do we cling to the traditions of our forefathers. Yet when one comes to approach the matter unhampered by any prejudices, it must be admitted that, far from being settled, the question of plant intelligence, until very recently, has never been the object of any serious inquiry at all. It is now an established fact that plants can feel, in so far as the phenomenon of sensation is understood to be a response to external influence; this being so, there is nothing unreasonable

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should we go still farther and seek for evidence of something approximating to a discerning power in the vegetable world.

It is always wise to keep before one the near relations of the great living kingdoms. As is well known, the exact line of demarcation between the two worlds has not been, and probably never will be, definitely fixed; in a sphere of life of which we should be quite unconscious were it not for our microscopes, plants and animals appear to blend imperceptibly together. Higher up the scale it is sufficiently obvious that the organisms have developed on very different lines, although one can never forget the extremely close connections at the start. To animals we freely grant a limited amount of intelligence, and it does not appear that there should be any vital objection to making a similar concession to plants, if due allowance be made for the differences of structure. It is the purpose in the present paper to gather together a few instances which seem to point to the presence of a limited intelligence in the vegetable kingdom; each one of these is either the outcome of personal observation, or else gathered from the record of an indisputable authority. In all cases they are selected as being examples which it is not easy to explain as direct response to any special stimuli, and cannot therefore be referred to as plant sensation.

The interesting group of plants, almost world-wide in distribution, which have developed carnivorous habits, has always attracted a good deal of attention. Each one of the many species offers an infinity of fascinating problems, but for the present purpose it will be sufficient to confine our observations to the Sun Dew group—*Droseraceae*. Our indigenous Sun Dews are attractive little plants, found commonly in bog districts. The leaves of all the members of the family are densely covered with clubbed hairs, and a fly settling amongst the tentacles is immediately enclosed by these organs; meantime, a peptic fluid is exuded from the glands of the leaf. An interesting experiment may be conducted with the Sun Dew,

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proving that the little plant has a certain discriminating power. Place a tiny pebble amongst the tentacles; these at once close in, it is true, but not the least attempt is made to put out the digestive liquid. How does the Sun Dew know the difference between the fly and the pebble? Still more remarkable were some investigations conducted a few years ago by an American lady, a Mrs. Treat. She proved conclusively that the leaves of the American Sun Dew were actually conscious of the proximity of flies even when there was no direct contact. Pinning a living insect at a distance of half an inch from a healthy leaf, we are told that in about a couple of hours the organ had moved sufficiently near to enable it to secure the prey by means of its tentacles. A member of the same natural order as the Sun Dews—the Venus Fly Trap (*Dionaea muscipiua*)—is quite one of the strangest plants in the world. The species, a native of South Carolina, is sometimes grown in glass-houses in this country, and the general form of its leaves must be fairly familiar. Designed in two bristle-fringed lobes, both hinged together, the leaf, when fully expanded, bears a striking resemblance to a set spring trap. On the upper surface of each side of the leaf are arranged three sensitive hairs, and should any object touch one of these, no matter how lightly, the lobes snap up together, the bristles interlock, and the catch, should there be any, is a prisoner beyond any hope of escape. It is not surprising to find that such a highly specialised plant will give us an incontrovertible instance in support of the theory of plant intelligence. The leaf of the *Dionaea* will enclose anything which irritates its sensitive hairs, and to induce the plant to accept a small piece of cinder, for instance, is a simple matter. But it does not take very long for the plant to find out—how, it is not easy to suggest—that its capture is inedible, and, acting upon this impression, it slowly open its leaf and allows the substance to roll away. Now try the same leaf with a fly, or even a morsel of raw beef; so tightly clenched are the two lobes that nothing short of actual force will separate them until after the interval of

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several days, when the plant has drained the fragment of the desired nitrogenous elements. Unless one admits the presence of some kind of discerning power on the part of the *Dionaea*, it is not easy to explain its behaviour.

At first sight the study of roots may not appear to be one of entrancing interest, and yet it is likely that these organs exhibit some of the most striking instances of intelligent action to be found in the vegetable kingdom. It was for long a matter for speculation as to the manner in which growing rootlets are always able to direct themselves towards the dampest situations. The explanation of this is probably to be found in the fact that roots are inclined to take the line of least resistance. Thus, place a plant in a pot which is kept constantly standing in a saucer of water, and it is surprising how soon the roots will appear through the hole at the bottom. We may perhaps take it that the roots have not grown downwards thus quickly in order to get to the water, so much as that the soil softened by the capillary attraction of the water upwards has encouraged a speedy development in that direction. On the other hand, in the case of a Calla plant, the pot of which was entirely immersed in water, the roots grew upwards almost against the law of gravitation, so as to disport themselves freely in the water. In the last instance it seems to be only half an explanation to say that the roots grew upwards, as they did in the greatest profusion, simply because it was possible that the line of least resistance lay in that direction. Other root phenomena are even more difficult of explanation. Take, for instance, the following typical example so well described by Dr. Carpenter that one cannot do better than give his own words. He says:

> In a little hollow on the top of the shell of an old oak (on the outer layers of which however the branches are still vegetating) the seed of a wild service tree was accidentally sown. It grew there for some time, supported, as it would appear, in the mould formed by the decay of the trunk on which it had sprouted; but this being insufficient, it has sent down a large bundle of roots to the ground within the shell of the oak. These roots have now increased so much in size that they do not subdivide until they reach the ground; they

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look like so many small trunks. In the soil however towards which they directed themselves there was a large stone, about a foot square, and had their direction remained unchanged they would have grown down upon this. But about half a yard from the ground they divide, part going to one side and part to the other . . . so that on reaching the ground they enclose the stone between them, and penetrate on the two sides of it.

Now here is a puzzle indeed; the growing root points were aware of the obstructing stone eighteen inches before they could have come into contact with it, and acting upon this knowledge, they took steps to get over the difficulty. Eighty odd years ago the account of a young Scotch fir upon a wall sending down its roots many feet to the ground was treated with incredulity, but this is now known to be a not uncommon achievement; such examples are not easy to explain if we discount the idea of some kind of root intelligence. Again, the aerial roots of the tropical *Lianes* seem to possess a wonderful cunning, and cases have been recorded in which these plants, growing under artificial conditions, have sent out their organs to a tank twenty-five feet beneath, evidently with the knowledge that they would find water at the end of their journey.

The opening and shutting of the floral envelopes is largely dependent upon the action of the light. In various species the degree of illumination operates in a different manner. With some flowers it is only the failing light towards evening which causes them to shut up, whilst in others the cloudiness of the sky during the daytime, which may herald rain, exerts a similar influence upon the blossoms, and thus the delicate essential organs are protected from the damaging moisture. As a rule the blossoms which have acquired the power of closing up at the threatening downpour are those which are quite, or nearly, erect in their bearing. On the other hand, in a general way the blooms which cannot gather their petals together are pendulous in their habit. A remarkable change in the pose of a flower under artificial conditions is that of the Gloxinia, a case which has been the subject of a good deal of

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comment from time to time, although it appears to the writer that few people realise the important bearing which this instance has upon the subject of plant intelligence. As is well known, the wild ancestor of the fine florist's variety is an insignificant South American species, with small drooping blooms, the corolla of which is open throughout the whole life of the flower. The aim of the gardener in connection with the Gloxinia has been to enlarge the bloom and also to cause these to be erect in their bearing. His efforts have been completely crowned with success, and we now have varieties with huge flowers borne in a perpendicular fashion—the whole plant forming a strange comparison with the early type. The point upon which, in the present instance, one would wish to enlarge is the fact that this has to a great extent been made possible owing to the culture of generations of Gloxinias under glass; it appears to be doubtful whether such a radical change in the bearing of the flower could have been brought about in the open, even in a tropical climate. It must be remembered that ever since the introduction of this species into our greenhouses—now many years ago—the plants have never known what it is to experience rain, and finding out that the principal reason for the hanging of their flowers has gone, have been willing models in the hands of the florist. Much the same kind of thing is taking place amongst the South African *Streptocarpi*, the members of which genus are rapidly becoming much more erect in their bearing as a result of their cultivation under glass. There seems to be something more than a mere adaptation to environment in these changes under artificial surroundings; the plants appear to have become aware of the fact that as far as they are concerned it will never rain any more, and that the former precautions against falling moisture are no longer necessary.

It is very much to the interests of some plants to display their blossoms at night, in that they are dependent upon the offices of insects which fly after dusk for the fertilisation of their organs. In most cases of this kind the flowers are white

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or of a very light colour, and show up in the dark quite clearly. Here we see that the failing light has exactly the reverse effect which was noticeable in the examples of day blooming species. Our indigenous Campion droops its pretty flowers all through the long summer day, and only displays them to advantage at the approach of evening. In some of the Cacti the flowers are never open at all except in the hours of darkness—a typical instance, *Cereus grandiflorus*, opening its blossoms about ten, and these lasting only a few hours are crumpled masses of petals before the morning. Another typical nocturnal plant is the white Tobacco, a species commonly grown in gardens on account of its fragrant blossoms. Within the last few years hybrids have been raised between this and some of the coloured *Nicotianas*, and it is very strange that most of the forms possessing coloured blooms open their flowers during the day-time, although their past ancestors were night-blooming species. One may say that the plants seem to know that colours do not show up during the hours of darkness. As a matter of fact it is very doubtful whether any of our British Hawk Moths, an exotic relative of which fertilises *Nicotiana*, ever visit the plants in this country, as it is certain that their probosces would not be sufficiently long to reach the end of the tube. Still, this does not alter the significance of the action on the part of the hybrids mentioned above. In the whole question of the opening and shutting of flowers there seems to be something evidenced which is akin to an intelligence. All students are aware of many instances in which plants open their flowers and emit perfume at certain times, and on examination it is found that this is just during the hours when a particular insect—often the only one which can assist the fertilisation of the organs—is abroad.

The whole subject of the relation between plants and insects is one which is full of mysteries: it is not always easy to see just how these relations have been established, even though one admits that they must have been developed side by side. In hundreds of cases plants have specially adapted their

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floral organs for the reception of one kind of insect, often so arranging the processes that others are excluded.

Even more remarkable are those instances in which a definite compact seems to have been arrived at between the plant and the insect; the former tolerating, and at times even making some provision for the latter. The case of a species of fern is a typical one. This plant provides little holes down the sides of its rhizomes for the accommodation of small colonies of ants; the exact services which these insects render to their host is not very clear. The following instance of a Central American Acacia is quite romantic in its way, but it is vouched for by good authorities. This tree (*A. spherocephala*) grows in districts where leaf-cutter ants abound, and where the ravages of these insects are so dreadful that whole areas of country are at times denuded of foliage in a few hours. The Acacia has, however, hit upon a unique way of protecting itself against the assaults of these enemies. At the end of some of its leaves it produces "small yellowish sausage-shaped masses, known as 'food bodies.'" Now these seem to be prepared especially for the benefit of certain black ants which eat the material greedily, and on this account it is no matter for surprise that these insects (which are very warlike in habit) should make their homes in the Acacia, boring out holes in the thorns of the tree to live in. It is not very difficult to see how this arrangement works out. At the approach of an army of leaf-cutting ants, the hordes of black ants emerge, fired with the enthusiasm which the defence of a home is bound to inspire, with the result that the attacking enemy is repulsed, and the tree escapes unscathed. Explain it how one will, it is impossible to deny that it is very clever of the Acacia to hire soldiers to fight its battles in the manner described above.

When plants find themselves in extraordinary positions they often do things which seem to be something more than just cases of cause and effect. There really appears to be such a thing as vegetable foresight, and by way of illustration reference may be made to the manner in which plants in dry situations

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strive to come to maturity as soon as possible. Specimens growing on walls are most instructive in this connection. It is almost always noticeable that plants in such positions run into flower and produce seed much in advance of their fellows living under more normal conditions; by so doing they have made certain the reproduction of their kind long before the hot summer has arrived, at which time any active growth on a wall becomes an impossibility. It is willingly conceded that shortage of water discourages a luxuriance of growth, and tends to induce an early maturity, but to any one who has watched the habits of plants under these circumstances there seems to be something more than this. Something which enables the plants to grasp the fact that their life can only be a very short one, and that it is their duty at the earliest possible time to flower and produce seed ere they perish.

Generally speaking plants are most desirous to obtain as perfect an illumination as is possible of their foliage. Of course, light is so necessary to bring about the formation of perfect green tissue, that it is not surprising to find that it is a sufficient stimulus to cause vegetables to move their organs to the direction from which the illumination is coming. But there are parts of the world in which plants find that the direct rays of the sun, where this orb is nearly vertical as in Australia, are more than they can stand. The Blue Gum trees, for instance, find that the solar heat is too great for their leaves, and accordingly adopt an ingenious way out of the difficulty. As young plants growing under shelter, the Eucalypti develop their leaves in lateral fashion, fully exposing their upper surfaces skywards. Later on, however, as the plants grow into trees and rise above any screening shade, the Blue Gums turn their leaves edge-way fashion, so that no broad expanse is exposed to the scorching sun. Some plants direct certain organs away from the light, as is seen in the case of the Vine, where the tendrils always seek dark corners. The value of this tendency is very apparent, for it must be seen at once these organs, whose sole object is to obtain a hold somewhere,

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would be much more likely to do so in some cranny, than if they took their chance by growing out into the open. This habit is exceedingly interesting when we remember that the tendrils are modified shoots, parts of the plant which certainly do not shun the light. Indeed, these tendrils seem to be working against their inherent tendency.

The instances which have been detailed above might be multiplied almost indefinitely. They have only been selected out of an immense mass of evidence which is at the disposal of any student who will take the trouble to watch the members of the great vegetable kingdom. To say that plants think, as has been suggested by an enthusiast, is probably carrying the matter too far; the word used in its accepted sense scarcely conveys a right impression of the mysterious power. Rather would one refer to the phenomenon as a kind of consciousness of being, which gives to each plant an individuality of its own. It is likely, and indeed highly probable, that it is impossible for the human mind to grasp just how much a plant does not *know*, but in the face of proved fact the existence of some kind of discriminating power in the vegetable kingdom will scarcely be denied.

S. Leonard Bastin.

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LEGENDS OF THE ABRUZZI

BY ANTONIO DE NINO

THE unlettered peasants of the Abruzzi talk about Our Lady, her Son, and the Saints, in a familiar and homely fashion which sounds strange to our northern ears. In the long winter evenings, when the wind roars and the snow falls thick on the mountains, they sit round the big, open fire-places, and while the men make baskets or mend their tools, the women spin and weave, and listen to the old grandmother's tales. These have been collected by Comm. de Nino, himself an Abruzzese, who has the rare gift of recounting them in a quaint and simple style. His eight volumes of "Usi e Costumi Abruzzesi," from which I have translated a few of the legends, are a mine of wealth to many a poet and novelist. Antonio de Nino lives at Sulmona, and the few English travellers who explore that out-of-the-way part of Italy will not soon forget the old-fashioned courtesy with which the scholarly old man does the honours of the birthplace of Ovid.—JANET ROSS.

OUR LADY BY THE WAYSIDE.

Herod, hoping to kill the Infant Jesus, ordered the massacre of the Innocents. So Our Lady and St. Joseph fled, she bearing the Child in her apron. After walking a long way they met some Pharisees, who asked:

"Beautiful woman, what have you in your apron?"

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She replied: "I am carrying the Great Master."

But they understood Grain, O Master, and told her to take it to the mill, and grain dropped from the apron of Our Lady, so that the Pharisees called after her to have a care, for she was losing her corn. After some time they met more Pharisees, who said:

"What are you carrying in your apron, beautiful woman?"

"A nosegay of flowers," she answered.

"That is not our affair," replied the Pharisees, and went on their way. Our Lady was right, for Jesus is a great Master and a nosegay of flowers. But it was a miracle that the Pharisees should have taken one thing for another.

How the Olive turns into a Hut.

So many companies of Pharisees were about the country that they were to be met with at every turn of the road. Our Lady saw one troop close by, and gave herself up for lost. Not a house, not a hut, not a cave could be seen. St. Joseph and Our Lady hurried towards an olive grove, while the Pharisees behind them shouted: "Stop! Stop!" Our Lady then prayed an olive tree to have compassion upon them, and its trunk opened wide, let the wayfarers in, and then closed. It was not at all dark for there was oil in plenty. The Pharisees, who had seen the fugitives and yet could not find them, were very angry. They explored the whole grove, not leaving an inch of ground untrodden. All night they searched, and at day-break, disheartened, they turned back. Then the tree opened. Our Lady with her Child and St. Joseph came out, and she said to the olive: "May thy fruit be holy."

That is why we say holy oil and why we anoint burns, wounds and sores, with oil, saying:

> Oil of the Olive,
> Who didst illumine once Lord Jesus Christ our Master,
> Take from this baptized flesh all hurt and grave disaster.

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How St. Peter steals a Ham.

Whilst Our Lord was talking to a vendor of hams, St. Peter stole one and hid it under his cloak. When they were some way from the village St. Peter said:

"Master I have found a ham. Shall we eat it?"

Our Lord answered:

"We are forbidden to take what is not ours. Shall I tell you what to do? Turn back, walk through the village crying, 'Who has lost this ham?' If the owner does not claim it, we will then eat it."

St. Peter turned back, and when he reached the village he began to cry aloud: "Who has lost"—and then continued in a low voice—"this ham." No one replied, and he went back to Our Lord and told Him no one had appeared to claim the ham. Then Our Lord, who knew everything, said:

"Let us go back together, then we shall perhaps discover the owner."

They returned to the village, and Our Lord commanded St. Peter to cry with a loud voice, and St. Peter shouted: "Who has lost this ham?" The owner heard and came forward to claim what was his, and St. Peter nearly wept.

Why Poverty is always with Us.

In those days Our Lord and St. Peter were wandering on the earth. One night they lodged in the house of an old woman whose name was Poverty.

Poverty said to Our Lord:

"Goodman, lodging I can give you, but no food; I am myself dying of hunger."

Our Lord replied:

"The lodging will be enough, give no heed to the rest."

St. Peter's face lengthened and he muttered:

"Nothing to eat again to-day. I almost think I had better go and steal another ham."

St. Peter could not sleep all night. How can any one sleep

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with an empty stomach? So at daybreak he rose and whispered in the ear of Poverty:

"You must know that He who is with us is the Master who works so many miracles. Ask Him for a boon."

As Our Lord was departing the old woman came out and kneeled before him.

"What do you want?" He asked.

"I wish," she said, "to say that it grieves me not to have been able to lay food before you."

"That is no matter, the lodging was sufficient," answered Our Lord, "do you want anything?"

"I have," continued the old woman, "three roods of land behind this hut, and there is a pear-tree, which every year is laden with fruit, but the pears are all stolen before they are ripe."

"What can I do?" replied Our Lord, "am I to stand guard over your pear-tree?"

"O no," answered the old woman, "but I would that whosoever climbs up my tree should be unable to get down without my leave."

"It is granted unto thee," answered Our Lord, and went on His way.

The pears were ripening when Death, armed with his scythe, came to the old woman.

"Poverty, prepare thyself, for thine hour is come."

"Thanks be to God," said she, "I have called thee many times, I have waited long for thee and I come willingly. But first do me a service. Pick me a pear from off that tree, I have not tasted one for so many years."

Death climbed up the tree and could not get down again, and Poverty laughed at him. Then Death saw that everything depended on the old woman and began to pray to her as to a saint. But she turned a deaf ear, so that Death remained as one bound to the tree for years and years.

Meanwhile the population increased beyond all measure. No wonder, for no new-born babe died, old people dreamed of

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Methusalem, and the yearly crops no longer sufficed. All this time Death could not move, and at last he began to treat with Poverty.

"If thou wilt let me come down I swear that I will never touch thee."

"Thou hast sworn?" she asked. "Then be free."

And Death descended and began his usual slaughter. But he never came near the old woman Poverty, and that is why we have poverty ever with us.

The Little Thief.

Catanella was a little thief. He stole everything he could lay hands on from his sisters, who were always saying:

"Go away, leave our house."

One day he answered: "I am going; but you must make for me a good cake."

The sisters did not wait to be asked twice. They made a cake and Catanella put it into his pocket, and as he turned to go said:

"Devil take me if ever I enter this door again."

After walking some way he felt hungry and took out the cake. At that moment Our Lord and the twelve Apostles came by, and St. Peter, hungry as usual, begged Catanella to give him a piece. Catanella did so and he ate it, and asked for more and more, and then again for more, until Catanella was left with no cake and with much hunger. So he turned back intending to get another one from his sisters.

On the doorstep of their house stood the devil, and Catanella asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you," answered the devil.

Catanella took a sack and said:

"If you do not want to come to harm, get in here."

And the devil got into the sack which Catanella tied up tight and took to a smith near by, to whom he said:

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"Just soften for me this hard lump."

The smith hammered with a will, and Catanella picked up the sack and went on. He then said to the devil:

"If I let you out, will you promise to go everywhere with me, wherever I want to go?"

"How can I?," answered the devil, "all my bones are broken, I can't stand on my feet."

"Never mind," replied Catanella, "I'll soon teach you how to walk."

Saying this he threw the sack into a deep river and every nasty smell in the world disappeared.

Catanella walked on and came to where two roads met. One was very broad, the other was very narrow, and he took the broad one. At the end of the road he came to the door of hell, and that is why we say that the road to hell is so wide. The little devils seeing him approach cried out:

"Fasten all the bars and bolts for here comes Catanella."

Hearing such ugly sounds Catanella turned on his heel and never once looked back.

When he reached the narrow path he walked until he found himself at the gate of Paradise. He knocked and a voice answered:

"Who is knocking?"

"I am Catanella."

"What do you want?"

"Just call that gentleman who made me fast and ate all my cake."

"I am he."

"Glad to see you, let me in, please."

"I cannot."

"Well, at least allow me to look through the keyhole."

"That you may do."

Catanella put his eye to the keyhole and saw the angels walking in procession after their band, and he said to St. Peter:

"Do let me see better. Open the little wicket in the gate through which I can just put my head."

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St. Peter opened the little wicket and Catanella threw his cap inside. All the angels ran forward to pick it up and give it back to him, but he cried out:

"Don't touch my cap. It belongs to me, cannot I do what I like with mine own?"

"Certainly, good sir," replied the angels.

"Very well, then I mean to pick it up with my own hands."

St. Peter opened the gate wide and said to Catanella:

"Pick up your cap and be off with you."

But Catanella went in and sat down on his cap. St. Peter, seeing he had been tricked, tried to pull him towards the gate whilst Catanella continued to say:

"It is my cap. I do what I like with mine own and I mean it to stay here."

All the angels laughed. St. Peter was about to beat the lad on the head with his keys, and there was great confusion and noise, when suddenly the Eternal Father appeared.

"What has happened?"

"Catanella, his cap being in here, refuses to leave it and go out."

"Then let him stay in."

"But he is a thief."

"Ah, Peter! so many thieves have entered here by mistake that surely Catanella can remain? Remember, too, he gave you his cake."

This convinced St. Peter and he hastened to shut the gate, for other thieves might have got in.

JANET ROSS.

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COUNTY MAGISTRATES

THE Justices of the Peace Bill, introduced by Government last Session, and passed early in July, after short debates in both Houses of Parliament, is the natural sequel to a Resolution moved by Sir Charles Dilke and adopted by the House of Commons thirteen years ago. The ostensible ground of complaint against the system which has just been superseded was the great preponderance on the County Bench of the members of one political party. This was attributed to the fact that the Lord Chancellor received recommendations for the magistracy from the Lord-Lieutenants alone, and that, as most of these were Conservatives, the natural result followed. It was proposed, therefore, that he should attend to recommendations from other channels as well; and a Resolution to that effect was, as we have said, agreed to in 1893. Since that time, however, it seems to have been found that, to give full effect to the idea which lay at the bottom of this proposal, it would be necessary to abolish the property qualification limiting the area from which the Lord-Lieutenant was free to select his candidates. If this were repealed, and the Lord Chancellor can throw open to the public in general, it was thought that the desired object would be secured. The property qualification has accordingly been abolished, and there is nothing now to prevent the Lord Chancellor from appointing any one, however ineligible, if recommended by some local busybody who has either private or party purposes to serve.

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Whether the inequality complained of was productive of any practical evil which the removal of it is likely to prevent or whether, if it was, we may not be only exchanging one class of abuses for another, are questions which deserve perhaps more consideration than they have hitherto received. Our provincial magistracy is an institution with the prescription of six hundred years in its favour; and leading statesmen belonging to both political parties have borne witness to its excellence. Such a system is not to be frittered away with a light heart merely because it involves some abstract anomalies from which hardly any human institution is entirely free. It lies with the Lord Chancellor, for the time being, to say whether the new system shall work well or ill. The Act has opened the door, but the Lord Chancellor is not obliged to invite outsiders to come in. And it is satisfactory to know that in the debate on Sir Charles Dilke's Resolution in 1893 Lord Herschell was said to be decidedly opposed to any departure from the established usage, to which nothing should induce him to consent but a strongly worded Resolution of the House of Commons. He felt no doubt that it would cause pressure to be brought to bear upon a great state official which it might often be difficult to resist and equally dangerous to obey. And it is certain that if ever magisterial appointments should be made the reward of political services, then indeed we might say farewell to the integrity of the Bench.

However, "a strongly worded Resolution" was adopted in accordance with which the Bench had already been, to some extent, overturned, and how far the process will extend, now that the only check upon it is removed, is a question which those who are best qualified to judge regard with considerable misgiving. The advocates of the change suggested in 1893 did not, of course, ground their case exclusively on the abstract wrong done by the unequal representation of parties on the County Bench. They complain that it was accompanied by political partialities in the administration of justice. But it was pointed out at the time that if the Lord Chancellor was

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to be guided by recommendations forwarded to him "through other channels," the political complexion of the Bench would be considerably heightened. It seemed an odd way of modifying the political character of the Bench by transferring the functions of the Lord-Lieutenant to the wire-pullers of a political party; for these, as Mr. Balfour said, would be the "other channels." Whatever might be charged against the former on the score of political proclivities, recommendations coming directly from a wavering constituency on the eve of a Parliamentary election must necessarily be far more heavily laden with the same virus. Nobody well acquainted with provincial politics could view without apprehension the transfer to obscure individuals, or to petty municipalities, of the responsibilities which have so long been exercised by a great public functionary much more accessible to public opinion than the Tadpoles and Tapers, of whom many varieties are to be found, both high and low, in every political party.

As far as numbers are concerned, more magistrates are not required, except it may be in one or two exceptional districts, where the want, we should think, could easily be supplied without the intervention of the present Act. As to the competence and impartiality of the old race of magistrates, Mr. Asquith himself, when Home Secretary, bore ample testimony. If, while the property qualification was in force, a great majority of that class from which magistrates are selected were Conservatives, as Mr. Asquith acknowledged, it was not the Lord-Lieutenants' fault if a large majority of the magistrates were Conservatives also. It is absurd and unfair to accuse them of political partiality when they were obliged to select candidates from a class of whom the great majority belonged to one party.

If then before the late Act was passed the County Magistrates were sufficiently numerous, sufficiently competent and sufficiently impartial; and if, as admitted all round, politics ought to have nothing to do with such appointments, what ground was there for interfering with them? We have quoted

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Mr. Asquith as a witness of the high character of the County Magistracy, let us now quote Mr. Gladstone. He spoke of

> the discharge of that immense mass of public duties bearing upon every subject of political, social, and moral interest without fee or reward, which has honourably distinguished for so many generations the landlords of England.

He spoke with warm admiration of this "fixed and happy usage, a just relic, and true descendant of the feudal system." The position of the English landlords he said was one

> marked by residence, by personal familiarity, and by sympathy with the people among whom they live; by long traditional connection handed on from generation to generation, and marked by constant discharge of duty in every form that can be suggested, be it as to the administration, be it as to the defence of the country, be it as to the supply of social, or spiritual, or moral, or educational wants, be it for any purpose whatever that is recognised as good or beneficial in a civilised society.

Such is the class from which, as a rule, the County Magistrates had hitherto been taken; and a statesman, one would think, might well have paused before tampering with a system bearing such credentials as these.

But then the advocates of the change go on to say that the County Bench being comprised of Liberals and Conservatives in such unusual proportion does not possess the confidence of the public. What signs were there before 1898 that it had lost the confidence of the public? None whatever; beyond such trifling rumours of dissatisfaction as may be heard in turn, against every institution in existence. Englishmen as a body must be very unlike what they are usually taken for if there is any general or national discontent with a magistracy, composed of gentlemen who merit such a description as Mr. Gladstone has given of them.

In the debate of 1898 some particular subjects were mentioned as to which, it was alleged, that County Magistrates were not impartial. Licensing, game laws, and disputes between employers and employed were among the number. But supposing these assertions to have been well-founded, is

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there any reason to suppose that the new class of magistrates will be any better. Brewers have many staunch friends whose fortunes are invested in the trade outside the circle of the squirearchy; country gentlemen are not the only, nor, indeed, the strictest, game preservers, and the harshest theories with regard to employers and employed, labour, wages, and poor relief, are certainly not to be found among Conservatives. Mr. Balfour was quite right in saying that country gentlemen, as a rule, deal more leniently with poaching cases than a stipendiary magistrate would. The reason is that the country gentleman is master of the subject, can distinguish between degrees of guilt, and being acquainted with the neighbourhood and with the people, can tell the casual offender, who only snares an occasional hare or rabbit from the professional criminal who belongs to a gang and lives by plunder.

And it is this familiarity with the people among whom they live; this local knowledge not to be acquired but by long habitude, which so eminently qualifies the country gentleman for the office of magistrate. And not only does he know the people, but the people in turn know him, and submit to his jurisdiction more readily than they would to that of a total stranger. The prestige of the County Magistracy has been lowered as it is by the infusion of *ex officio* magistrates and others quite recently appointed. It is complained that they had their judicial position for the furtherance of their special crotchets; and what is worse than this, that they interfere at Quarter Sessions with matters of which they know nothing, and clothed with a little brief authority, assume to revise or reverse decisions and sentences which have been carefully considered by competent and experienced judges. A strong chairman can keep these gentry in order to a certain extent; but with the addition to their ranks, promised us by the recent Act, it will become an increasingly difficult task. It has been suggested, and the suggestion is well worth attention, that the jurisdiction of Quarter Sessions should be limited

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to a few members, instead of decisions and sentences being left at the mercy of any number of justices who may choose to attend, whether cognisant of the matter in hand or not. This would be only doing, on a smaller scale, what the House of Lords find it necessary to do when it devolved its appellate jurisdiction on a few qualified members. The change in the composition of the County Bench, brought about by recent legislation, makes some such limitation of its judicial functions a matter of public policy. There is no reason why a small committee of Quarter Sessions should not be appointed for this particular purpose; and there are those who think that if the duty were entrusted to a single individual it would be still better.

The "residential qualification" provided by Clause 2 makes even such restriction doubly necessary.

> A person, if in other respects the law allows of it, may be appointed a justice of the peace for any county, notwithstanding that he does not reside in the county, if he resides within seven miles thereof.

The influx of outsiders possessed of still less local knowledge than magistrates before the Act was passed, and eager also to justify their appearance at the Bench by putting themselves forward on every possible occasion should be guarded against by placing decisive authority in the hands of a few members resident in the district, acquainted with all its circumstances, and trained to the exercise of judicial functions. This residential qualification is objectionable, also, on another ground. The abolition of the property qualification is an additional reason for retaining the county qualification. If we admit to the Bench persons who have no property in the county, let us at least confine the favour to those who have some actual interest in it. As the Bill stands the voice of the County Bench in a Leicestershire or Warwickshire division might be effectually drowned by the importation of half a dozen justices from Northamptonshire or Derbyshire, created for the express purpose of over-ruling the local vote. With the old

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property qualification in force men could not have been found to do this.

As it is the Chancellor may go out into the highways and hedges to flood the Bench with a set of men who are not wanted, who are strangers to the district, and who only obstruct the transaction of business by those who understand it better.

That the motive for such a policy does not lie exactly on the surface may readily be surmised. But in the debates of both 1893 and 1906 it was more than glanced at. Jealousy of what is called a privileged class, and a desire to ensure its prestige, its influence, and its power to the greatest possible extent may not have inspired the actual framers of the Bill. We are willing to acquit his Majesty's Ministers of any such ulterior design. But it is one which their followers and supporters openly avow. That the Bill will lead to any improvement in the administration of justice seems scarcely to be pretended. That it is very likely to have the opposite effect is the opinion of many who have the best opportunities of judging. And we have good authority for describing it as part of that organised attack on our territorial system which has been gradually developed during the last quarter of a century, and the object of which was frankly avowed by a well-known Liberal member to be the "disestablishment of the squirearchy."

Oh, but it will be said the composition of the County Bench was an "anomaly." Well we know there are persons to whom an anomaly of any kind is like a red rag to a bull. There is a passion for uniformity, equality, and symmetry, not certainly the virtues which produced the British Constitution, among a certain class of politicians at the present day, which in an old country like our own governed by institutions, the growth of centuries, and more conspicuous for the combination of liberty and order, the two great ends of all government, than any other country in the world, savours rather of a priggish pedantry than of practical common sense. Still we grant

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that anomalies may rise to such a pitch that even when they work well it may be necessary to remove them as creating a popular prejudice against the whole system of which they form a part, and weakening public confidence in its efficacy. . . . This—and again we quote Mr. Gladstone—was the case with the Reform Bill of 1832. The old system worked well. The country, he declares, was better governed before the Reform Bill than it was afterwards. It was overthrown because of the flagrant anomalies which it presented. Now, if it could be shown that any such anomalies existed in our magisterial system as to necessitate changes which instead of improving its machinery were rather calculated to impair it, we should, of course, admit the full force of the argument relied on by Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Asquith, and others. But we doubt if even these gentlemen would press the argument from anomaly to such lengths as this.

The admission of solicitors to the County Bench, as provided by Section 8 of the Act of 1906, has been objected to. But as they already sit upon the Borough Bench, and as the Section aforesaid also declares that no solicitor "being a justice may practise before the justices for that county or any borough within the county" perhaps we need say no more about it.

Probably no reform of any kind whatever, social, political or professional, ever turned out either so well or so ill as its friends and its enemies respectively predicted. The present writer was told the other day by an ex-judge of the High Court who was one of the ablest on the Bench, and a strong Conservative to boot, that he did not think the Act of last Session would "make much difference." From other quarters, and from equally competent witnesses he has, as the above remarks testify, heard very different opinions. It must be remembered too that in a country like England, where tradition and prescription, the love of law, custom and order are still powerful influences, the consequences of even sweeping changes are not felt all at once. We would hope, however, that in spite of the language indulged in by the more

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rampant class of destructive, the admissions to the County Bench of men who hold similar opinions may in many cases have the opposite effect to that which was contemplated. Instances may be quoted in which men who entered the County Magistracy as violent Radicals have become in time confirmed Tories. As such men get to know the country gentlemen better, they may become useful allies instead of jealous antagonists. The American grocer, in little Lord Fauntleroy, when he came to England became acquainted with Earls, and liked them so well that he declined to return to his native country in which there were none. Should some such process of conversion be a frequent result of Sir Charles Dilke's Resolution, and the present Home Secretary's Bill, we may have cause to be grateful to both. Well—*Θεῶν ἐν γουνάσι κεῖται*. But we cannot profess to feel very sanguine of any such happy consummation. Those who are interested in preventing it, though they may be few in number, are able and resolute, and are at present in a position to extort further concessions from the Government, which will increase their influence and authority with those who regard them as leaders. These are not favourable omens for the stability of our county system. Yet it contains elements of strength within itself which if rightly understood and wisely used may defy for many years the forces set in motion against it.

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FOOTBALL OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

A COMPARISON

In the season of 1888–9 the number of spectators at the English Association Football Cup Ties aggregated 200,000, last season saw at least 1,200,000 enthusiasts present. In 1888–9 the First League matches were witnessed by 602,000 spectators, in 1899–1900 by 3,000,000, while in the course of last season the throng must have numbered close upon 5,000,000.

From these figures it is apparent that football was never more popular than at the present time; and that the popularity of the game is not confined to spectators can be gathered from the fact that the London County Council alone prepares over 200 "pitches" in the parks under its control; that there are over 1000 Association Clubs in London alone; and that it has been estimated some 50,000 players turn out on each Saturday during the winter within the boundaries of the Metropolis.

Although the game as an attraction has never found greater favour with the nation at large than at the present date, it is a moot point whether the extremely scientific manner in which it is now played has added to its charm. The game as played twenty or thirty years ago was decidedly more provocative of incident; indeed, in all probability, football as played to-day as a pastime (not as a business) would gain not a little if it was imbued with a modicum of the spirit prevalent in the early days of its popularity.

THE above paragraphs form a somewhat lengthy extract from a circular letter that was recently forwarded to a number of prominent men who have shown by the interest they still take in the game by kicking off on occasions of note, or by public utterances, that their youthful enthusiasm for the sport is far from moribund.

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By an unfortunate concatenation of circumstances it so happened that the majority of the political footballers invited to compare the football of the present day with the football they played in their youth shortly after they received the circular were themselves engaged in a political match that left them very little leisure in which to treat of so harmless a pastime as the national winter sport.

On this account, perhaps, that eminent League player, the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour—did he not kick off for Stoke in that club's match against Manchester City early in the season of 1900–01 on the ground of the latter, propelling the ball about twenty yards amid plaudits loud and lusty?—withheld his opinion of League football of to-day, and to this reason is also doubtless due the fact that the Rt. Hon. W. R. Bromley-Davenport, M.P., Financial Secretary to the War Office during the Balfour *régime*, failed to refer to that extraordinary reminiscence of his first international match, when, having made a magnificent and unaided run down the field on behalf of England, he was seemingly hypnotised by the basilisk eye of the Scots goalkeeper, who was permitted to take the ball from the future minister's toe in the tamest fashion, when the latter had the goal apparently at his mercy.

When at the Final Cup Tie of 1904 the Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton presented the Cup and Medals to the winning team he requested Mr. Balfour, who was present, to discover who scored the goal for England in the Roses' Association Match with Scotland in 1877. Had Mr. Balfour, who remarked in the course of a congratulatory speech that while Mr. Lyttelton spoke to those assembled as an expert, he (Mr. Balfour) addressed them as an admiring ignoramus, looked up the details of the match in question he would have found in a contemporary account of the fixture the following sentence:

> After the ball had been restarted the English made desperate efforts, and making a brilliant onslaught on their adversaries' home, Lyttelton, with a well-directed shot, drove it close under the bar, amidst prolonged cheers from his delighted partisans

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To have obtained Mr. Lyttelton's opinion upon the question of the football of the past *versus* the football of the present would have been fortunate indeed, in view of the fact, to quote his speech at the Palace, that he had scarcely seen a good match until that day, since he played for England against Scotland twenty-seven years before, a circumstance that would have assisted him greatly when making a comparison. But it was not to be; the ex-Secretary for the Colonies, writing to the effect that the spirit was willing but the flesh was too busily occupied in business affairs, both public and private, to permit of his following his inclination, preserved a sphinx-like silence.

Fortunately the member for the Newport Division of Shropshire, Colonel the Right Hon. W. Kenyon-Slaney, P.C., had more leisure at his disposal in which to set down on paper his opinion about football past and present, an opinion that is here presented with the foreword that the Old Etonian possesses an international qualification to speak about football, inasmuch as this very strenuous player represented England against Scotland in the encounter under Association Rules that ended in a victory for the Rose by four goals to two on March 8, 1878.

Though I may perhaps claim to have known something about Association football as played from forty to thirty years ago [he writes], I hardly see enough of it to justify me in criticising it as played now.

The main change that strikes me as having come over the game is that the dashing and audacious individual play of former times has given way to a strategic combination of the whole side, which perhaps tends to reduce the opportunity of the unit, though it demands more discipline, and so more practice as a team.

The result, necessarily, is that the player of to-day when in difficulty seeks to overcome it by passing the ball away from himself, when the player of my date would have relied far more on his own powers to defeat his adversary and to retain command of the ball for himself.

This has done away with those exceptional feats by individual players which were such a feature of the game and which used to delight the spectators, and I may be forgiven for thinking the game suffers in consequence.

I fancy it is rare now to see a player keep command of the ball for more than a few yards at a time, and that the old long "runs down" when one man

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took the ball half the length of the ground, dodging back after back, foe after foe, but never losing the ball, always keeping up his pace, and always racing for the goal, are hardly made up for by the clever "passes" and returns which now take their place.

I fully acknowledge the skill and beauty of the combination game of to-day, but I may be allowed to regret some of the changes which that combination has entailed.

Further I cannot reconcile myself to the "heading" which has now been brought into such vogue: I don't like it, and I can't believe it ought to obtain in a game which should be played with the foot alone. I well remember the first time I ever saw "heading" was in an international match—I did not know that it had been sanctioned, and I can recall now the summary vengeance I took on the first Scotchman who "headed" into my face a ball I was waiting to go on with as soon as it reached the ground. Again, I don't like this modern custom of hiring players for clubs who have no connection with the locality for which they play, and I wish rules similar to those which govern cricket professionalism could be introduced into football.

However, whatever may be thought on minor points there is no question that when played straightly, honourably, fairly, football is a fine game, and deserves its prominent place among British popular sports.

When at the beginning of the season 1904–5 the Channel Fleet arrived in the Tyne, a football match was played between Newcastle United and Sunderland, in the presence of 20,000 spectators, for the diversion of the visitors, who were massed on one stand at the end of the enclosure, where the contrasting colours of the sailors and Marines greatly added to the picturesqueness of the scene. When the time arrived for the kick-off there stepped forward to the centre of the field, attired in orthodox frock coat and top hat, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, who, having survived the ordeal of being photographed in proximity to the ball, walked back a few paces, then with a running kick despatched the sphere well down the field, and, amid the cheers of the throng, beat a more or less rapid retreat.

Although the popular admiral wrote, "I wish it were possible for me to write to you on the lines you desire, but as I am on full pay, in command of a fleet, I make it a rule not to write for publication," his opinion concerning football, given in the course of an interview, was to the effect that he set a

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high value on the game or any other sport. Said he on this occasion, "Anything which makes men get into condition is for the good of the nation, as it makes them healthy, cheerful, more manly, and more unselfish, because when they feel fit and well they take the 'downs' of life more cheerily." Probably in this opinion of his superior officer, the Rev. Frank Jones, brother of the Notts Cricket captain, who, before he became a naval chaplain, was a prominent member of the Leicester Rugby team, fully agrees.

When more than a quarter of a century ago a football critic summed up in few words the capacity of each member of the Charterhouse eleven, he said of the defender of Mafeking, "R. S. S. Baden-Powell, a good goal-keeper, keeping cool, and always to be depended on." The coolness and trustworthiness of "B.-P." need not be referred to here, for these characteristics of the old Carthusian have been as familiar to the world in general as "household words," these half-dozen years. "Always to be depended upon"—this sentence came back to the writer on receipt of the following opinion as vividly as the incidents referred to by the Mafeking goal-keeper will to those who were contemporaries of his at Godalming, to which town the old Metropolitan school had removed three years prior to the above criticism being penned.

Many thanks for your letter, from which I am glad to learn that there are some 50,000 players at football on Saturdays within the metropolitan area. I only wish I could still be one of them as I used to be.

The game in former days had, as you suggest, more unexpected incidents than nowadays. I know I used to have a rather improper method of securing an "incident" by throwing myself down, by a clown-fall, in front of a player, and though actual tripping was not allowed, the runner generally went down. I luckily had rather a strong set of ribs. (This is a desirable if not necessary outfit for such tactics.)

I once played it off with considerable success, when keeping goal, against a brilliant run down by Lord Kinnaird, and I hope that in the years that have elapsed since then he may have forgiven me. I have never quite forgiven myself, especially as I still gloat over it with some of the impish delight that possessed me at the time.

As regards the numbers of spectators showing so large a yearly increase, I

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cannot say that it gives me any great pleasure. Five million Englishmen paying to look on reminds me too forcibly of the ancient Romans who got into the way of paying other people to play their games for them and eventually fighting their battles for them, until the inevitable end came, and a stronger nation arose and demolished them. What has happened before will happen again, unless we look out.

If every man who attends football matches were to give up even one quarter of the time and money he spends in doing so to preparing himself to defend his country in time of need, we should have a force that would ensure our safety. We have not got it at present.

Apropos of the above opinion it may as well be pointed out here, as it is sure to be by those interested in the game from the spectacular point of view, that the old Carthusian in his enthusiasm for the creed of "playing the game" has obviously fallen into an error that is very prevalent and very natural among those—and, thank goodness, their number is not small—who believe in the strenuous life. The old (in a football sense) goal-keeper regrets that millions watch football being played—in parenthesis it may be wondered if his regret was very poignant on the occasion of the Tottenham Hotspur v. Army match he was asked to referee in December 1901, when he saw the huge crowd assembled and thought of the monetary benefit that would accrue from its presence to the new Yeomanry drill-hall at Tottenham—and he also regrets that he is not now reckoned among the thousands of Metropolitan players who turn out each Saturday. Surely there is one cause contributory to these regrets that is common to both—namely, "Anno Domini," that bane of footballers; is it not Anno Domini that compels men to retire at an early date on what football laurels they have earned in a comparatively short career on the field and relegates them to the ranks of the ever-growing army of spectators?

It is not, of course, pretended that all the spectators at League matches are veterans, but a good proportion are, while of the remainder—and it may here be pointed out that five million spectators spread over a League season is far from being equivalent to five million individuals—it is to be feared

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but a small proportion could be accommodated upon the already congested space in the vicinity of our great cities dedicated to sport.

The regret that professionalism has attained its present vogue expressed by the old Charterhouse boy is also shared by another old Carthusian, Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Lowther, D.S.O., brother of the Speaker of the House of Commons.

His Majesty's Military Attaché at Paris, who recalls Mr. J. F. M. Prinsep, about 1883, kicking the ball when clearing his own goal from an onslaught of the Charterhouse forwards, through the whole length of the ground, less about ten yards, has for a number of years played a prominent part in encouraging football within the Army. Himself a sturdy and effective back, who assisted the 2nd Scots Guards when that battalion won the Army and Middlesex cups, he has at various times played for the Casuals, Old Carthusians, and the Army, in addition to serving for several years as hon. secretary of the Army Football Association and as the representative of that body on the Council of the Football Association.

To my mind [he writes] the interest in watching a game of first-class Association football to-day cannot compare with that which a Cup Tie or other good game provided in the eighties. The lamentable commercialism which permeates the professional game has reduced the large majority of clubs to money-making machines, with a very small number of playing members. Players are bought and sold like cattle, and the number of regulations and by-laws which have gradually become necessary testify to the fact that football is ceasing to be a game and is becoming a business.

The amount of money put into the business enables professional players to be trained for three-quarters of the year, and makes competition on the part of amateurs, with whom football is only a bi-weekly amusement for half the year, almost impossible. The combination of professionals is the result of continuous and assiduous practice; it is marvellous, but the spectators are certainly not the gainers by the change from the dashing play of the old days, which we, alas! only see now in the Old Boy teams.

Certainly no pair of backs ever gave such consistently fine exhibitions as the two Walters, and at the same time they combined in a way which was rare in those days, and which has seldom, if ever, been equalled since. W. N. Cobbold's style with his grand dribbling, fine bold passes to the wing and lightning shots, set the style for his contemporaries, and long passing and

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dash was the order of the day. We never saw a forward facing his own goal and finicking about with little two-yard passes—a series of which often leaves the ball no nearer the opponents' goal than it started—which is now such a common sight, but the ball was up and down the ground in a way which would leave many of the short-legged brigade panting. We were, moreover, allowed to charge then (now the opposed must be treated as a piece of glass and not approached except with gentle care and courtesy), and I remember a collision with Parry, a dashing player whose weight carried him through many a tangle where a lighter man would have been turned over, which left us both swearing never to meet again except in the way of kindness.

I had the privilege of learning the game under the ægis of Cobbold, Walters (A. M.), A. Amos, and later of C. Wreford Brown, and many others of equal distinction. It was a fine school for boys to see such players performing regularly, and fine teams were brought down to play against us. The best team probably that ever set foot on the Charterhouse ground was brought down by Dr. Smith (Miller). If I remember right he brought it down to avenge a defeat by the school of a team in which he had played a short time before.

The team contained practically only Internationals and Blues, also F. Bickley, the former Secretary of Casuals, an admirable secretary and the best of fellows, but *not* a first-class footballer. As far as I can remember both Walters, Amos, Blenkiron, C. A Smith, Dr. Smith, and the late A. T. B. Dunn were playing. It was a splendid game, and the only goal was scored by Bickley, who came out of goal for a few minutes to get warm!

In days of yore when one got an injury one used to go on as best one could or else retire, and there were no contributions of flat bottles from the crowd, followed by ridiculous applause on resuming play, which are now customary. Half-time was not a signal for a ten-minute interval, with futil rubbings and advice from a ridiculous trainer. A minute's blow and perhaps a suck at half a lemon constituted the whole of the rest and refreshment, and it was sufficient, for the good players of the eighties lived clean lives of their own accord, and one did not hear of a team being disorganised by one of the number having when off the field lost his sense of self-control.

Such reports are now, alas! far too common, and to hear the conversation of those in the know one might imagine the trainer to be chiefly employed as a sentry on public-houses.

Possibly betting has much to do with the moral deterioration of football, but that cannot be stamped out of the British character; all that can be done is to stamp out professionalism root and branch, and to allow the game to be really a game once more and no longer a money-making affair.

Although it is scarcely to be expected that those who hold opinions for and against professionalism in football will ever be persuaded to see eye to eye on this subject of contention,

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which, of course, comprises one of the greatest differences between the game of yesterday and to-day, nevertheless it is pleasant to observe that whatever their opinions on this feature of the pastime may be, so far as football as a sport is concerned, the sportsmen appealed to agree with the opinion, expressed below, of the grand old man of Welsh sport, Sir John Llewellyn. Sir John, who was for some years captain of the South Wales Cricket Eleven, and is now president of the Welsh Rugby Union, though he applied a very lusty toe to the ball when called upon to start a Swansea v. Llanelly match a year or so ago, is content as a general rule to occupy a seat in the pavilion when on football thoughts intent.

As befits one who has ever had the future of football at heart Sir John makes an appeal to those who have in hand the tuition of the young idea in the art of shooting at goal:

The figures you quote respecting attendances at football matches are distinctly interesting, as showing the growing public interest in the game.

I cannot speak so much of the Association code as of Rugby, which is the more popular game here in South Wales. I should, however, like to say that the support of all manly games, such as cricket in the summer and football in the winter months, whether Association or Rugby, must, in my judgment, depend upon the organisation which inculcates and maintains self-control and discipline among the junior players.

It is difficult to over-estimate the value of precept and example by past masters of the game.

Some little time ago the Rev. W. H. Wright remarked at a meeting held in Tottenham, that in the first year of his ministry he used to play football on Saturday afternoon, until he discovered that the relaxation was contrary to the wishes of an old lady, a member of his church, who forthwith prayed that he might break his leg, whereupon, for her sake, he temporarily gave up a game which, but for "a show in the flesh," he would still play. That the rev. gentleman is not alone in his thorough approval of the game is testified to by the fact that the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Ryle, some little time ago, kicked off on the occasion of a local Cup Tie at Farnham, while the Bishop of

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St. Asaph recently gave voice to the following opinion, in which all football enthusiasts, whether players of yesterday or to-day, will find themselves in accord: "I am not afraid of defending cricket or football. I think them most admirable things in their place, and I should be sorry to see them tabooed or to hear of teachers of religion saying they were not good things."

"Most admirable in their place" is a very happily chosen phrase that in all probability expresses the opinion held in respect to the great game by nine-tenths of the public men of to-day. The danger, however, lies in excess (this risk is not confined to football), and it behoves us as a nation to give pause to think ere we lightly encourage players and spectators to draw upon the time that should legitimately be employed in work for the sake of following football. *Apropos* of carrying things to excess, Mr. A. Richardson, the Labour M.P. for Nottingham, quite recently lifted up his voice in warning. Said he, "When you find 20,000 men spending a shilling out of their wages of 30s. to watch a football match—not to play, mind you—but to watch a mere spectacular display, and then go home and buy an evening newspaper and spend another hour in reading the self-same match over again; then on Sunday morning to see young folks discussing the match they have seen on a Saturday afternoon, I think it is time to say to young men, 'Halt!!!'"

Better far to spend a shilling (sixpence usually suffices) on a football match than upon brain befogging drink; better far to spend an hour at home with an evening paper than support the wall of a public-house at the corner of a street; but best of all to play the game oneself, whole-heartedly and unselfishly, with no thought of gain other than that which naturally accrues from the pursuit of a health-giving pastime calculated to keep both body and mind robust, in those hours that can legitimately be claimed for relaxation.

HAROLD MACFARLANE.

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ON THE LINE

THE present month of October will witness the completion and opening of **St. Deiniol's, Hawarden**; and we can use no more appropriate page in the MONTHLY REVIEW than this in which to welcome its addition to the literary treasure-houses of the nation. St. Deiniol's will be a characteristic monument to the fame and patriotism of its founder.

Mr. Gladstone was, we know, a man of extraordinary versatility. The heavy burden of State affairs, which for an unusually long period he bore, did not diminish one whit his eager interest in many spheres of scholarship and intellectual inquiry. He was, while the most eager advocate of the Christian religion, an authority on Homer, on Dante, on Butler, on a thousand subjects in literature, religious and profane; ancient, mediæval, and modern. He would with the angry fire of love defend the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture, champion Mother Church, wax eloquent in advocacy of the rights of peoples to be well-governed and free; and then, with keenness undimmed, would turn to lighter matters, and be ready to discuss the details of the latest novel, the points of last night's play. His wide range of interest was the secret of his extraordinary powers of work. He was, in truth, an old man marvellous. His honoured memory is a national possession, a legacy to our children; and no more appropriate means of perpetuating it could be found than the splendid library with which he and his children have enriched the nation. St. Deiniol's exists to fit a national need. It is open for the use of students. May the best hopes of its founders in regard to its usefulness be fulfilled!

An attractive and illuminating volume is **From St. Francis to Dante** (Nutt, 10*s.* 6*d.* net), the translation,

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excellently well done by Mr. G. G. Coulton, of all that is of primary interest in the Chronicle of the Franciscan Salimbene, who lived from 1221 to 1288, and saw and recorded much that is curious in the period known to history as the Middle Ages. That was, indeed, an extraordinary time! Sweet St. Francis of Assisi had lived his life of splendid simplicity; out of barrenness and poverty had formed a Brotherhood with which to cleanse the world; yet—so soon do human ideals decay!—even while some of those who had known the saint were living, the evil influence of the age had been mischievously effectual: not only was the general community very little better, but the Order itself had drifted far away from the white ideals of its founder. It openly ignored the plain requirements of its Rule, and witnessed the example of Francis becoming dimmed in many unhelpful legends.

Salimbene di Adama was born at Parma in the year of St. Dominic's death. His family was noble; and probably the future Franciscan would have lived the ordinary life of the Italian aristocrat, consisting mainly of quarrelling, politics and love, if it had not been for one of those Revivals—this one known as "the Great Alleluia" of 1233—with which the immoralities and infidelities of those extravagant years were temporarily checked. Salimbene was twelve at the time: young for conversion, no doubt; but the effect on him of the Alleluia was considerable. It appealed to his heart and mind at the most impressionable period of childhood. Four years later the revival found practical effect. Salimbene suddenly fled from his home, braved his father's wrath, resisted his appeals, and became one with the Franciscans.

This autobiographical chronicle indirectly sheds much light on the character of Salimbene, who was no saint. He enjoyed comfort and good living, had a rich sense of humour, was very curious about the facts of his times, hoped for improvements in government and manners; and, because they failed to come, did not, therefore, wear and fret his soul with virtuous disappointments. Rather he delighted in the jovial and the marvellous; and, to the advantage of readers of a later and

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more prosaic day, wrote for his niece—who, we hope, read without blushing the passages which Mr. Coulton has judiciously deleted—this racy, informing narrative. The value of the book lies in the luminous exposition it affords of the condition of Church and State in the crowning period of the Middle Ages. It comes as a literary link between the wonder-tales of St. Francis and the fierce, magnificent satire and condemnation contained in the "Divine Comedy."

The few righteous men living in those times longed for a good Emperor and a good Pope. The lay and religious worlds demanded both. Yet nothing came of the appeal. A voice cried in the wilderness; and the wilderness answered. "The hungry sheep looked up and were not fed." The age was picturesque and rotten. Crowns and jewelled robes adorned—decay! Mummery and superstition displaced religion and virtue. There were no limits to popular credulity, to priestly arrogance, to princely vice. Relics of questionable authenticity were extravagantly adored; saints were venerated who only a few years before had been openly bad men; but as a bitter contemporary—a friar—remarked "At Rome there is no relic half so efficacious as the bones of St. Gold and St. Silver." Indeed, the same angry reformer—he was Catholic and Reformer too—Hugh de Digne, found the courage to denounce the Cardinalate at one of their assemblies, and in the same words condemned the overwhelming majority of those who wore the white and ornate robes of the Church. He spoke of them to their faces as sluggards, eating and drinking sumptuously, sporting with hounds and hawks—and worse; while the poor lacked clothes and bread, and lay in prison unvisited. The wonder is that the Cardinals listened without checking him. There was evidently some grace in the times. Yet religion was in sorry case, often a mockery. A mistake in the saying of Mass roused the church to laughter; monks and nuns joined in the ribald revelry which the customs of the times sometimes allowed, to riot with the sacred vessels and vestments before the altars. Conscience slept. Faith was helped by tricks. Priests juggled with their opportunities.

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Miracles, with the object of impressing the vulgar, were forged. Here is an instance culled from many:

> One of the greatest men of Salimbene's century, Cardinal Jacques de Vitry, relates with approval an equally false miracle of a priest who slipped a bad penny instead of the Host into the mouth of a miserly parishioner at Easter Communion, and then persuaded the man that the Lord's body had been thus transmuted, for his punishment, into the same false coin which he had been wont to offer yearly at that solemnity.

Sad—terribly sad—is the indictment of his fellows and his times which Salimbene's pen all unconsciously was making. And as the Church was, so were the laity. How could it be otherwise? Every city and state in Italy was a pit of tyranny, treachery, hideous cruelty. Princes and prelates alike were blood-guilty. It needed a hundred examples such as that of St. Francis to cure and cleanse that age. The best method of realising what progress means is to compare the Church and the State in Italy to-day with what they were during the period of magnificence and anger, which Brother Salimbene describes. This volume epitomises the most curious chapter in human history.

Quite a number of good novels have already been published during the present autumn season, early as that still is. Space only permits us very briefly to mention one, **Suzanne** (by Miss Valentina Hawtrey, Murray, 6*s.*). This is a story of mediæval France, placed in somewhat different setting from the usual historical tale. It is a romance of love and anger, told with admirable definiteness and force. Mathieu, Miss Hawtrey's hero, loves—shall we say unwisely? He woos and wins at the sword-point, and gains and loses like a chevalier. The plot—too intricate in construction to be epitomised—develops speedily and naturally; and is still not the chief strength of the book, for we cannot too highly commend the manner in which this story is told. Miss Hawtrey's pen paints pictures, and though occasionally she uses words which are not quite appropriate to the period, they do not detract from the interest and mediæval atmosphere of the tale.

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THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER XI

THE CONCERT

ON Wednesday afternoon Jeanne drove round the Park as usual, until it was time for the Duchess to be At Home.

The weather had become suddenly and severely cold, so that the place looked almost deserted.

The icy breath of the east wind swayed the topmost branches of the bare black trees; the benches on the frost-bitten paths were whitened over; the drooping shrubs hung their shrivelled leaves, and the scanty grass was hard and crystallised.

The children of the poor remained prudently away; and only the children of the upper classes were sent forth as usual, to brave the bitter cold; with purple cheeks and little scarlet noses they trotted along, wrapped in cloth and velvet; sometimes gaitered, sometimes with bare little blue legs that had much ado to keep pace with hurrying nurses and governesses.

Jeanne, in the comfortable close carriage, shivered in spite

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of black fox rug and carpeted foot-warmer; and in spite of the excitement of anticipation which made her cheeks burn. But Buckam and William on the box, each burying a scornful nose in the depths of his broad fur tippet, appeared unconscious of the inclemency of the weather.

Frost is pleasant enough when the sun shines brightly over snowy land and glistening bough, but Jeanne found it depressing indeed in this grey chill atmosphere, with a heavy pall of yellow fog visibly suspended above; grimly waiting to descend upon London the moment the east wind should cease whistling among the chimney-pots, and sink to frozen sleep.

A long line of carriages was slowly passing before the front door of the Duchess of Monaghan's house in Park Lane, and Miss Marney's brougham took its place in the rank, with its frightened occupant; who descended in her turn, and went into the warm and brightly lighted hall, and up the staircase, which was thronged but not crowded, with a goodly number of ladies and a very few gentlemen.

Among the velvets and silks and sables surrounding her, Jeanne in her plain black jacket and crape *toque*, looked, as she was, a little alien to fashion; and began to wonder, rather miserably and nervously, why she had come at all, as she looked round her in vain for a friendly face.

But her name, or the garbled version of it which must pass muster when a foreign appellation is in question, was announced with the others, and she found herself shaking hands with her hostess in her turn.

Her awe of the Duchess amounted to terror, but her alarm was wasted; the Duchess smiled at everybody and recognised nobody, for she was short-sighted to blindness; and her glasses, without which she was helpless, had become entangled in the ruffles of her Mechlin *fichu*.

Jeanne had, happily, no time to utter the greetings and explanations which she had composed and rehearsed in the carriage, before finding herself seated on a little gilt chair in a

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row of other little gilt chairs, and behind several large picture hats, through the chinks of which she ventured to peep; and beheld a grand piano, a group of palms, and a gentleman with long hair clasping a violoncello.

Where was the Duke? Where, oh where was kind cousin Denis?

Regardless of the fact that the hats and bonnets around her were stationary, Jeanne's little black *toque* bobbed up and down in the hope of discovering him.

Her efforts were presently rewarded, and she beheld him—though in the surrounding hum of conversation she could not hear him—politely conversing with another long-haired gentleman who was preparing to take his place at the piano.

As she looked, there jumped up and spoke to the Duke a young man so like him in face and colouring that Jeanne concluded it must be his brother. A tall, broad-shouldered young man, with the same fair hair and straight features, but as burly in figure and florid of colouring as Cousin Denis was slight and pale.

Jeanne suddenly realised, as the brothers stood side by side, what the Duke ought to have been like had it not been for the accident which had spoilt his life.

It *must* be his brother, she thought, and in the warmth of her heart, she addressed an interested inquiry on the subject to the lady who occupied the little gilt chair next to her own, on the left.

The lady—having paused to overcome her dismayed surprise at being addressed at all by a total stranger—answered rather shortly that the young man in question was Lord Dermot Liscarney, and turned her right shoulder to Jeanne as a sign that she was not prepared to continue this illicit intercourse. Thus another lesson found its way home to the timid soul of Jeanne, who knew not, that although in most civilised countries a stranger in a friend's house is the friend of your friend, and consequently your own, [at least during your sojourn under the same roof,] yet in England a stranger

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in such circumstances—far from being treated with the extra courtesy due to his solitary position—must be solemnly and severely ostracised until the magic words of introduction have been spoken.

But Jeanne was as young in spirit as in appearance; and she presently recovered from this rebuff, in the excitement incidental to rusticity, of beholding a face she recognised in an unknown crowd.

Mrs. Wheler, smarter than ever, was seated at right angles to her in the middle of another row of gilt chairs, and Jeanne could not help bestowing upon her a timid, but friendly glance, which somehow managed to express recognition, greeting and apology for past errors, in one fleeting smile.

Mrs. Wheler's mechanical head bowed politely, before her dormant intellect had time to grasp the fact that this was a person whom she had no intention of admitting to her acquaintance at all; but Jeanne, happy in the salutation obtained, was spared the contemplation of Mrs. Wheler's after expression; for her attention was attracted elsewhere. The violoncello now began its plaintive song, and the well-bred crowd was instantly hushed into attentive silence.

Jeanne's experience of music had been hitherto confined almost entirely to the efforts of the choir at Pen-y-waun; the harmonium, played with tormenting inaccuracy by Mrs. Davies, and Cecilia's remarkable performances upon the pianoforte, diversified by variations upon the concertina executed by John Evans on Saturday nights, when Uncle Roberts could be persuaded to put up with the noise.

The brilliant exception to these deplorable experiences had been the visits of a strolling Welsh harpist to her uncle's farm, and the unaccompanied part-singing of the men in the village, whose souls were musical within them, though their voices lacked training, and who consequently sang a great deal better without Mrs. Davies and her harmonium than with them.

Thus the music of Schumann's *Träumerei*, played by a master-hand, took Jeanne unawares, and charmed her into an

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utter forgetfulness of her surroundings, her nervousness, and her isolation in the midst of a crowd.

Breathless and entranced she listened, the tears dropping unheeded from her brown eyes on to the little black-gloved hands tightly clasped in her lap.

The great 'cellist, playing his little selection of the Kinderscenen, had no such thrilled and absorbed listener, had he known it, as that ignorant country maiden, in all the musical and cultivated audience assembled before him.

When it was over, she came to herself with a start, and dried her tears and looked anxiously around her to see if any one had noticed them.

But when the audience had applauded the performer with subdued and regulated enthusiasm, the hum of conversation was renewed, and Jeanne found she might cry at will, for her neighbours were far too much absorbed in each other to observe her.

Impatiently she awaited the next item on the programme. A lady sang three German songs, one after the other, allowing a short pause for encouragement between each; but this time, though the applause was more enthusiastic, Jeanne remained unmoved; neither the voice of the singer, nor the words of a language she did not understand, appealed to her. She became conscious that the room was insufferably hot, in spite of its size; or was it only that she was shaken by her emotion, and needed fresh air to recover herself?

At the end of the third song she heard a voice behind her saying:

"Is the Duke going to play?"

"Oh, I suppose so," was the answer.

"He plays so delightfully."

"Quite charming. But I hope it will be Chopin."

"Oh! he plays his own compositions, sometimes, doesn't he? Aren't they good?"

"Excellent! But I prefer Chopin."

A laugh.

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Jeanne felt aggrieved on her cousin's account. Why should Chopin be preferred?

Perhaps she understood presently, when (with quite a glow of cousinly affection and sympathy) she saw the Duke mounting the low platform, and heard the slight demonstration of polite applause (in which poor Jeanne joined with all her might, indignant it should be no louder), as he took his seat before the piano. The long-haired gentleman shut down the music-holder, and propped open the top of the instrument.

The Duke had no affectations and no mannerisms; yet he played brilliantly.

"Chopin," whispered the lady behind Jeanne.

And again Jeanne forgot where she was.

She thought of Louis sailing away over far seas, bound for the desert of Somaliland, full of hope, and youth, and courage; this strange new Louis of the photograph, lean and soldierly in his khaki uniform; grown from a merry boy to strong and serious manhood.

She thought how much she loved him, and of the days when they had climbed the Pen-y-waun Hills together to Coed-Ithel, and ridden the cart-horses to water, and hunted in cowsheds, hay-lofts, and barns, for hens' eggs; and beaten the orchard trees to shake down the cider apples.

She thought of the first time he had left home, and gone, in the care of the headmaster who knew his history, and had taken a fancy to him, to live at the grammar-school at Tref-goch. A little chubby fellow of seven and a half; even then determined to get the best education in his power; even then master, though he knew it not, of his stubborn uncle's heart.

She remembered that she had walked five of the seven miles to town with the boy and the man, knowing that she must return alone to Coed-Ithel; that the master had chanced to be looking another way when the little boy stood on tiptoe (for Jeanne was taller than her twin until they reached their teens, when he shot up far above her), and put his arms round his sister's neck, and said wistfully, "Good-bye Jenny"; an

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embrace which took her so by surprise—for Louis was at the age when kisses were displeasing to his manly dignity—that she had hardly responded at the time, though she wept at night afterwards when she recollected it.

The scene came back to her now with a vividness that surprised herself; the long white road by the river; the little boy with his dusty boots and cherub face; the small figure trotting into the distance by the big man's side; and occasionally turning to flutter a grimy little handkerchief . . . Louis, bravely trudging into the unknown, with a heart full of courage; and yet always that sweetness of regret for the sister he must leave behind, in that long vanished time, even as now. She was surprised at the force and strength of her imagination—until the Duke's music died away, and her emotions with it; and left her pale and quiet, realising that it was Chopin, after all, who had inspired and glorified her tender memories of the past.

She wished that the concert might last for ever, and was too much absorbed to notice that here and there were gaps in the audience now, where a few of the guests had melted away during the intervals; their places sometimes being filled by newcomers, and sometimes not.

Thus she did not perceive that the vacant chair on her right had been quietly taken, and she started violently as a voice in low tones addressed her by name,

"How do you do, Cousin Jeanne?" said the Duke.

He saw, immediately, the traces of tears on her long black lashes, and the perception made his voice especially gentle.

She instinctively lowered her own clear tones to correspond.

"Oh, Cousin Denis, I never heard anything like it. And *you* played Chopin."

"Are you particularly fond of Chopin?"

"I never heard of him. They said it was Chopin. But I shall always like him now. *Like!* What a tame word. I

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shall always wonder at him, and love him, and reverence him—since he wrote music like that. I even forgot it was you who were playing."

"I am very glad you forgot that," he said simply.

"Is it nearly all over?"

"There is an instrumental quartette; and I am afraid that is all."

"Ought I to go?" said Jeanne ingenuously.

"I hope every one will stay for that," said the Duke, politely.

"It was very kind of the Duchess to invite me; do you think I ought to thank her? I am sure it was you who put it into her head."

"She has these little concerts chiefly to please me," said the Duke; "she does not care much for music herself."

"And you—but I need not ask if *you* care——"

"I am afraid I care too much," he said.

"Can one care too much?"

But the quartette began; and he only smiled at her, and said nothing.

She had no opportunity for thanking the Duchess, though she waited timidly for some moments, trying to do so; hovering on the outskirts of the little group who stood talking and laughing round their hostess, and who were evidently intimate friends.

Her cousin Denis waited at the head of the staircase for her, as she made her little efforts to approach his mother; and then smiled and made her a gentle sign, which she instantly obeyed.

She followed the down-stream, and watched his slow progress through the hall, and his courteous response to the greetings and compliments from one and another; then she heard him order a servant close to the hall door, to call her carriage; and he came back to her side.

"When may I come and see you again, cousin Jeanne?" said the Duke.

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"Whenever you like," said Jeanne, happy in the recollection of her sensible uncle's permission.

"Then I will come to-morrow," said cousin Denis, with the little bow that half amused and half embarrassed Jeanne.

At home she found her first letters from Louis in Somaliland awaiting her; and the hopefulness and good spirits which inspired the writer immediately communicated themselves to her as she read.

. . . "*Here we are at last on terra firma. The country is open sandy desert, not nearly so hot as I expected, as there is a strong steady N.E. wind always blowing, so the nights are cool. We have a nice roomy camping-ground with good wells, and we are all in tents, a luxury we enjoy here for the last time, as no tents will be taken on the march . . . Saturday I rode out and shot a buck, there are plenty to be got about six miles inland; they are a kind of gazelle, and very good eating . . . This morning I wandered along the beautiful sandy beach, and watched the great green waves flinging their white manes about and felt all the love for the sea which I always experience when I'm on shore . . .*"

Then followed a spirited description of the ingenuity and handiness of the blue-jackets in swimming the horses ashore through the surf, which Jeanne only skimmed in her eagerness to arrive at the more personal parts of the letter.

. . . "*We are busy working out our transport—cheese-paring and weighing everything, and wondering what we can do without, and what if anything, we can possibly take . . .* 500 *camels arrived yesterday from Berbera, and some African boys for work—and another* 500 *are expected on another transport soon; they are swum or dragged ashore in the same way as the horses . . . My best chum writes congratulating me on coming here, and says what lots of fellows say, who have gone home, that England is a happy goal in the abstract, but a little disappointing in the realisation; he advises me to stick to every bit of active work I can get till I'm forty. This I am*

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perfectly willing to do, but all his wisdom doesn't prevent from me sighing for a glimpse of you, my Jeannie, and I'm a bit impatient to be up and off. . . . For from the day we leave Obbia I shall feel I am trekking towards you—and happiness."

"It is really almost as though he had started on the journey home," cried Jeanne, beaming with joy, and oblivious of the long stretches of waterless burning desert yet to be traversed before Louis could set sail for England.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm glad indeed, and when does the young master think to be at home?" said Dunham, who now evinced more interest in Louis than in any other human creature.

"He says he hopes probably in the early summer, so far as can be foreseen. Oh, Mrs. Dunham, I have had such a delightful afternoon, and now these letters to keep me company all the evening," said Jeanne. "And—that reminds me," she added nervously, "that the Duke said he would come and see me to-morrow. And I wanted to ask you—*do* you think Mrs. Pyke would mind very much if the pictures were uncovered? The Duke said he would like to see them. If it would not be giving too much trouble, and if you think Mrs. Pyke would not mind?"

"It's you that's mistress here, ma'am, not Pyke, I hope," said Mrs. Dunham, with a sudden access of deference for which Jeanne was at a loss to account. "And if she's not well enough to see to it—and what can be expected at her age?—I'll speak to the housemaids myself. It's time everything in the galleries was uncovered again, for poor Miss Marney always had it done from time to time; and since we had the electric light put into the house, she used to like to see the saloons all lit up now and then. I'll send round to Storr and Warner, the furniture people, at once," said Dunham, suavely. "When did you say his Grace would be here?"

"To-morrow; I think—about tea-time," said Jeanne.

"Then I daresay you'll wish tea served in the music-room for a change; and the fires lighted. I'll speak to Hewitt and

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to the head housemaid. We can easily get it done in time, Miss Jane, between us."

It needed but the approval of Dunham to fill the cup of the lonely lady's felicity full, to overflowing.

CHAPTER XII

THE PARTY IN THE PICTURE-GALLERY

HEWITT mounted the echoing stone staircase with considerate deliberation, and ushered the Duke into the middle of the three communicating saloons on the drawing-room floor.

The tapestry chairs and sofas had been uncovered; and the great folding doors had all been thrown open, so that a long broad gallery was formed; brilliantly lighted, and hung with pictures from end to end.

The music-room was the largest of the three lofty and spacious saloons; and the little figure in black, seated behind a low table and a steaming urn, at the far end of the gallery, looked quite a long way off, and very solitary.

But Jeanne came hurrying forward between the long lines of full-length portraits, and greeted her cousin warmly on the threshold of the music-room.

"I had the furniture uncovered, and the curtains drawn, and the lights turned on, all for you," she said, delighted, "so that you can look at the pictures, or play on the piano, or whatever you choose. Mrs. Dunham was so kind about it; she said everything should be arranged properly just as though we were giving a party."

"It is very kind of you to invite me to your party," he said, laughing, "though I am afraid, now I come to think of it, that I invited myself!"

"I am At Home, like the Duchess," said Jeanne, seriously, "and I am very glad you have come. Do you know," she looked round her a little fearfully, "it was rather ghostly before you came, with these ladies and gentlemen watching

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me from the walls, all lighted up and looking so life-like. I felt a little as if I were *really* giving a party, and as if only dead people were at it. You may imagine how nice it was to see a real live human being come in. It feels quite different now, even if one's voice does echo through the rooms more than one could wish."

"You must be very lonely indeed, living by yourself in this big house," said the Duke, wonderingly.

"I am getting used to it, and I do not mind nearly so much now that I sleep on the top floor close to the maids. When first I came they put me in the corner room *there*," she pointed to the closed doors behind her, "quite by myself on this storey. I was dreadfully nervous at night; though less nervous than I should have been if I had known that all the Marneys of Orsett who ever lived were lining these walls, trying to stare through their shrouds," she shuddered slightly.

"I am sure it is bad for you," said the Duke. "Isn't there some one, who could come here and take care of you; you look much too young to be here all alone?"

"It is my duty to take care of the house and the furniture —and I am only alone till Louis comes home," she said wistfully, "I am waiting—waiting—always waiting for him. Sometimes it seems very long."

"How do you occupy yourself?" said the Duke, accepting the tea and cake she offered.

"I *don't* occupy myself very much," she answered, honestly. "You see I am accustomed to a very different kind of life, Cousin Denis. I have always lived on a farm, and helped in all kinds of household work; and here there is nothing of that kind to be done. So I am very dull and unoccupied."

"But there are other kinds of work besides farm work," said the Duke, in a tone of gentle raillery.

She shook her head.

"I have found none."

"You read?"

"I tried," said Jeanne, "as soon as the book-cases were

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unlocked. But you have no idea what dull old books they are. All f's instead of s's, and most difficult to understand. Mrs. Dunham says Aunt Caroline used to subscribe to a circulating library, but Uncle Roberts would be so shocked at my reading novels; and I felt, too, I might be getting the wrong ones without Louis to guide me. He used to send me books sometimes. But I know those almost by heart. He sent me cheap editions of what he says are classical standard works, and yet delightful to read, and poetry. And when he went mad over 'Cyrano de Bergerac' (he is always enthusiastic over some book or other) he sent me a copy of that, and implored me to read it. But my French is so *very* bad."

"You could improve it," he suggested.

"I finished my education at sixteen," said Jeanne, quite seriously. "You see," she explained, "I shared Cecilia's lessons at the Rectory till she was eighteen, and then she married; so, of course, the governess went away, and I could learn no more. I don't believe she knew French very well herself, either."

"Then I should be the more inclined to take lessons now," said the Duke, always with the same sound of raillery, half amused, half tender, in his voice.

"But I am twenty-five," said Jeanne.

"So am I—but I am still very busy learning things I don't know."

She smiled.

"I never thought of it, I never heard of people taking lessons at twenty-five!"

"Think of it now; and I will, if you like, find somebody who will be very glad to give you lessons."

"Thank you, Cousin Denis. It is an excellent idea," said Jeanne, gratefully, "and it will help to pass the time till Louis comes home. Do you think I could learn to speak it really well before June?"

"I think you could learn a great deal."

"How glad Louis would be. *He* knows it very well

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indeed, but then he is so clever at languages. He worked at French and German with all his might when he was cramming for Sandhurst. But I am clever at nothing, and though I boast of my French descent I can scarcely speak a dozen words of what should be my native language."

"London affords plenty of facilities for most studies," said the Duke, "if I were you I should lose not a moment, but begin at once whilst I had so much time on my hands. I noticed yesterday you were fond of music. Can you play?"

"Not a note."

"I'm afraid I'm rather glad! It is so much better not to play at all than to play a little," said the Duke, whimsically.

"But you can sing?"

"Oh yes, I can sing; but not like the lady who sang at your concert."

"Heaven forbid," said the Duke, with great fervour. "Still, as I played to you at *my* party, I hope you will sing to me at yours."

"I know more hymns than songs," said Jeanne, "but I can sing *Rock Me to Sleep, Mother*, and *We are coming, Sister Mary*, and one or two songs like that, if you don't mind my singing without an accompaniment?"

"I hope you will let me accompany you."

"But I have no music."

"I think I can manage to improvise, if you sing nothing very difficult," he said smiling.

She looked at him respectfully, now feeling sure that he must be a genius.

"It is very easy to sing in an empty room, I find," said Jeanne, when the last echoes of her clear soprano voice had died away.

The Duke sprang from the music seat, and took her hand impetuously.

"Cousin Jeanne, promise me you will never take any singing lessons."

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"I did not know I needed any," said Jeanne astonished, and without any idea of the depths of ignorance she thus naïvely revealed.

He laughed, and laughed again; but always with the same kindness—almost tenderness, in his blue eyes, which made his laughter pleasant to hear.

"Is it bad, my singing?" she asked, laughing in sympathy, and without any anxiety as to his reply. To Jeanne there were but two kinds of singing. One was in tune, and one was not; and she knew she sang in tune.

"It is charming. That is why I should be so sorry to see you learning to make faces, and produce your voice properly. You sing like the peasants in Italy—naturally (only not through your nose, as they do); you sing like a thrush in the fields, or a lark in the sky—without an effort or a thought. And your voice is as sweet and as true as—your heart."

"Oh, Cousin Denis!" said Jeanne, rather shocked, and yet half-pleased.

"I could not have said all that, you know—if I had not been your cousin," said the Duke, with his funny little bow. "You are not angry with me for saying it, I hope?"

"How could I be angry? It sounded very—very nice, only rather poetical," said Jeanne, blushing.

He did not answer this, but turned to the piano again, and his fingers presently wandered into an old melody, which he took as the theme of an improvisation—and played rather stormily throughout the removal of the tea things, by Hewitt and William on tip-toe.

"And now for the pictures," he said.

"I cannot tell you much about them," said Jeanne, rather sadly, "for though the names of the people are written on the backs of all the portraits—luckily—they are much too heavy to move. And no one is left who knows anything about them, now Aunt Caroline is dead, except Mrs. Pyke, and Mrs. Dunham thinks *she* is getting rather childish. They didn't dare tell her even about the uncovering of the pictures."

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"If I were you I would not have them covered up again. It is not usual to cover up pictures. Suppose one of the more valuable ones were cut out of the frame; why, no one would be any the wiser. Such things have happened."

"I will certainly keep them uncovered," said Jeanne, in alarm. "Aunt Caroline had a mania for covering up everything, even her hands;" she thought of the white kid gloves. "Mr. Valentine said that some of these paintings were very valuable indeed, but that some were only copies of great pictures."

"Here are two fine Van Dycks," said the Duke, pointing out a cavalier Marney and his dame, "and that must certainly be a Sir Joshua. I saw some wonderful Dutch landscapes as I came in."

"Did you like them?" said Jeanne, surprised. "I thought them very ugly."

Though she could tell her Cousin Denis so little about the pictures, it presently appeared that he could tell her a great deal.

He recognised the work of various artists, and was evidently delighted to examine it in detail. She followed him from one picture to another in great amaze. Louis knew nothing about pictures!

"Do you really mean you don't like this Dutch merry-making?" he cried. "This is Jan Steen. Look at his peasants' homely faces, overflowing with satisfaction. Or this old schoolmaster by Van Ostade. Or this charming courtyard with the light streaming through the doorway, of de Hooghe?"

"It is all Greek to me," she said honestly. "But I see that when one looks into them they grow more interesting. I like better the pictures in the last room. Oh, this painting of a village street is one of those which Mr. Valentine told me was so valuable."

"It is a Hobbema," said the Duke, instantly.

He tore himself away, but reluctantly, from the Dutch collection; and followed Jeanne to the last room, which

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contained a few fine copies of famous Italian works, and a landscape of Corot's, on the end wall. It was not, however, to these that Jeanne directed his attention, but to the pictures which crowded both sides of the gallery.

Here were displayed examples of English modern art in oil and water-colour; *genre* pictures and landscapes, painted by the most famous artists of the day, and crowded together in very inartistic confusion.

True to her principles, poor Miss Caroline Marney had spent all her superfluous income, in bringing the family collection of pictures up to date.

"I like these by far the best," said Jeanne, lifting her brown honest eyes to the Duke's face, "and more especially do I like the landscapes; because they seem real to me, and true to nature, and I can understand them."

She showed him the miniatures of her French ancestors, and told him the sad little story of their lives and deaths; and the time sped so quickly that when Cousin Denis at last remembered to look at his watch, he found it almost dinner-time, and rose full of confusion and apology to take his leave.

"Time flies so fast in company," sighed Jeanne.

"What shall you do now—when I leave you?" he asked.

"I shall go down and have my dinner. I am obliged to have late dinner every night," said poor Jeanne, "or Mrs. Dunham says it would give the servants nothing to do, and be very bad for them."

"You dine alone?"

"Quite alone."

"Are you always alone at meals?" he cried, compassionately.

"Up to the present I have been; but on Saturday Cecilia and her husband are coming to dine. They could not come before," she explained, "because Mr. Hogg-Watson had not a free evening."

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"Is that Hogg-Watson, the lecturer? I heard him the other night. He is very clever."

"You seem to know everything and everybody," said Jeanne, with great admiration. "I cannot think how you came to know so much about pictures?"

"I know very little; but you see I am debarred from the active amusements fellows of my age usually have to distract them, so I've had to find my interest in other things; travelling, art, music, and so forth," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone, but Jeanne divined that the subject of his infirmity was a painful one.

"I suppose you would not—I wonder if you would—is it proper to ask *you* to come and dine on Saturday too?" said Jeanne, wistfully. "You are so kind you would tell me if I were making another mistake in asking you. But when I told Mrs. Dunham about the Hogg-Watsons coming, she said I ought to have a fourth, and make the table even. I was afraid she would be rather annoyed with me for letting them come, so soon (comparatively) after poor Aunt Caroline's death; but she said nothing under six people could be counted as a dinner-party; it *could* only be a little dinner, and it would be a relief to her to think Hewitt and William had something extra to do."

"I think it would be exceedingly proper to ask me," said the Duke, promptly, "and I will certainly come. Thank you very much."

"Thank *you*," said Jeanne, joyfully. "I was so afraid you might be engaged like the Professor; but I suppose you are not celebrated, as he is. I will write you a little note, and tell you about the time and everything. Now I shall look forward to it. I *was* feeling rather nervous, for I have never been used to late dinner at all, till I came here, far less asked any one to dine with me. But now you will sit at the head of the table in Louis' place; and perhaps you will be kind enough to frown at me if I do anything wrong."

"With pleasure," said the Duke. "And I shall like to get the little note. Be sure you don't forget to send it."

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"I never forget anything," said Jeanne, in simple good faith.

As the Duke drove home to dress, as fast as a hansom could take him, he noted in his pocket-book the necessity for telegraphing his excuses immediately to the country house where he was engaged to stay, for the approaching week-end.

CHAPTER XIII

THE LITTLE DINNER

"You had best wear black grenadine, ma'am," said Dunham. "That is light, yet not too light. It is well over the two calendar months now, and you need not mind having an evening dress made simple, without any crape at all. We can go to the dressmaker in Mount Street, who did plain things for my poor lady. She would have liked to know you was employing her. And if I passed her the word as it was something special, she would make you up a plain gown in two days."

"I thought I should like black velvet," said Jeanne, but diffidently. "It has been almost the dream of my life to have a velvet dress,"

"Well, 'm, I suppose it's a dream as comes to every woman sooner or later, gentle or simple. Years upon years I used to wonder if I'd ever get a silk gown, and no sooner had I got it, than I couldn't keep my thoughts off velvet myself, though unsuitable. But you're too young for it yet, Miss Jane, or too young-looking, which comes to the same thing."

"I want it to be as nice as possible," said Jeanne, anxiously. "As it's my first real evening dress, you know."

"And who would make up a Genoa velvet, as it should be made, in two days? Besides it's being nothing at all without good lace—which I daren't give you out (though your poor aunt had plenty put by)—without the young master's leave, for it's worth its weight in gold; and he'll be wanting it for *his* lady one of these days; as is his right, Miss Jane," said

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Dunham, who always spoke as though she were safeguarding the interests of Louis from any possible inroads his sister might be tempted to make, during his absence. "No, it must be grenadine, and nothing else."

So it was grenadine, and when Jeanne looked in the glass and beheld herself for the first time in an evening gown, she was not inclined to quarrel with the result.

In accordance with the Duke's advice, and after consultation with Mr. Valentine, she had induced the servants to refrain from re-covering the pictures, and then and thereafter Jeanne passed no inconsiderable portion of her endless leisure in the saloons, where she became familiar with the Dutch landscapes so much appreciated by her cousin Denis, and began to like them a little, after all.

"You must receive your guests in the morning-room ma'am, and after dinner it will be something to do to go up to the galleries and look at the pictures, especially as his Grace is so fond of them; and to play the piano in the music-room, said Dunham, anxiously instructing the frightened hostess. "I'm sure nothing could look nicer than you do, Miss Jane. It would please Mrs. Pyke if we asked her to step up and see you. When my poor lady was dressed for the Opera or the Drawing-room, they was all let to come and look at her."

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, I shall never be worth looking at like poor Aunt Caroline must have been. Even in her sick room she was just like a picture," said Jeanne, humbly.

"That was nothing to what she *could* look, when she had the family jewels on."

"Are they very beautiful?"

"They're very valuable, 'm, and it was always a load off my mind when they was safe at the bank as they are now. For many's the time I've shook in my shoes thinking how easily we might have our throats cut in our beds if evil-disposed persons knew what was in the house."

Jeanne submitted nervously to the ordeal of being exhibited by Dunham to Mrs. Pyke and the four housemaids, who

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walked round her in a solemn and awestruck silence; not so much afraid of her, as of Mrs. Pyke and Dunham, whose eyes were upon them.

Pyke, in her thin tremulous voice, expressed her pleasure and admiration; but the housemaids knew their place too well to speak at all. They made up for this discretion by imparting their opinions afterwards to each other, with the utmost freedom.

"Nothing but a plain black evening dress, hardly even cut low to speak of—an old-fashioned grenadine!" said one disappointed maiden.

"The young ladies in my last place wore the same every night of their lives, and we never took any notice. But I suppose that old Dunham thinks anything is a treat to us," said another.

"Poor thing," said the youngest housemaid. "She's pretty, isn't she, with her neck and arms so white, and her eyes and hair so dark?"

"She has a lovely colour," the first housemaid agreed; "but she's no way with her, not a bit. Just a simple little thing! Any one could tell she came out of the country and never been nowhere nor seen nobody."

"You take care what you say, Eliza; for Mr. Hewitt told William it's his belief she'll be Duchess of Monaghan one of these days."

"I'm sure I hope she will, then," said the youngest housemaid sympathetically; "for she always looks kind and gentle at me as if she'd speak if she dared. But that Dunham's got her under her thumb. I wouldn't be ordered about in my own brother's house, if I was in her place; no, I wouldn't."

Meanwhile Jeanne—unconscious of the calmness with which her person, and the possibilities of her future, were being discussed by the younger inmates of the household—took her place on the hearthrug of the morning-room, and anxiously awaited her expected guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogg-Watson were the first to arrive,

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and she stepped forward, with some trepidation, to greet them.

Her alarm was not diminished by Cecilia's first communication, made with that rapidity and secrecy which is peculiar to intimate female friendship; and quite unsuspected by the tall spectacled gentleman following in her wake, who merely beheld a tender prolonged embrace between his wife and her hostess.

"He is in one of his worst moods," breathed Cecilia in Jeanne's ear; "be very careful what you say."

Jeanne shook hands with Mr. Hogg-Watson, after this warning, without daring to lift her eyes to his face; and was relieved that he said nothing worse than, "How do you do?" and thankful that he immediately turned his attention to the Romney portrait over the mantelpiece, leaving his wife to make as much or as little conversation as she chose.

"I declare, Jeanne, what a delightful room! Crammed with hothouse flowers, you extravagant creature! And all this Louis Quinze furniture, or is it Louis Seize? I never know the difference. Isn't it charming, Joseph?"

Receiving no response but a grunt to this incautious appeal, she nodded and winked expressively at Jeanne behind the professor's stooping shoulders, and continued her cheerful remarks.

"I do think you are the luckiest person in the whole world. Never did any one's past contrast so vividly with their present as yours. When I remember what you were at Coed-Ithel farm in your early days—and look at you now!"

Jeanne could not help thinking that Cecilia presented quite as remarkable a contrast to what she had been in early days, as she did herself.

Whether she recalled her as a prim little girl in a blue cotton pinafore, with a fair pigtail, feeding the Rectory fowls; or as a tall young person in a home-made blue merino and a plain straw hat, leading the choir in church, and walking with her father to visit school and cottages, setting a demure

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example in neatness to the village girls; it seemed equally impossible to connect the memory with the Mrs. Hogg-Watson of the present.

Cecilia's golden hair was now elaborately waved, dressed, and perfumed; and ornamented by a large diamond star.

She wore the black velvet of poor Jeanne's dreams; but far from thinking it necessary to shroud herself in the old lace which Mrs. Dunham had declared to be an indispensable adjunct—she had boldly courted the contrast between the severely cut tight-fitting black velvet, and the snowy white of her neck and shoulders.

Modest Jeanne blushed when she perceived so large a proportion of Cecilia's charms unveiled; and she thought of the horror which would overcome poor Mrs. Davies could she behold her daughter thus excessively *décolletée*. But Cecilia mistook her friend's anguished glance for envy, and smiled inwardly at the contrast presented by her own highly finished *toilette*, to the quiet unornamented gown of the little rustic Jeanne, who appeared quite unable to rise to the opportunities afforded her by her brother's fine house and ample fortune.

"I have invited my cousin to meet you, Cecilia," said Jeanne, timidly, "to make a fourth."

"Your cousin! What cousin! I did not know you had a cousin!" said Cecilia, with lively curiosity. "Who is he?"

"The Duke of Monaghan."

"The Duke of——!" Cecilia opened her mouth and was yet speechless.

"He is a very distant cousin, but he was related to poor Aunt Caroline ——," said Jeanne, hastily, "and he has heard the prof—your hus—Mr. Hogg-Watson lecture."

At the word lecture, the great man turned round, and brought his eyes slowly to the level of Jeanne's countenance as she sat, nervously perched on the extreme edge of her aunt's low chair, by the occasional table.

"Where was that?" he said.

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"I do not think he said where."

The Professor emitted another slight grunt and returned to the picture.

"Isn't he just what I told you?" asked Cecilia, in mute pantomime of eyes and fingers.

Jeanne made a gesture signifying that it was too early for her to offer an opinion of the professor's character. So far she must be content to own, that from his appearance, Cecilia was justified in having described him as an ugly and powerful man; of his fascinating qualities he had, as yet, certainly afforded her no evidence.

The entrance of the Duke relieved Jeanne of much embarrassment.

Cousin Denis was at once so quiet, so self-possessed, and so helpful, that she felt her heart expand in sudden grateful recognition of his good breeding.

He recalled the subject and the occasion of the Professor's lecture so pleasantly, that the great man's brow cleared; for the compliments of a Duke, even though he be but a young one, are usually acceptable to the average Britisher; and Mr. Hogg-Watson, his learning and celebrity notwithstanding, was but an average Britisher after all.

Far from being too much shocked by the scantiness of her bodice (as Jeanne had almost feared Cousin Denis might be), to even look at Cecilia, he offered her his arm with an engaging smile, when Hewitt announced dinner, the instant he perceived that Jeanne was at a loss; and remarking that in the absence of his cousin Louis he had been requested to take his place, led her across the hall to the great dining-room, where the table laid for four persons appeared but as a small island in the midst of a wide sea of *parquet* flooring.

Jeanne followed with the Professor, observing thankfully that his glance at her, when he gave her his arm, was not an unkind one.

After all, she was by no means so certain of his ugliness.

A very fine pair of intent grey eyes shone behind his

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glasses; a shock of hair, between grey and flaxen, fell over his broad forehead; and if his nose were surprisingly long and beaky, so were the noses, she reflected, of many great men; whilst his massive uneven profile, and wide mouth, even though rather grim, were not destitute of humour.

Long before the end of dinner Jeanne found herself wondering why he had married Cecilia.

If Mrs. Hogg-Watson had been content to be herself—lively, talkative, inconsequent, and more than a little vulgar—it is possible she might have succeeded in amusing the Duke of Monaghan very well. But though this end was the object of her constant endeavour throughout the meal, she unfortunately missed attaining it; through her assumption of a personality which did not belong to her.

Jeanne—who did not know that Cecilia was trying to play the *rôle* of a smart woman of society—listened to her affected, coquettish, and sometimes *risquée* conversation, with a countenance more expressive of surprise and dismay than she knew.

She did not recognise the type which Cecilia was endeavouring, from the most superficial observation, to emulate; and in her simplicity, was heartily ashamed of her friend.

Every now and then the Professor broke in upon his wife's statements with a flat contradiction; but these interruptions, however they might embarrass the Duke and his cousin Jeanne, appeared not to ruffle the complacency of Cecilia in the slightest degree.

"My husband is never happy except when he's travelling, Duke. And I am afraid I am a shockingly old-fashioned wife," said Cecilia, archly, "for I often go with him, instead of staying at home, where I should have a much better time; now shouldn't I?"

"I dislike travelling more than anything in the world," growled the Professor, breaking off his remarks to Jeanne, and casting a look of positive dislike across the table at his communicative spouse.

"Ah! so you say. But 'facts is facts' and though we have

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but just returned from South America, we are going to spend the summer in Berlin."

"I am not going to Berlin," stated Mr. Hogg-Watson; "or if I do go, I shall go alone."

"We shall see about that when the time comes," said Cecilia, more coquettishly than ever. Perhaps it was her affectation which made her seem less handsome in Jeanne's eyes to-night, than she had appeared in her own house.

"Your name is French. It is historical. There have been great men of that name," said Mr. Hogg-Watson to Jeanne, abruptly. "Have you not relatives in France? Or is it Jersey that you come from?"

"No, we have nothing to do with Jersey. My ancestors were French," said Jeanne, delighted at his choice of a subject.

"You speak French very well, I suppose?"

"I can scarcely speak it at all. And I have never been in France," said Jeanne, rather sorrowfully.

"I am sure, Jeanne, you know French almost as well as I do," said Cecilia, with encouraging patronage. "Your little cousin and I were brought up together, you know," she said, turning to the Duke.

"At least you know enough to be aware how little you know," said the Professor, ignoring his wife. "That is a preliminary to learning more. Your name is familiar to me, because a man of that name was killed in the Boer War."

"Are you sure?" said Jeanne, much excited. "My brother was in the Boer War, but he was certainly not killed. Not even wounded, I am thankful to say. Surely Louis would have heard of it."

"It is as I say," said the Professor, shortly.

"Please tell me about it," said Jeanne, abashed. "We always hoped there might possibly be descendants of Charles de Courset, my great-great-uncle who stayed at home when his brother emigrated. Louis hoped some day for time and means to search them out. He would be so interested to know. But how came a Frenchman to be fighting for us?"

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"He was not fighting for us, but for the Boers."

"For the Boers!"

"Early in 1900," said the Professor, "the French volunteer, General de Villebois-Mareuil—in command of the foreign legion—was killed at Boshof. You heard of that, I presume?"

"Yes, yes," said Jeanne, breathlessly.

"I was present at his funeral. He was a brave man. He was buried with military honours. Some of his companions were killed, some wounded, and some taken prisoners. I helped to attend a wounded prisoner, because I happened to speak French fluently. His name was de Courset. This conveyed nothing to me at the time, of course, for I am not aware that I had ever heard your name mentioned."

She thought he cast a withering glance across the table at Cecilia, who reddened slightly, but was obliged to be silent; for the Duke had turned towards Mr. Hogg-Watson, and was listening with obvious interest to his recital.

"I remember," said the Professor—he looked only at Jeanne's eyes—"this poor fellow interested me more than the others, by his courage—heroism indeed, in bearing the pain that I—" She turned so white that he skilfully changed the ending of the phrase—"cut as short as possible by placing him under anæsthetics. He was devoted to his leader; in fact they all were. I saw a little gold medal worn by poor de Villebois-Mareuil inscribed, 'To a great Frenchman, from the companions of his daughter.' De Courset told me that his own daughter had been one of these companions, and the friend of the poor General's child."

"Did he die?" said Jeanne, hardly above a whisper.

"It was impossible to save him," said the Professor. His gruff voice was quite kind. "He was laid by the side of de Villebois-Mareuil, as he wished, at Boshof."

"I must write and tell Louis," said Jeanne. "He will not lose a moment when he comes home, in following up such a clue. We will never rest till we find our family. Did he tell

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you where his daughter lived? Or give you messages or letters for her?"

"He confided everything of that kind to his comrades, no doubt," said the Professor. "His things were sent to Pretoria with the rest."

"Thank you very very much for telling me about it, Professor," said Jeanne.

She forgot her shyness, and awe of Cecilia's husband, and spoke as earnestly and naturally as though she had been addressing Louis himself; or Cousin Denis, with whom she was quite at her ease.

Mr. Hogg-Watson was by no means insensible to the charms of simplicity; he thawed completely; or perhaps the excellence of the dinner had softened his mood.

"Where is this brother, may I ask?"

"In Somaliland." Jeanne could hardly forbear a reproachful look towards her friend. Had she not thought it worth while to mention to her husband, that Louis was now, perhaps even at this moment—risking his life in the service of his country?

The Professor looked grave.

"It is not a nice place."

"He had only just arrived when he wrote. He was at Obbia; and he said it was not nearly such a bad climate as he expected. Quite the contrary," said Jeanne, anxiously. "He is used to India, you know, and he has been all through the South African War. This will be quite a short expedition, Louis thinks."

"I hope you will get him home very soon," said the Professor, and this time his voice sounded more cheerful.

All the smiles and signs of Cecilia failed to explain to Jeanne that the moment had now come when a move must be made, and that it was upon her that the duty of making it devolved.

Hewitt—too stupid to whisper to his young lady the hint that Mrs. Dunham, in his place, would not have scrupled to bestow—brought in coffee; and they drank it; he handed

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round cigarettes and cigars—and still Jeanne sat quietly on; until the tact of her watchful cousin was again exerted on her behalf.

"Perhaps, Cousin Jeanne, you will give us leave to smoke down here, when you and Mrs. Hogg-Watson withdraw the light of your presence," he said, smiling at her across the table.

"Oh, yes, certainly," she cried in confusion; and Cecilia, rising very thankfully, put her arm through her friend's, and led her playfully out of the room; the Duke politely opening the door, and closing it behind them.

"My dear! Didn't you see me? I couldn't catch your eye. You should have bowed to me long ago. But however, it doesn't matter"—cutting short Jeanne's distressed apologies for her unwitting omission. "I was dying to get away and talk to you. I am simply *pining* to know what you think of Joseph. He was quite *épris* with you. But that is his way You mustn't think anything of it. He is always taken with every fresh face he meets; and then people think him charming! I only wish they knew what he was like at home. I assure you he was like a bear in the brougham. But I suppose men are always like that with the women they really care for," said Cecilia, with a sharp glance at Jeanne's innocent face.

"He seemed very kind," was all poor Jeanne could reply; for Cecilia's tones made her uncomfortable, though she could not tell why.

"As for your poor little lame Duke," said Mrs. Hogg-Watson, condescendingly. "He is a nice little thing. I quite liked him, though he was rather heavy in hand. I remember all about his family now. One way and another I get to hear most people's history. I believe he was mixed up in some Gaiety scandal; but I may be confusing him with somebody else. Anyway, I know he doesn't get on with his mother. I believe she quite hates the sight of him, on account of his club foot."

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"Oh Cecilia, not really," cried Jeanne, without pausing to consider whether this item were more likely to be accurate than the rest of Cecilia's intelligence.

"No wonder, when the others are such fine athletic men," said Cecilia, tossing her head. "I saw one of them play in a cricket match once. That is why I inquired all about the family. Lord Brian something was his name."

"But he was not born with a club foot," said Jeanne, bethinking herself. "He fell downstairs in this very house, and injured his spine—when he was a little boy. And Cecilia, I think you must be mistaken, for nothing could be more friendly than his mother's manner to him when I saw them together."

"Do you know the Duchess?" This time the jealousy in Cecilia's voice was unmistakable.

"I can't say I *know* her, but I have been to her house—to an At Home; and she left a card here, but she did not ask to come in," said scrupulous Jeanne.

"Well, then of course you know her. I wish you would get *me* an invitation to her house," said Cecilia. "Bless me, Jeanne, if only I had your opportunities I should be at the top of the tree in no time, and know every one in London."

"I thought you had so many friends."

"I said—'of a kind,'" said Cecilia, discontentedly. "And I have trouble enough to keep even them together. I wasted a guinea on that announcement in the *Morning Post*, hoping it would bring in a few invitations; and all that came of it was a shoal of letters for Joseph, which he won't let me so much as open."

She looked enviously round the music-room, into which Jeanne now conducted her.

"All these pictures must be worth a mint of money. You will see, Joseph will go straight to look at them the instant he comes up here, and we shall get no more fun out of him at all. However, there will be the Duke for you and me to talk to. It is a pity he is so young. Do you see much of him,

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by the bye?" with an elaborate carelessness of manner and that sharp side glance of which Jeanne was becoming acutely conscious. "Does he come often?"

"He has only been twice before," said Jeanne, coldly.

She was vaguely offended by the meaning tone which Cecilia adopted in speaking of her kind Cousin Denis.

Oh, why had she asked Cecilia here? Why had she ever sought her out at all? Would it not have been wiser, remembering her as an odious little girl, to have shunned her altogether as a woman?

"Well, I warn you, I shall monopolise him when he comes upstairs, just as I did at dinner," said Cecilia, with an exasperating laugh. "If he wants to talk to *you*, you know, he can very easily outstay us. Joseph never stops up late if he can possibly help it."

The entrance of the Duke and Mr. Hogg-Watson came as a relief; and his wife's prophecy was fulfilled, for the Professor was immediately absorbed in the Dutch landscapes.

Cousin Denis went straight to the piano, and began to play, unasked.

He saw Jeanne's troubled brow, and his music presently charmed the shadows from her downcast pensive face; but he did not ask her to sing to-night; he played quietly on and on.

Nevertheless, he did not outstay Mr. and Mrs. Hogg-Watson, but rose from the piano at half-past ten, and bade Jeanne good night in a very kind and gentle tone.

Mrs. Hogg-Watson, on the tapestry settee, was yawning unrestrainedly. She cared neither for pictures nor for music, and thought it very rude of Jeanne to attend more earnestly to her cousin's playing than to her friend's whispered confidences.

"Of course she is doing her best to catch him; but I do not feel sure she will succeed, though he is evidently a dreadful prig," reflected Cecilia, as she shook hands warmly with the Duke and begged him to call upon her.

"Thank you very much. You are exceedingly kind," he

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said, and Jeanne learnt with surprise that Cousin Denis could be frigid as well as polite when he chose.

When they had all gone, she sat alone in the silent gallery among the dead Marneys of Orsett, the sombre Dutch pictures and the modern landscapes which filled the wintry night with visions of summer skies, and woods and streams and poppied fields, and cried a little, softly, over the failure of her dinner-party.

"I think I never, never hated anything so much," she thought, miserably. "What was the good of my pretty frock, or the beautiful dinner that kept Mrs. Pyke and the cook awake all night planning it; or the trouble poor Hewitt took to arrange the daffodils on the table, or kind kind cousin Denis coming to help me, or anything—when Cecilia was so horrid. Oh, poor Aunt Caroline, this just shows how very unfit I am to entertain anybody in your beautiful house. But it will all be quite different—when Louis comes home."

(*To be continued*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

NOVEMBER 1906

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The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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BEFORE SOCIALISM

BEFORE the Socialist revolution there must be a social revolution. There must be an operation for the removal of the human instinct of self-preservation, for which we shall have no more use than we now have for the caudal appendix. The English habit of self-assertion must also be eradicated! The change will go far deeper than our economics. It will be ethical, psychological, and, apparently, physical, or, at least, constitutional. These are some of the things—and, obviously, not the least important—which are not dreamt of in the philosophy of the average ebullient Socialist. But Mr. Keir Hardie has made them plain. It is the good use of the I.L.P. leader that where other Socialists are vaguely diffuse he defines and determines, is precise and pointed. Replying to the now notorious intervention of the Master of Elibank illustrating the old political saw that Junior Whips rush in where Front Bench Ministers fear to tread, Mr. Keir Hardie has taken pity upon the confused controversialists and once and for all supplied the authoritative definition of that hitherto elusive term "Socialism":

> Socialism represents the principles taught by Christ, the reign of love and fraternity; Liberalism represents fierce, unscrupulous strife and competition, the aggrandisement of the strong, the robbery of the weak. Between these there can be no truce. The struggle is between God and Mammon, and Liberalism has ever been a devotee of Mammon.

Socialism, therefore, is of the supernatural. Liberalism, and

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the other "isms," which deal with the material world of politics, could scarcely hope to come creditably out of such an exigent comparison. But they have always held modest views of what is possible to political effort. It has been left for Socialism to assert a supernatural origin and to claim spiritual efficacy. Yet "the reign of love and fraternity," whilst a beautiful ideal, will be regarded, even by the Socialist rank and file, as a somewhat visionary substitution for that redistribution of goods which has hitherto had a prominent place in the Socialist programme. Expropriation of capital seems to have been postponed, if not entirely abandoned. Certainly, "love and fraternity" cometh not by legislation, coercive or prohibitive. The most abandoned capitalist must now succumb to peaceful persuasion. This bids fair to be a tedious process for both persuader and (eventually) persuaded, but idealistic Socialist principles permit of no more drastic method of conviction. To inaugurate "the reign of love and fraternity" by legislative *force majeure* would, of course, be an immoral, nay, a criminal, absurdity, possible only to the children of Mammon, the sons of political unrighteousness. But a passing thought for the period of time which must elapse before mere man can attain to the perfect love of human brotherhood which will alone cast out capital and all its evils would have spared one anxious and conscientious politician much painful cogitation. He might, indeed, once more, and for the third time, have found occasion to change his view of the Socialist in practical politics. In that event, however, the gaiety of nations must have sensibly suffered.

Next to Mr. Walter Long's ingenuous essays in the bad art of indiscreet political letter-writing, the appearance of the Master of Elibank as a new crusader has most enlivened that recuperative dulness of the summer recess which proved so acceptable after six months of unwontedly strenuous Parliamentary life. Very early in his political career the Scotch Liberal Whip betrayed a Quixotic strain in his disposition, for which, it would seem, the cares of office have formed somewhat

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too drastic a means of correction, since he has swung from the extreme of independent irresponsibility to a portentous conception of the measure of Ministerial anxiety which is suffered in Parliamentary silence by a supernumerary Whip. The new crusade, one fears, is stillborn, and the new crusader scornfully treated alike by friends and foes. Tilting at Socialism has not appealed to the Ministerial majority as a seasonable sport, and, any way, the Master of Elibank would not have been their "first string" had they sought to be championed in such a contest. As plain Mr. Murray—the Master has himself reminded us—he went out of his way to back Mr. Robert Smillie in one of the earlier of his five attempts at wrecking Liberal electoral chances, and, in the fitness of things, the Comptroller of the Household was one of the last representatives in the House of Commons who would have been called upon to elucidate the moral of the Cockermouth three-cornered contest by which a Government seat was sacrificed. Like the Junior Liberal Whip (Mr. J. M. Fuller), who gave the first indication of an aggravated sense of the minatory duties and disciplinary powers of his post, the Master of Elibank appears to have fallen a prey to that exaggerated notion of official prerogative and responsibility which is a venial fault in the young and inexperienced, who, for no very obvious reason, are suddenly called out of obscurity into "a little brief authority." They have a shrewd saying in Yorkshire about the man who "cannot carry corn." That prudence which finds expression in modest, unobtrusive, safe speech is indubitably the better part of valour in a subordinate member of the Government.

Whilst we may solace the Master of Elibank with the reflection that the policy of a Government is, after all, a matter for the collective wisdom of the Cabinet rather than the unassisted mental effort of an individual Whip, and assure him that neither the Liberal nor any other party is desirous of adding to the onerous duties of his office the difficult and invidious task of anticipating its future and providing against its next historical crisis, it may be conceded to him that

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Socialism is very much in the air. Moreover, the unequalled and wonderful fluency of Socialist speakers ensures that it will remain there throughout our little day. If it did not lie with the Scotch Liberal Whip to "improve" the Cockermouth incident, and the psychological moment had not arrived for the declaration "Socialism—that is the enemy!" or the preaching of a new crusade, there can be no question that he stumbled upon a subject of the first interest. How soon it will descend to the mundane region of practical politics is a matter of considerable uncertainty, depending upon many more considerations than can even be hinted at here.

Like ordinary mortals, a Ministerial Whip is insensibly affected by his environment, and there is little that is surprising in the circumstance that hon. gentlemen, still acutely alive to the difficulty of obtaining a seat and keeping it, should have confided to the Master of Elibank that three-cornered contests were not at all to their liking and should be deprecated in the common interest. And who shall blame the Scottish members if, remembering that they were addressing, in the person of their Whip, a politician with a past, they pointedly moralised on the folly of backing Socialist "wreckers" and painted red the lurid possibilities, personal, party, and Parliamentary, of another Lanarkshire imprudence? Quite a number of excellent people who, by preference—and doubtless with some justification in successful application to more remunerative interests—do their political thinking by deputy, have Socialism very much upon their nerves just now. The Countess of Warwick, addressing the Social Democratic Federation at Liverpool, said "the enormous success of the Labour Party at the General Election" had "thrown people of her own class into a panic." Lady Warwick pays her "comrades" a pretty compliment in that highest form of flattery, the imitation of their tendency to exaggeration. But there would really be no feeling for justice in nature if the normally indifferent were not penalised to this slight extent for their refusal to observe for themselves what is really happening

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in the world of politics. Because the country has decreed that Imperial politics shall be socialised, and that we shall secure the continuity of Empire by preventing dry-rot—or something worse—at the centre, is no reason why anybody save a crusted feudalist should go in mortal terror of the political future. The Master of Elibank has shown himself a seismometer of Socialism more sensitive to its slightest and remotest manifestations than that delicately poised instrument of Professor Milne's in the Isle of Wight, which inevitably records an earthquake shock five thousand miles away. And I have found a fearful conviction of the imminence of a Socialist *régime* in most unexpected quarters of late. Between the extremes of the Master of Elibank and Mr. Keir Hardie, both of whom appear to have convinced themselves (in the words of the latter) that "Socialism, too, is bound to grow," there are a number of intelligent, unexceptionable citizens who feel that they must make hay while the sun of constitutional government shines, since the darkness of days in which the individual will wither and the community become all-absorbing are at hand. And the wonderful unanimity of purpose with which all these otherwise divided units are, despite their differing degrees of trepidation, applying themselves to the legitimate business of improving their private fortunes, suggests that they at least will be well fortified even against the effects of expropriation. In so far as the fear of Socialism is the beginning of worldly wisdom in some, and in others a spur to their already well-defined intention of "getting on in the world," the scare of an economic revolution is not an unmixed evil. It is, therefore, possible at this stage to discuss the question with a certain amount of philosophical detachment, since our withers are not yet wrung by the outcries of a bourgeoisie in imminent danger of spoliation or—to be impartial, shall we say?—equalisation.

A way we English have of first ignoring, or contemptuously treating, a public movement or political organisation while it is quietly taking root in our country, and then, on some

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generally unexpected assertion of the rooted strength it has gained during our period of neglect, grossly exaggerating its significance and anticipating its effects with wild imaginings, is responsible for the present trepidation. The Master of Elibank notwithstanding, I think it can be shown that Cockermouth was more of a sign and a portent to the Socialist section of the Labour party than to any other. The revelation that, in a largely industrial constituency, they could poll barely one-seventh of the recorded votes, when they confidently predicted that they were 2000 strong in Workington (one of the industrial towns of the division) alone, and must at least run the elected candidate close, was a painful surprise for the I.L.P., though full of instruction for the electioneerer. Inflated ideas of Labour contribution to Liberal successes in January were corrected, and a saner and juster sense of the elements of the Radical triumph at the General Election diffused among all the parties.

Elsewhere (in *The New Age*) I have discussed the results of the General Election as affecting this particular issue in detail, in reply to Mr. J. R. Macdonald's curiously imaginative estimate (*Independent Review*, March 1906) of the electoral achievements of the Labour Representation Committee. I showed, what any one with sufficient patience and experience in dealing with election figures can discover for himself with the assistance of the Poll-Book, that the L.R.C. successes were mainly, though not entirely, due to a tacit working arrangement with the Liberal party, as was demonstrated with exceptional clearness in the experience of Leicester (where Mr. Macdonald himself was concerned) and Norwich at by and general elections; whilst avowed Socialists were, with two or three exceptions, which served to prove the rule, ignored in the real fighting that followed the Dissolution. Not a single "straight" Socialist—standing as such—was elected. And this in a unique democratic uprising, when the wage-earners availed themselves of the franchise as they had never done before. Now that the question has been

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narrowed down to Socialism pure and simple, it may conduce to the steadying of the nerves of the prophetic Master of Elibank if these highly instructive totals are clearly set out:

Total of votes cast at the General Election . .	5,952,274
Total recorded for "straight" Socialists . . .	26,744

I make no subtraction here, for the obvious reason that it would inevitably be misleading. There were Socialist societies, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and elsewhere, which advised their members to abstain from voting because no "straight" Socialist was running as a candidate. In their eyes—and now in Mr. Keir Hardie's—the L.R.C. nominees, in accepting Liberal support, had enleagued themselves with "the devotees of Mammon." Then, again, there were conspicuous Socialists, like Mr. Pete Curran at Jarrow, who desired it to be understood that they were in the field for Parliamentary honours as Labour candidates and not as Socialists. By inference they admitted that the emphasis which their opponents laid upon their Socialism was injurious to their candidature, a tacit acknowledgment of the unpopularity of revolutionary views even in wholly industrial constituencies. Well-known Socialists like Mr. Philip Snowden, at Blackburn, and Mr. F. W. Jowett, in Bradford West, stood as L.R.C. candidates, and, in the eyes of the stricter sect of Socialist brethren, thereby fatally compromised the cause. We shall see, later, how far this fear has been justified. At the Trade Union Congress, in Liverpool, the President (Mr. D. C. Cummings) quoted, from some curiously inaccurate "guide" not particularly specified, the following comparative return of the General Election polls:

Liberal votes	2,417,979
Combined Labour votes . .	473,987
Social Democratic votes . .	41,820
Unionist votes	2,200,898

Apart from the singular fact that (omitting Ireland) there are over 300,000 votes missing from this return, both the Liberal

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and Unionist totals being arbitrarily reduced, these definitions, plainly enough, are of the "fancy franchise" order. They are not on any commonly accepted lines, and have been selected for the purpose of supporting some exceptional deduction from the elections rather than for the expression of the actual electoral facts. Take, for instance, the line, "Social Democratic votes." It is wholly meaningless save for the initiated, since not a single candidate stood at the General Election professedly as the nominee of the Social Democratic Federation, or in the sole capacity of a member of that particular organisation, and an advocate of its views in especial. In fact, "Social Democrats," as such, had no electoral existence last January. And the calculator who, in certain instances, determined the difference between Labour and Liberal support of L.R.C. and Liberal Labour candidates is to be envied his powers of second sight, since to him alone were the secrets of the ballot-boxes revealed! Obviously these totals were mere guess-work, and render a "re-count" absolutely necessary before the President of the Trade Union Congress can reinforce his argument. But, even on their showing, and reading "Socialist" for "Social Democratic" votes, the proportion is, roughly, 180 non-Socialists to one Socialist; and, after all, there need be little diffidence in accepting the Trade Union Congress criterion.

In contact with the actualities of Parliament Mr. Keir Hardie and his immediate Socialist *entourage* have learnt to respect the wisdom and foresight of the "straight" Socialists. From the standpoint of direct Labour representation it may have been a master-stroke of genius which secured the adoption of the system of the Trade Union levy for the payment of Members and the defraying of their election expenses. According to Mr. James Sexton (at the Trade Union Congress), the possession of the means of Parliamentary representation has, in Trade Union opinion, made the L.R.C. the prey of the political adventurer. "Where the carcase is there the eagles are gathered together," he seemed to say. But the

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"straight" Socialists anticipated, and now deplore, a result which they regard as still more fatal to their own particular purpose. How honestly incapable the Independent Labour Party, or any other Socialist section, is of carrying on the expensive business of electioneering upon anything approaching a national scale stood confessed in the Cockermouth contest, when the *Labour Leader* explicitly stated that the leanness of the public subscription meant the severe limitation of by-election candidatures. But the "straight" Socialists anticipated that where the Trade Unions paid the piper they would also call the tune, and wisdom has been justified of her children. The policy of the L.R.C. in the House of Commons has, very properly—if an outsider may say so—been the Trade Union policy in its integrity. And not only is this so, but those who have been asked to pay for direct Labour representation are bent upon seeing that they get the exact article for which they are paying. It is, in a word, for particularist Trade Union ends, and not for grandiose schemes of State Socialism, that the Parliamentary power of the Labour vote has been chiefly utilised. This is precisely the course of events which the "straight" Socialists foresaw when they refused to support a programme which "the devotees of Mammon" found reasonable and feasible, and, needless to add, it is not according to Collectivist expectations and wishes.

The first Session of the most democratic House of Commons on record has passed, and Mr. Keir Hardie has not moved the trite Socialist resolution for the nationalisation of all the means of production which is to create the new Socialist earth that will be but the portal to a new Collectivist heaven. It is instructive to reflect that there is an excellent reason for the unwonted restraint which the Labour leader has put upon himself, for no one doubts that if his personal inclinations had alone to be consulted he would have balloted for this and half a dozen other equally extreme motions. Mr. Keir Hardie is lacking neither in courage nor intrepidity. But at Westminster he has to put off the irresponsibility of

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the old Adam and put on the statesmanship of a responsible party leader. He has to learn, from the mouths of outspoken delegates at the Trade Union Congress, that "the Labour Party is no better than the Liberal or Tory Party"; and his frank colleague, Mr. Shackleton, has to differentiate between the agitator and the legislator with the curtly honest declaration that "no Member could be got to ballot for a day in the House to discuss a minimum wage of 30*s*. Why, your own Trade Union rate is only 24*s*." he said, "and how can you ask us to go to Parliament and demand 30*s*.?" Honest Trade Union argument, but how subversive of Socialism and its State-regulated wage inconsiderate of all economic principles and conditions! And, which is much to the point, it fairly indicates the trend of Parliamentary events. As the Session progressed it became increasingly evident that for Socialism the loudly trumpeted triumph of the General Election was much more apparent than real. Labour representatives set themselves about the possibly humdrum, but assuredly practical, business of securing State sanction, not for revolutionary economic theories, but for Trade Union principles affecting organisation, protection of funds, hours of labour, wages, compensation, trade disputes. To the neglect of all fantastic Utopias, they have vigilantly lobbied and voted and spoken for the betterment of the existing conditions of the wage-earning classes.

Mr. Keir Hardie scarcely hides the disappointment with which he regards that surrender of the Labour Party in the House to the conditions of practical statesmanship which is so galling to some of his immediate following. We could hardly expect him to publicly endorse that highly significant expression, "The Labour Party is no better than the Liberal or Tory Party;" but, after his own fashion, he allows it to be seen that events are not shaping as he could wish them, or moving perceptibly, if at all, in the direction of his aims and ambitions. This is not the declaration of Triumphant Socialism, though a valiant attempt is made to maintain the illusion:

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The moral of it all is, that all sections of the Labour party must be vigilant, active, and militant. Never was the movement in general, and the I.L.P. in particular, in better fettle. For the moment it has on its Seven League boots, and is making giant strides forward. It is well that it should be so, since in the near days that are to be all its strength will be needed to hold its own against its foes, *the most bitter of whom will be the craven-hearted weaklings of its own household.*—Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., on "The Master of Elibank's Confession," *Labour Leader*, August 31, 1906.

It will not be unjust to Mr. Keir Hardie to interpret the latter dark saying as an attack upon the Trade Unionists, who, asserting the national instinct of self-preservation, prosecute the interests of their own Unions, and the immediate political necessities of Labour, to the neglect of any scheme of State Socialism. But the general who is going into the fight with the conviction that his "bitterest foes" are in his own ranks, and that they merit the description of "craven weaklings," is not to be argued with, but commiserated on his most unhappy lot. Thus the elation of Socialists over the General Election visibly evaporates. This was bound to happen, because the excitement of the moment and the novelty of the experience led them to set a value upon their electoral achievements which was wholly inflated.

Only for the uninitiated can it be news that the most formidable barriers against Socialism are these self-same Trade Unions. All and sundry might become alive to the true inwardness of things through the constant iteration by your "straight" Socialist of his stereotyped formula that the Unions have had their day and served their purpose, and that the expropriation of Capital offers the one hope of justice to the producer. But the intelligent wage-earner is not prepared to sacrifice the substance of increased wages, larger purchasing powers, reduced working hours, and better living conditions, for the shadow of an imaginary Socialist state of plenty. Hence Mr. Keir Hardie's irritable anathematising of "craven weaklings." The House of Commons, in bringing movements as well as men to their bearings, has a short way with illusions very common in the body politic.

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It is, for instance, generally taken for granted that "Labour" describes a political entity with identical interests and aims. Yet nothing is clearer than the frequently divided purpose and occasional rivalry of the Unions. The competitive principle refuses even to be exorcised by the magic wand of Socialism. There are almost as many sects among the Socialists as there were among the Pharisees, and each is convinced that it offers to the faithful the only true gospel of Collectivism. Nowhere are the appeals for unity more clamant than at the Trade Union Congress; and nowhere, it must be admitted, is there a greater necessity for that liberty in non-essentials and charity in all things which should accompany such unity in essentials. To take a classic case, what has been more evident for years than that the interests of Durham and Northumberland coal-miners have not been identical, in such a material matter as the hours of labour, with those of other colliery districts? For half a century the northernmost counties have maintained wholly separate organisations and exercised the right of private judgment and of Trade Union autonomy. It is not without significance that the I.L.P. and other Socialist bodies have hitherto regarded Northumberland and Durham as the least responsive of all industrial districts, slow in the appreciation of their propaganda and apathetic in the reception of their principles. They held a month's campaign immediately prior to the General Election for the express purpose of disintegrating the Labour forces behind Mr. Thomas Burt and Mr. Charles Fenwick. Mr. Keir Hardie wound up the campaign in person and the nature of his reception was such as to forbid any Socialist candidature in these parts. The sequel was equally significant. Both Mr. Burt and Mr. Fenwick had record majorities, the right hon. Member for Morpeth polling three to one, whilst the Member for the Wansbeck Division had the enormous majority of 7176.

An economic fact of some importance in this connection is the presence in the mining districts of Northumberland of numerous co-operative societies enjoying a large measure of

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financial prosperity. It is not a far-fetched piece of imagination which divines a close connection between the profit-sharing of the co-operative traders and the non-success of Socialist propaganda. This, moreover, is quite in accordance with the anticipations of the political economist. The readiness of the pitman to endorse the mere sentiment of Socialism would be subject to a severe test when, at the quarter's end, he came to discuss with his "wummun foak" the expropriation of the bonus which has come to be regarded as the peculiar perquisite of the better half, who, in a number of cases, is the actual member of the Co-operative Society. The critic on the hearth is one more formidable opponent with whom Socialism has not yet reckoned. Nor has it taken account of the mere animal instinct of self-preservation, let alone the natural disposition of thrifty Englishmen, and Scotchmen, toward "getting on" in the world. The human Marxian abstraction which your Socialist predicates will be content to run in leading-strings, as the automaton citizen of an automatic Socialist State.

In the simplicity of heart which is induced by much attentive hearing of Socialist professions and diligent reading of the literature of popular Socialism, one does indeed feel disposed to ask of the men of faith, who lack nothing in hope, though they may be a trifle lacking in charity, how far Socialism has reckoned with poor human nature. As the much-belauded experiment of the elimination of private capital is to be tried upon humanity, and not upon the Selenites of Mr. H. G. Wells's "First Men in the Moon," or Bulwer Lytton's "Coming Race," the ordinary mind might have considered the capacity and state of preparedness of the community for the great undertaking which Socialists seek to impose upon it. It may have been observed that this very elementary consideration was stated by M. Clemenceau, in the highly instructive discussion in the French Chamber of Deputies, with striking force and lucidity, and it is equally interesting to note that M. Jaurès, in his reply, judiciously

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refrained from touching upon it. And why? Surely the first point to be disposed of in this controversy is the state of readiness of the average man for this great economic enterprise in which he is to participate and by which he is to be profited or victimised. Obviously, M. Clemenceau raised the natural premise—the first thing which must come first—when he urged:

> It is clear that arbitrarily to modify the social organisation without troubling to find out whether the man is in a condition to adapt himself to it can only lead to disorder. Thus even those who set out to re-make first the social organisation are brought back to the reform of the individual.

And again:

> Man as he now exists is not the man you need to live in your society.

To be consistent, the Socialist must contend that the social reformation of the individual is to be secured by his direct transference from the slum to the well-ordered household, since this is on all fours with what he proposes by way of the salvation of the State. Ethical perfection will not even suffice for Mr. Keir Hardie in "the reign of love and fraternity," nor mere civic incorruptibility in the community. Every citizen must certainly be another Aristides the Just. But he must also be Christ-like.

What is the complaint of our citizenship to-day? That the most capable men of affairs are fighting shy of their civic responsibilities and declining to serve on either of the several municipal bodies. If there are scandals in our public administration, they largely arise from the apathy of the community and the absence of anything approaching adequate popular observation and criticism. The price of liberty, now as always, is eternal vigilance, and if we are in the bonds of officialism to-day it is because voluntaryism, the cheerful discharge of patriotic duties by the ordinary citizen, is going out of fashion, and the service of the community no longer commands its best administrative intellect. And the Socialist, wholly mistaking the patriotic need of the hour, demands not less but more of

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this bureaucratic government. Instead of chastising this supineness of citizens with whips and scorpions, he light-heartedly contemplates the infinite extension of municipal management and the complete absorption of trade and business enterprise by the State. There is one, and only one, infallible criterion of the limitation which must be placed upon both municipal and State administration, namely, the efficiency and morality of each public body. You cannot place too generous an interpretation upon the term "public interests" where the community commands the loyal service of its ablest and noblest citizens. But neither can the restriction of municipalisation be too severe where incapacity and corruption characterise the Council or the Board.

The Socialist may accuse us of stupidly ignoring the fact that all the private skill and capacity now applied to the direction of personal and company concerns will be released, to go to the aid of the Corporation and the State. By so much as he depends upon this illusory prospect does he postpone "the reign of love and liberty." We are still at the initial stage of the birth and the education of this ideal citizen for the idealistic city, and M. Clemenceau remains unanswered. Once more we are faced with the obvious weakness of the Socialist position, that a beginning has been made at the wrong end. They are considering the placing of the pinnacle upon the temple of their Utopia when they have not given a serious thought to such a commonplace preliminary as the getting out of the foundations or the erection of the main structure. The Government and the statesman who would socialise our politics and make the greatest good of the greatest number the constant consideration and the eternal objective of Parliament, will deal with first things first and liberate the individual from all restrictive conditions which still hamper his economic progress and that working out of his own salvation in which he attains to manhood and to worthy citizenship. You do not make men, as the churches make saints, by relieving them from all temptation; and happiness will be not had for the mere asking even

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in "the reign of love and fraternity." According to Ernest Renan: "Our century has created a material stock of tools which have been more and more improved; but it has not taken into consideration that, for handling such tools, a certain degree of morality, conscience, and abnegation is necessary." Instead of appealing to the cupidity of mankind by holding out expectations of a common share in a redistribution of wealth, why not correct the faults and encourage the virtues of the proletariat, to the end that they may exercise aright the privileges and the responsibilities of that full citizenship into which they have now entered?

The counsel of perfection has been eloquently offered by Professor Henry Jones. It is ideal enough to satisfy Mr. Keir Hardie; yet it is sufficiently practical to commend itself to the sober judgment of Labour in the House of Commons:

> We have been teaching rights; henceforth we have by precept and practice to teach duties; and of all these duties most of all the duty of sanctifying our daily sphere of ordinary labour. We have been teaching charity; but charity must become justice yet—not in the way of partitioning goods, but of rightly appraising services. To both master and man the social reformer must teach that every industry in the land is meant to be a school of virtue.

Here is a social gospel of sanity and hope. And those of little faith in the ability of conservative England to resist Socialism in a flood may at least take heart from the fact that such counsels of moderation, good sense, and high morality had general acceptance even in the last remarkable plebiscite of a thoroughly roused people, and have since plainly influenced the Parliamentary policy of Labour.

HUGH W. STRONG.

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THE INTELLECTUAL CONDITION OF THE LABOUR PARTY

III

THE analysis of Ruskin's volume ("Unto This Last") given in the preceding article will have been enough to show some of the reasons, at all events, which have made that volume a favourite with the Labour Members in the present Parliament. The author, it is true, disclaims with reiterated emphasis any sympathy with the doctrines which go by the name of Socialism. He throughout assumes, and in many places asserts, that the capitalist is as essential to any advanced civilisation as is the labourer; but he insists that the labourer hitherto has been treated with profound injustice, and on principles which must be ultimately ruinous to all civilisation whatsoever; and he gives his authority to demands on behalf of the labouring classes, which were not generally made till years after this volume was written. Prominent amongst these is his demand for a "living wage"—that is to say, a payment regulated, not by the price at which a man will work to escape starvation, but by the cost of the commodities and conveniences which, under existing conditions are essential to a healthy, a moral, and a self-respecting human life. Again, whilst continually asserting that wealth, no less than labour, has its legitimate rights and its far-reaching social functions, he urges with still greater emphasis that wealth has also its duties; and that its powers, though it ought to be powerful, are at present greater than

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they ought to be. He will not, he says, disguise the fact that, in order to do justice to the poor, and to place modern society on a just and a stable basis, the rich must surrender some portion of their present riches, and content themselves with a smaller influence than that which they at present exercise.

The spirit of these utterances, apart from their studied moderation, is precisely the spirit that appeals to the Labour Members of to-day. But far more important than any of his specific contentions, as influencing and representing their aims and their mode of thought, is Ruskin's attack on the science of political economy generally—a science which he denounces as no science at all—a pseudo-science which has been formulated in the interest of the rich alone, and whose so-called laws he professes to exhibit as rank delusions.

In the present article I shall examine his methods of reasoning, taken in connection with the spirit by which they are animated. And in thus approaching the intellectual condition of the spokesmen of the contemporary Labour party through the works of a writer whom they admire, rather than beginning with any utterances of their own, I shall free myself from the chance of being suspected of any unfair dealing. For Ruskin is a writer whose genius is beyond dispute. Equally beyond dispute are the nobility and integrity of his aims; and whilst many of those who have attacked the privileges of wealth may seem to have been actuated by envy of what they have been unable to gain, in Ruskin's case, at all events, no such motive was possible. He was brought up in luxury, and inherited a large fortune. Whatever attacks he may have made on wealth, under certain of its aspects, he was wholly disinterested; and his motives were those of sincere conviction.

IV

Described in general terms, the great and typical fault which Ruskin exhibits in his attack on political economy, is this. Conscious that the ordinary economists neglected certain

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truths closely associated with their subject; conscious also that, both morally and politically, these truths were of the highest importance; and, burning with a desire to assert them, he regarded the end which he had in view as so sacred that any argument advanced with the purpose of furthering it must be sound. The result of such a procedure in his case, as it often has been in that of others, was to make him accept his zeal as a substitute for accurate preparation, and assail the errors and inconsistencies of the thinkers whom he sought to combat, with yet greater errors and greater inconsistencies of his own.

The primary and most general accusation which he brings against ordinary political economy will afford us a preliminary and comprehensive illustration of this. The accusation in question, as I showed in the preceding article, is that political economists deal, not with human beings as they are, but merely with an artificial abstraction. They deal with what technically they call "the economic man"—that is to say, a man who acts only in his own interest, and who identifies his own interest with commercial or pecuniary gain. But in actual life, says Ruskin, no such man exists. Human beings have selfish desires, no doubt, and a selfish desire for pecuniary gain is one of them. But this desire never acts in isolation. Though not destroyed, it is constantly modified by others, as the behaviour of one chemical substance is modified by combination with a second; and this fact, he says, "falsifies every one of the results" reached by the calculations of the economist, and renders his whole science, as applied to practical life, "nugatory."

Now that there is much in the general accusation thus brought by Ruskin, I am the last person to deny. I have myself, in a book called "Social Equality," urged that Political Economy, as at present expounded, renders itself open to every kind of attack, by having neglected to connect itself with an examination of human nature at large. It is at present, I said, a "science with its roots in the air." Its moral and logical basis is a science which is still missing; and this I described as "the science of human character." I explained my meaning

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with great minuteness and precision. I never said that the conclusions of political economy, so far as they went, were false. I said only that they were left at present to rest upon rough assumptions which, in spite of the truth contained in them, were unanalysed, imperfect, and undefended. But Ruskin sees no need for the qualifications of discriminating criticism. Because the science, as at present expounded, is in certain respects imperfect, nothing will content him but to vociferate that it is no science at all, that from beginning to end all its calculations are "false," and its so-called laws "nugatory." He thus converts what might have been a most searching and useful criticism into a random vilification so exaggerated that, as it stands, it is nonsense.

If we wish for a proof that such is literally the case, it is given to us by Ruskin himself; for, though he opens his book with the assertion that the method of political economy is illusory, its conclusions false, and its laws nugatory, we find him again and again in this very book itself restating many of these conclusions and laws as indubitable, and appealing with unquestioning confidence to the precise method which he condemns.

I will give two signal illustrations of this, each bearing on a vital part of his argument. One of these is the question of what determines the rate of wages; the other is the question of what determines the price of commodities.

With regard to the first of these questions, as we saw in the preceding article, he sets out with saying that the rate of wages *ought* to be, and *can* be, determined, by the labourer's needs, "irrespectively of the demand for his labour." "Perhaps one of the most curious facts," he adds, "in the history of human error is the denial by the common political economist of the possibility of thus regulating wages." This utterance is quite in harmony with his engagement to exhibit the entire doctrines of the common economist as nugatory; but a little farther on we are surprised by coming on the following passage:

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It is true that in all these cases (of determining the rate of wages), and in every conceivable case, there must be ultimate reference to the presumed difficulty of the work, or the number of candidates for the office. If we thought that the labour necessary to make a good physician would be gone through by a sufficient number of students with the prospect of only half-guinea fees, public consent would soon withdraw the unnecessary half-guinea.

This is precisely the doctrine of the despised "common" economist; and Ruskin, in thus endorsing it, completely contradicts and stultifies the challenging assertion with which he starts. He admits that the laws of the economist are so far from being wholly nugatory, that one of the most typical of them is, in an ultimate sense, true.

Let us now see how he deals with the question of the price of commodities. He begins, as usual, with an attack on writers such as Mill and Ricardo, who are for him the "common" economy personified, and, having elaborately ridiculed Mill in a fashion to which I shall refer hereafter, he turns to Ricardo, of whom he falls foul also. The exchangeable value of commodities, price being the common denominator, is, said Ricardo, "not measured by utility, though utility is absolutely essential to it." "Essential in what degree, Mr. Ricardo?" exclaims Ruskin; and he proceeds to make merry over a variety of grotesque meanings which he finds it possible to read into that writer's somewhat slovenly phraseology. The puerile character of this criticism is revealed by Ruskin himself, who ends by admitting that Ricardo meant probably none of this nonsense, but was awkwardly trying to say something which was very near the truth—"namely that, when the demand is constant, the price varies as the quantity of labour required for production." This doctrine, says Ruskin, only requires to be qualified by taking it in connection with the fact that demand, if prices varies, is *not* "ultimately constant"; "for," he proceeds, "as price rises, customers fall away."

Now, I am not here in any way concerned to inquire whether Ruskin's criticisms of the doctrines of the "common" economists with regard to the foregoing particular questions is

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just. All that I am concerned to point out is, first, that he admits these doctrines to have elements of indisputable truth in them; and secondly, and more especially, that the doctrines which he brings forward to modify them, are arrived at by a method absolutely identical with that which is employed by these economists themselves. He no less than they deduces certain general conclusions as to how men act with regard to certain definite matters from the ordinary economic assumption that men's conduct, in these connections, is as a rule motived by self-interest, and that the kind of self-interest here especially in question is centred in considerations of pecuniary gain or loss. His assertion that no one would pay a physician a guinea if other physicians, as good, were willing to take ten-and-sixpence; and that demand is bound to decline as the price of an article rises, are assertions which would have no meaning or foundation whatsoever, unless their foundation is the fact that, with regard to many economic matters at all events, the behaviour of actual human nature is the behaviour of the "economic man." Such being the case, then, the science of the "common" economists is, on his own unintentional admission, not, as he declares it to be, a science essentially false and nugatory, based on a fantastic abstraction, and ending in insane conclusions; but a science whose method is sound so far as it goes, and which, within certain limits, gives us a correct account of the laws of human conduct and the results of it.

Ruskin's real desire, though he had not the patience to analyse it, was to preach an impassioned sermon on the moral uses to be made of those laws of human action which the economists had correctly elucidated. What he did was to declare that these laws had no existence at all, although in the very act of doing so he was himself compelled to appeal to them.

The character of his procedure may be farther illustrated thus. Having mercilessly attacked Mill's statement that to be wealthy is to have commodities possessing exchangeable value he declares that the only true definition of wealth is "Life"—meaning that wealth is not real wealth unless it consists of

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commodities conducing to a life that is noble. Thus a base and degrading picture, however skilfully painted, would according to him, not be wealth but the negation of wealth. The picture would be wealth only if it were ennobling as well as skilful. Hence, says Ruskin, apart from moral considerations, political economy is meaningless. The truth which he is seeking to emphasise, though often neglected, is indisputable. He forgets, however, that to both pictures certain things are essential with which morality has nothing at all to do, such as the preparation of the painter's pigments, and the laws of perspective. These remain the same whether the painter be a saint or a satyr. With political economy the case is precisely similar. It bears the same relation to the facts of wealth and industry that perspective bears to painting; and a large portion of its doctrines (for we will content ourselves with this qualified statement) represent laws to which human nature conforms, no matter whether it conforms to them in a spirit which is morally good or bad.

Here is the truth which Ruskin from first to last misses. So blind and impatient does his ethical ardour make him, that he not only formally repudiates what polictical economy teaches, but he does not even give himself time to understand correctly what it professess to teach. Political economy he defines, and he says that its exponents define it, as "the science of getting rich." By this he means that it claims to be a body of instructions which will enable the ruthless and the covetous to acquire great private fortunes. Now even if what he means were true, he expresses it with an inaccuracy which in an opponent he would have been the first person to denounce. Political economy, in this case, would not be a science at all. It would be an art founded on a science. As a matter of fact, however, political economy, except in the most accidental ways, has never claimed to be an art. As expounded by the very writers whom Ruskin specially attacks, it claims to be a science only, which is a very different thing, though Ruskin did not pause to realise in what the difference

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consists. Were political economy an art, it would instruct individuals as to what they ought to do. Being a science, it is essentially an exposition of what men at large do—of what we find them doing with a general and calculable uniformity; and also of the results of what they do, which are equally uniform and calculable. And although it is connected just as closely with morality as astronomy is with the art of navigation, it is no more the business of economic science, as such, to inculcate one kind of morality rather than another kind, than it is the business of the Astronomer Royal or the compilers of the Nautical Almanac to regulate the course of international trade, or preach sermons to navigators on the comparative morality of sea-ports.

So much, then, for the general looseness of thought by which Ruskin's attack on economic science is vitiated. We will now turn to the more important of his detailed contentions. We shall find that these are vitiated in exactly the same way.

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The most important of these detailed contentions which I propose to examine are as follows: those which refer specifically to labour; those which refer specifically to capital; and those which refer specifically to the process of "getting rich" (in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase), to which Ruskin makes constant reference. But I will begin with saying a few words about another, which, though second to the above in its intrinsic importance, is highly instructive as an illustration, not of his methods only, but of the methods of many distinguished moralists who resemble him.

In order to show that wages are actually capable of being regulated without reference to fluctuations in the abundance of labour and the demand for it, he appeals to the case of the army, where the system for which he pleads is in operation before our eyes. In the soldier, he says, we have a perfect

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type of the labourer, except for the fact that his work is unrivalled in its pains and dangers; and it is obvious that what is practicable in the camp is equally practicable in the factory, or amongst the ploughed fields. "My principles of political economy are all involved," he says, "in a single phrase—'soldiers of the ploughshare as well as soldiers of the sword.'" Now this argument, which has often been used by others, invariably proceeds, as in Ruskin's case, from men who attack the science of the "common" economists on the ground that their science deals with part of human nature only, and ignores those passions and instincts, which Ruskin calls the "affections," and which go to make up the nature of the composite and concrete man. It is, however, a curious fact that these persons are themselves foremost in repeating and exaggerating the procedure which they condemn in others. The "economic man," though not corresponding to the actual man in his integrity, corresponds to the actual man in certain defined relations; but the so-called actual man, with which Ruskin and his friends replace him, is a phantom made up of a number of sentimental qualities, which vary as the argument requires, and the nature and the scope of which are not submitted by them to any kind of methodical examination. Had Ruskin and his friends acted up to their professed principles, and considered human nature as a whole with something like approximate accuracy, they would have seen that the work of the soldier, though resembling other labour in some ways, in one way profoundly differs from it. As a consequence of the ages of struggle to which our species owes its existence, the business of fighting attracts and excites fighters in a peculiar way in which industrial labour does not. If to cultivate the earth with a plough became as dangerous as to fight a battle, the "soldiers of the ploughshare" would be an extinct race tomorrow. The labour of the fighter, instead of being a type of all other labour, is for the above reason a most curious and marked exception to it; and thus the analogy "in which," as Ruskin says, "all the principles of his political economy are

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involved," is valueless. The looseness of thought which is thus, on his own admission, fundamental with him, exhibits itself again in the following slightly different form. "The best work," says Ruskin, "never was, nor ever will be, done for money at all." If he means by "the best work" the work of exalted genius, this may be true enough; but when applied, as he applies it, to industrial work generally, it is altogether inapposite. He fails to realise that what here mainly concerns him is not such work as is the *highest*, but the bulk of such work as is *necessary*; and the fact that an author who publishes an abstruse treatise on mathematics does not do so in the hopes of making a fortune by the sale of it, does nothing to show that the men who set up the type for him, and who make the paper on which his book is printed, are less dependent on the money-motive than ordinary thought assumes them to be. It is these latter kinds of activity, not the former, that represent the work of the labouring classes generally.

Let us now proceed to Ruskin's treatment of Labour. In one of the many scoldings which he administers to the "common economists," he tells them that "this business of Political Economy is no light one; and we must allow no loose terms in it." Let us see how he behaves, in the matter of "loose terms," himself. Though as far as possible from being a disciple of Karl Marx, he introduces his discussion of social justice by asserting, as Marx does, that labour alone is the producer of all wealth and profit. Hence, he says, if any man in our employment labours an hour for us, justice requires that we labour an hour for him in return. "Perhaps, indeed," he adds, "ultimately it may appear desirable, or at least gracious," that we should labour for him rather longer, repaying his hour with an hour and five minutes. Now Ruskin, throughout this volume, when he thus speaks of "us" or "we" —and he specially mentions this fact in the passage here referred to—is speaking from the point of view of the capitalistic or employing class, whose right to exist he admits, and

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whose functions he declares to be necessary. The question therefore which here arises is this: How, since the wealth of the capitalist (if legitimate, as Ruskin admits it to be) must necessarily have its origin in the capitalist's own labour, is any single capitalist in a position to pay more than one man to work for him? If a factory hand gives twelve hours of work daily to a manufacturer, the manufacturer, it would seem, must, according to Ruskin's formula, give in equity twelve hours work to the factory-hand. In this case he has no more hours which he can offer to any second employee. Still less is he in a position to follow the Ruskinian counsel of "graciousness," and give two men, or even one, thirteen hours for twelve.

Ruskin nowhere formally faces the problem which he here suggests. Indirectly, however, he was quite aware of its existence; and obliquely and parenthetically he indicates two solutions of it. One of these takes the form of a defence of interest; the other of a recognition that labour is of different grades, according to the greater or less degree of "skill" embodied in it.

His defence of interest, to which, oddly enough, he devotes but a few sentences, is remarkable, despite its brevity. "Labour, rightly directed, is fruitful," he says, "just as seed is." It results in a product which itself results in a farther product. If therefore A lends B the product of one day's labour for a year, B, at the end of the year, in order to make the bargain fair, must not give A only the product of another day's labour in return for it. He must add to this a portion of the products which the borrowed product, being "fruitful," has produced meanwhile. This argument, crudely as Ruskin states it, shows that he recognised one important fact which profoundly modifies the import of the formula with which he starts. He here admits that, though all wealth may be due to labour in a sense, there is much wealth which is due to it only at second-hand. Thus, if the ploughing of a hundred acres entails on a man at starting two months of

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labour, one month going to the using of the plough, and the other month to the making of it, the ploughing of a second hundred acres will cost one month's labour only; for the plough, the product of his first month's labour, persists; and during the third month does half of his work for him. As Ruskin puts it, it is to that extent "fruitful." It is just as fruitful if the maker lends it to another man: and the borrower will owe the lender a certain portion of its fruits. Thus the indirect products or equivalents of labour accumulate in the hands of individuals, so that one man is able to remunerate many men for the products of their direct labour.

Next, as to skill. The simplicity of his primary formula is, Ruskin admits, very much complicated by the extent to which the skill embodied in various kinds of labour varies. But the general nature of the situation may, he says, be expressed thus. Under the term "skill" he includes the "united force" of those intellectual and emotional faculties which "accelerate" the faculties essential to average labour of any kind. "The latter are paid for as pain," he says, "the former as power." "The workman is merely indemnified" for the one—namely, his average labour; but the other—namely, this skill by which labour is exceptionally accelerated—"both produces a part of the exchangeable value of the work, and materially increases its actual quantity." Hence one hour of skilled work may be justly worth any number of hours of unskilled.

Closely connected with, and throwing light on his treatment of labour, is his treatment of capital. In his formal discussion of capital, indeed, he merely restates the facts by reference to which he justifies interest. The best type of all capital is, he says, a good plough. In other words, he conceives of capital simply as an implement, or a multitude of implements, by means of which labour is assisted, and rendered more productive. So far as it goes, this account of capital is correct. Its error lies in its incompleteness; and with this I shall deal presently. But first let us consider his

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conception of the process of "getting rich," when regarded by him under its general, and not under its special aspects.

> I observe [he says] that business men rarely know the meaning of the word "rich." Men nearly always speak and write as if riches were absolute . . . whereas they are a power acting only through inequalities, or negations of itself. The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbour's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you . . . and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is therefore equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbour poor.

Now in all his arguments—let me say this once again—as to labour, interest, and capital, and even in his seemingly perverse paradox as to riches, there is an element of truth; but in each case this truth is rendered futile or mischievously misleading, by being imperfectly thought out, imperfectly expressed, and being either confused with, or divorced from, other truths which are essential to it.

This is shown at once by certain marked characteristics of his language. He uses the same term to designate different things—things which at times he himself recognises as antithetical; and the imperfection of his technical vocabulary reflects the character of his thought. The most striking example of this is his use of the term "labour." Though disclaiming any desire to attack capital, as such, the main object of his book is to emphasise the moral claims of those who, in contrast to the capitalists, are called the labouring classes. In his opening pages he says that the cardinal fact with which he starts, is that the "servant," the "workman," the "operative," or the man "employed," gives his "labour" to the "master," the "manufacturer," or the "employing" man; and the main question, he proceeds, to which his volume will be devoted, is the question of how the "labour" given by the former is to be remunerated "justly" by the latter. It is thus obvious that when he uses the word "labour," what he primarily has in view is the activity of the ordinary workman, whose means of livelihood come to him in the form of wages.

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At the same time, however, he realises that this kind of activity is not the only kind which is essential to the life even of the workman himself. He therefore enriches his original thesis with a number of additions and qualifications. The statesman, the physician, the "mere thinker," the employer, he says, all of them play parts as essential to social civilisation as that which is played by the ploughman, the bricklayer, or the factory-hand. But he allows himself no language in which to express the difference between these classes clearly. He applies to the activities of all of them the common name of "labour." The statesman, the physician, the artist, the religious teacher, the "thinker" whose inventions and discoveries revolutionise the work of millions, and the employers who direct that work,—these, no less than the dustman, are all in his language labourers.

Thus, having started with emphasising a very intelligible contrast, the imperfection of his language compels him to speak of it subsequently as an identity. The just claims which labour has upon capital — a sufficiently clear conception— presently loses its outlines, and becomes the claims of labour on itself. To attempt to elucidate the relations between two things, admitted at the outset to be different, whilst applying to them the same name, and including them under the same category, is like attempting to perform a surgical operation in boxing gloves.

Partially aware of the difficulty in which he has thus involved himself, the manner in which he attempts to get out of it, does but accentuate its character. Having called all forms of economic activity "labour," he tries to explain the differences which he sees to exist between them, by representing them as associated with so many grades of skill. But skill, even in the extended sense which he himself gives to it, fails to answer his purpose. By introducing it, he throws no light whatever on the main difference which he is dimly seeking to identify. By the term "skill," he says:

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I mean the united force of experience, intellect, and passion, in their operation on manual labour, from the simple patience which will enable one person to work without fatigue, and with good effect, twice as long as another . . . up to the incommunicable emotion and imagination which are the first and mightiest sources of all value in art.

Mill, he goes on, "has followed the true clue when he writes, 'No limit can be set to the importance—even in a purely productive and material point of view—of mere thought.'" "In order to complete his statement," says Ruskin, "he should have added 'and of mere feeling also.'" It will be thus seen that, according to Ruskin's conception of the matter, skill is something which, at the bottom of the scale, enables one man to lay a thousand bricks whilst another man lays five hundred; and which, at the top of the scale, enables a Cellini to make a vase which is priceless, whilst a common craftsman will make a vulgar monstrosity. In each case—in the first as well as the last—it is, as Ruskin expressly says, "incommunicable." And such a scale of skill no doubt exists, and explains the different positions held by a sign-painter and a Michael Angelo; but what it does not explain is the difference with which Ruskin is mainly concerned—namely, the difference between the position of an employer and that of the thousand men employed by him. According to Ruskin, a man who begins as a skilful bricklayer may be perfectly justified in rising to be a great contractor. But he does not rise because he is able with his own hands to run up four walls of a cottage whilst another can run up only two. The faculty which enables him to rise does not belong to that class of faculties at all, which constitute the essence of what Ruskin means by "skill," and which are, as Ruskin rightly says "incommunicable," in the sense that "they operate only on the manual labour" of the possessor of them. It is a faculty which operates simultaneously on the labour of countless others. I shall deal with this question at large in my next article, and shall show more precisely what Ruskin's error is, and the profound confusion which it introduces alike into his thought and his expression of it.

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It will then be seen that this same error of hopelessly incomplete analysis, and correspondingly defective language, though it does not falsify his conception of capital, so far as that conception goes, virtually falsifies it because it leads him to accept a part for the whole. Capital, considered under one of its aspects, is no doubt, as he says, an implement of which a plough may be taken as a type. But the functions of it typified by a plough is one of its functions only, and only a derivative and secondary one. Its primary and most important function escapes Ruskin altogether.

And now for his conception of riches, or the process or art of "getting rich." By fits and starts he here gets glimpses of the truth; but the moment he has seen it, his eyes wander away from it, and he loses himself in vague fallacies, which are fatal to his own meaning as he himself defines it. Riches, he says, rightly acquired and used, are essential to civilisation. They are legitimate, beneficent, life-giving. This he constantly maintains. He means it to be one-half of his gospel. But in his anxiety to attack what he looks on as contemporary abuses both in the art of getting riches and in the use of them, he still more constantly speaks of, and (as we have seen) he formally defines, them, in a manner which represents them as essentially unjust and evil. How can riches, in any case, be "legitimate, beneficent, life-giving," if "the art of getting rich is necessarily the art of keeping your neighbour poor"?

I shall refer hereafter to this definition again. We will, however, submit it to a brief examination now. His definition may mean that the art by which the employers of labour enrich themselves is the art of securing a part of the just wages of the labourer. But even if a certain portion of the riches of some employers have been due to an art of this kind, it is perfectly evident that it is not the kind of art to which the growth of modern fortunes, taken as a whole, is due. For one of the arguments most frequently urged on employers by workmen who, having secured an advance of wages yesterday, are anxious to supplement it by a

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farther advance to-day, is the assertion that, though the workmen were enriched by the first advance, the riches of the employers have continued to increase also. If modern fortunes arose from an increasing impoverishment of the wage-earners, the wage-earners by this time would have no wages at all; or rather their wages would be some incalculable minus quantity. Ruskin, if the matter had been put thus plainly before him, would have probably repudiated this interpretation of his doctrine; but his own chosen illustration of it makes it yet more obviously absurd, and saves it from being a falsehood by turning it into a perverse quibble. If A wants a guinea and has got it, he will not work for B in order to get it. This simple truth Ruskin distorts into the assertion that, if A has not got it, and to get it will work for B, A "necessarily" would have had it without any work at all, if certain machinations of B's had not artfully hindered him. Ruskin might just as well have said that, because no scholars would pay fees to a master if they knew already everything which the master could teach them, the art of teaching is the art of keeping your neighbours ignorant.

Such, then, is the character of Ruskin's methods as an economist—the methods of one who informs economists generally that he is going to give them "more logic than they will like," and that their science is one in which no "loose terms" can be tolerated.

To the above examples of his more important criticisms, I will add one, equally characteristic, of the manner in which, as he imagines, he triumphs over his opponents in detail. Though employing himself throughout a large portion of his argument, the technical definition of value as "value in exchange," he attempts to hold up Mill as an object of ferocious ridicule, because Mill does the same thing. "So that," he exclaims, "if two ships cannot exchange their rudders, their rudders are, in politico-economic language, of no value to either!" And he actually thinks that he has reduced Mill's whole meaning to an absurdity. The true meaning of economic value is this—that,

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if I have a carpet which I do not want, and you have any number of clothes which I do want, the value of my carpet is to me as many clothes as you will give me in exchange for it. Similarly, if we think of two ships wanting to exchange rudders, the supposition means nothing, unless we start with the assumption that they want to do so for some reason—the reason, namely, that each finds its present rudder useless or unsuitable to itself; but if the rudder of each ship were equally useless to the other, it would not be an absurdity but a platitude to say that the rudders had no value at all in use or exchange either. Thus does Ruskin mistake what is merely an unsuccessful pun on two meanings of a word for an illuminating economic criticism. He thinks he has brought his enemy down with a rifle, when he has merely exploded a cracker under his own nose.

If these methods of argument were peculiar to Ruskin it would not be worth our while to dwell upon them; but they are not. Taken in connection with the moral and political truths on whose behalf he employs them, they are typical of the methods of other men, no less eminent than himself—one of whom, for example, is Count Tolstoy. More particularly are they the methods of the Labour members in the present Parliament. Responding, as they no doubt do, to the truths which Ruskin utters, his latest admirers reproduce only too faithfully the confused methods of thought and argument on which he attempts to found, and with which he so unfortunately associates, them; and in doing so, they push them to conclusions which their teacher would have vehemently repudiated. How far their ways of thinking lead them to misapprehend facts, I shall show in the following article. Meanwhile if any of the Labour party should read these observations he will see that I place him in very honourable and illustrious company.

W. H. Mallock.

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A RIDICULOUS GOD—II

III

NOW the conception of the *Grand Etre*, as set forth last month in this Review, and the service due to it, which at first sight seems rather grand and magnificent, has a curiously close analogy with the ordinary conception of life of the ordinary man who is called "practical." He, too, is in hot pursuit of metaphysical abstractions, led by the nose by words and phrases; by heaven knows what "select, responsible and ridiculous" phantoms of his bustling, fussing world. Does he so much as attempt to rule his actions by the really important issues of life? Does he select for pursuit those things that enlarge his powers, his appreciation, his sense of beauty, of joy; which give him true satisfaction, health of body and peace of mind? Does he not steer his course by the nearest glaring electric light that sears his vision and points nowhere, leaving sun and stars to offer their safe and tranquil guidance over the perilous seas, unregarded?

He throws away as fast as it arrives the only part of life that is truly his, in his haste to glorify and endow that which he can never possess.

"Who supposes that the future arrives?" asks Benjamin Swift; "the future recedes."

And if *this* "present" determines the other "presents" when they come, yet it is the man rendering himself daily more incapable of possessing hereafter that of which he is now despoiling

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himself. He refuses the offer of the Now for the sake of a hundred "fictitious entities" of metaphysical fabrication, an offer that may some day seem to him like the gift thrown away of the freedom of the City of Bliss. For with the long repetition of actions, mental and physical, he has formed invincible limitations; and then of what avail his successes? For the world that he inhabits is the world that he sees and knows, and the thickness of the walls that shut him into his little prison-yard of dull habits is the measureless dimension of all the remaining universe.

And all this has its parallel in the eternal postponement of the claims of the living, feeling man and woman to those of the Race—of the Present to the Future. The Religion of Humanity is the religion of the "practical" man, writ large.

And so for ever this tragic shadow-hunt goes on, the fleeing shadows taking a hundred forms: glory, social honour, the family-name, success, and even duty in certain of its more mechanical and superstitious aspects, for this kind of duty leads to disaster for him who follows it and for those for whom it is performed as surely as any other departure from the line of sanity. Each has his vision of the Protean phantom, which sometimes assumes the most respectable of liveries. And, in these cases, the victim signs away his soul in secret compact with the Devil, and has an extremely dull time of it into the bargain! Truly pathetic is the fate of the Hunters of Shadows. For there are few among them who are not weary to death of the game; few who have not at moments a clear knowledge of its nature. Perhaps some fine picture or poem, some note of joy or lament in music, flashes a sudden recognition of the splendours foregone; and for a second, the long-closed doors of the spirit are opened to reveal, deep down, far away, the dying poet in it weeping and weeping—like a child in the dark.

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IV

The Religion of Humanity, it must be remembered, is not offered as a *pis aller*; as the only theory that can be made to fit the obstinate facts. It is offered, on the contrary, as guide and inspiration to the human castaway in the whirlpool of life.

And it is in *that* character that it reveals its emptiness and poverty. Not that the spirit faints at the demand for unrewarded heroism. Such heroism is a tale of every day. It is something quite other that takes the heart out of a man or woman who is exhorted to find inspiration in this lay-figure of a faith. Perhaps they cannot put it into words, but they know that such a religion is to the human heart the very abomination of desolation.

The more orthodox sort of agnostic sees in all this the deplorable result of ages of theological training. Those who shrink from the bleak and hopeless creed are regarded as poor and feeble natures, unable to play a courageous part without the bait of a tinsel heaven or the terror of a melodramatic hell. It seems curious that from this poor worm, the individual, the loftiest heroism is demanded as an everyday matter of course, uninspired by any final hope for himself or for his fellows. Hope? But what hope does the servant of Humanity need but that of spending his paltry self in its service? What can be finer than to work for a day that he will never see?

"A day that no man will ever see," the admonished might reply.

But in any case, the demand for fine actions is not sufficient in itself to form the foundation for a reasonable philosophy of life. There is a sect in Russia whose actions are exceedingly "fine," if absolute self-immolation can make them so, for they bury themselves up to the neck in the earth and remain there steadfastly for weeks, believing that that way fineness lies. Possibly it does; who shall say that their deeds, though eccentric, are not as heroic and single-minded as those

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of any Calendar Saint or good Agnostic? But their philosophy does not prove its rank and value by that. There is, indeed, scarcely a formulated belief that does not demand and may not prompt to heroic actions; for, after all, the despised individual has an astonishing power of heroism when occasion calls; but a creed has to commend itself by something other than its attribute of straining that power to the very uttermost. Our old friend the Juggernaut can do *that* successfully enough.

It is true that there are highly intelligent and nobly-endowed men and women who would hotly deny these statements, who would insist that they found the doctrine entirely sufficient to support a reasonable optimism and a rational form of "eternal hope." But to these, almost invariably, it has come as a welcome deliverer from the old theological prison. They are among the courageous band who took part in the storming of the Bastille of the human spirit. There is an exhilaration and noble enthusiasm which still lingers round the achievements of that magnificent Revolution, and those who are its heroes have won many followers through the might of their personal influence and the instinct of hero-worship that they cannot but arouse. But the dust of battle is beginning to clear away, and the spoils now have to be looked at in the cool and calm of the day after. Not that the spoils are few and paltry. A great stronghold of intellectual tyranny has been taken by assault. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of that victory. Without it we should still be turning, turning, like a squirrel in its cage, and not one inch of progress could we hope to make. But the real fruits of that great emancipation are not yet ours; only the seed is sown, and meanwhile the earth looks bare and wintry, and gives only a few signs here and there of coming spring.

The majority are no longer able to believe, as in the early days of the rationalistic movement, that to abolish God, and King, and Priest and faith in a life to come is to enter upon a spiritual Golden Age. The gain made is chiefly negative.

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One cannot, in the long run, find a faith to live and die by merely in the act of ardently *not* believing something, however unworthy of belief the something may be. One does not grow into a profound philosopher on the strength of thinking lightly of Jehovah. A day comes when this seems insufficient, and that day is beginning to dawn for many a freethinker hitherto happy in his negations.

Perhaps a few solid negations, fortified with a robust faith in the *Grand Etre*, has served well enough while life goes smoothly, while the affections are more or less satisfied and the tragedy that hangs over them is but a muttered menace; but with sorrow and lonelier days comes an inner melancholy that can scarcely evade the final secret passage into despair. In one whom life has thus touched to the quick, what has the Religion of the Aggregate to offer?

In thousands and thousands of years, perhaps, at the cost of infinite toil and suffering, conditions are to be better and the human type improved and developed. In that case the man and the woman will have new needs and longings as well as new capacities and perfections, and will be infinitely more sensitive, quicker to respond in every direction; therefore the tragedy of the affections, the agony of sympathy, will grow well-nigh unbearable. And though the power of joy would be also greater, its opportunity could scarcely grow in proportion; for what permanent foundation for joy would there be in a world of highly wrought, highly sensitive beings, who, with infinite capacity for love and pity, must watch the suffering of those they hold dear (and whom would they *not* hold dear?), knowing that for these there would be a few years of mixed pain and pleasure, at best something that they called happiness (after it was over), and then defeat and eternal parting as the end of the passionate human story?

The doctrine cheats and mocks the spirit of man in its profoundest sentiments, confounds his reason, bids him at once reign and abdicate, rule over and set going all the manifold activities of the world, give himself to unremitting efforts for

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the sake of his kind, and yet count himself and each of these as mere ephemeral units of no account, although their sum total is of such surpassing value that the hope of adding one iota to its happiness is to brighten and inspire all the toiling years of his life! Alas for such high hopes! Sum-totals are *not* happy, and they cannot be made so, though we die in the attempt.

Look at the matter as we may, we are confronted with absurdity, baffled in the effort to find a way out of the labyrinth of self-stultifying conceptions. Even the simplest of the precepts has its pitfalls.

"Live for others," said a high-minded teacher of the faith to his pupil.

"And what are the others to live for?" inquired the pupil.

V

Live for others.

This maxim must here be considered in relation to the system of thought under review, and in this relationship it becomes almost foolish, losing all the profound meaning and truth that it really possesses. The "living for others" of the orthodox Comtist (in so far as he is really true to his doctrine) is living for *one* other: the Great Being. He must be ready to immolate himself and all "others" who seem to him to endanger the honour and glory of that Idol.

The philosopher of the opposite school (and few there are of them as yet) is concerned with the thinking, feeling individual man and woman; frankly including himself as one of the units, a brother soul who in order to give must also receive, and must not, dare not, despoil himself till he has no riches to bestow, till he must go begging his bread, a mendicant instead of a builder and creator of the life of the world.

But it is profoundly true that "living for others" in this broad and universal and yet individualistic sense is the one and sole mode of "living" in any satisfactory sense at all. No one can be happy in real selfishness, in shutting himself into him-

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self, so to speak, for there does exist this great interdependence of living beings which means, in the last resort, that the sufferings of even the "least and worst" of the great kinship set up echoes in the nerves of each and all, and will not let them rest in dull and stupid self-seeking. The great joys are joys of spiritual relationships, and these relationships are of necessity painful in proportion to the selfishness of the nature. Wherever there is a taint of self *there* arises the pang—as, for instance, in the miseries of jealousy and the "claims of affection," as they are naïvely called. But to cast off the burden of self does not mean to become a worshipper of the human aggregate. To move forth from the little local prison into the great life is not to offer Paschal Lambs on the altar of the Race, though it may be to make many a sacrifice and to find a joy in so doing. "He that loseth his life shall find it." Yes, and yes—but *not* in the bosom of the *Grand Etre!*

VI

And now, as the result of this examination, we find that we come into point-blank, four-square opposition to the Religion of Humanity, and to all the tendencies of thought that it fosters, for if the perfecting of the great Aggregate be not the object of the life of the world, then Evolution would seem to be a means to an exactly opposite end: viz., the perfection of the individual. In any case, it could be so directed by the conscious efforts of mankind.

Thus happiness, development of consciousness rather than incessant immolation, becomes the meaning of all life, if meaning there be, and as happiness has been found to be knit inextricably with the social affections, with love which produces a wise and noble form of altruism (as distinguished from a mere slovenly self-neglect and sentimental self-abnegation for abnegation's sake) we find ourselves arrived at the conclusion that the stars in their courses are fighting for the growth of spiritual beauty—*all* beauty doubtless, and a generous, con-

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tagious kind of happiness. Again, in the light of this doctrine, we are led to regard the man or woman (or indeed any being with power to suffer and enjoy) as the object of all the solicitude and reverence and tenderness and hope, of all the love of which the human heart, in its most seeing and passionate moments, is capable.

To sacrifice the least of these to the Race would be like the act of a madman who should trample upon his wife and children in the interests of the family, or who should strangle his mother and father out of regard for his parents.

But this leads us to further consequences. For once begin to treat the individual as an end in himself, irrespective of all other things in heaven and earth, and straightway all other things in heaven and earth troop together in beneficent conspiracy to befriend him. Thoughts have a changed polarity, for now each single soul is sacred; the energies take new directions in obedience to the more pitiful thoughts; laws must purge themselves of barbarity, customs lose all conceivable excuse for cruelty, since no longer may the one be made to suffer for the many, the weak for the strong, nor, be it noted, the strong for the weak. No longer will it seem right and natural to inflict suffering for "righteousness' sake," be the victim humble and helpless as he may. The immemorial plea of the "general good" to justify the infliction of particular harm would be as obsolete as it is preposterous. "Good" would no longer be hideously bought by cruelty and harshness, it would be honestly *earned;* as indeed it must, for it can be won in no other way. Society would then recognise in each of her members her own child and handiwork, and even the humblest, meanest, "wickedest," most offending of beings would be regarded as possessing rights as inalienable in their degree as those of the most powerful and praiseworthy, and the whole community would rise as one man to protect them. And in the protecting of rights because they *were* rights, irrespective of the value of the possessor, the State protects itself and the very source of its well-being and progress.

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There are nations, sometimes well-ordered, and at any rate *much* ordered, whose institutions have destroyed all initiative and all freedom for the sake of what was deemed the general good; and we see them stagnating for hundreds and hundreds of years, grinding round and round in the same little circle, repeating for ever their stupid vices and their stupider virtues, after the popular fashion of a hive of bees, those dull, ridiculous and most over-rated insects!

VII

And so we escape from the tragic absurdity of a scheme in which conscious units are incessantly blotted out, while an unconscious aggregate remains to enjoy the harvest of sacrifice; a clear contradiction in terms. But we are still confronted with the difficulty of conceiving a human existence that would justify an optimistic faith, if death were held to be the end of all the fever and struggle.

But that need not trouble us more seriously in this case than if the *Grand Etre* were still at the centre of things. For if life ends with the grave, at least (on the individualistic theory) *something* has been gained, some beautiful desirable experience has been wrung from the jealous Gods who would fain cheat us of even this small salvage from the wreck. Whereas if the race must first be saved, the great Darkness closes in upon a lot on which the full glow of the Sun of Life has never shone. Thus all would be thrown into the abyss, and none be the better for it.

But our hypothesis, which raises the astonished individual from the gutter to the throne, suggests further possibilities.

The experiences of men transcend in certain directions the experiences of other animals, though all inhabit the same world. This greater experience depends upon the more extended relationships which he holds with the universe of things, and the same is true of civilised man as compared with primitive man, or intellectual man as compared with half-witted or even

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average man. Again, there are finer disparities of intuition and apprehension of subtler things, extending one dare not say how far into the domain of the (normally) unknown. What indeed is genius but an unusually extensive relationship with the spiritual universe? All this seems to point to the possibility of what may be called "another life," or rather of coming into touch with another portion of the sum-total of life, the "self" passing under a new set of conditions, not really into another world except in the sense in which a man undergoing some great change of consciousness and outlook may be said to enter another world.

If belief in such survival, or any survival of the change we call death be difficult, belief in the complete annihilation of a personality is scarcely easier. For if that living personality, that soul, does not survive the body, it seems to follow that the body is its parent, and that view forces us to hold that the brain is a mechanical instrument, which is able to grind forth thought and imagination and "will" and passion and love and pity and joy and unspeakable sorrow, as a sausage-machine produces sausages; and that even the keen overpowering sense of personal identity and all the deeper certainties of genius and intuition are products of the same mechanical process, and have no correspondence with any ultimate facts of the universe. But it is to confound the reason to ask it to attribute itself to a mechanism which thus becomes the object of its own perception: brain-products (*i.e.*, reason) contemplating by means of these very brain-products themselves the mechanism which gave them birth! One seems to enter a vicious circle as in the old unresolvable logical dilemma regarding Solon and the Cretans, who were liars according to Solon who was himself a Cretan. Attempt to conceive the "soul" or any non-physical attribute as the product of physical mechanism, and one finds oneself entangled in a network of contradictory and unthinkable consequences. True, this may possibly be no disproof of the theory, but if so human reason is confounded and finds itself utterly unable to accept that

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which shatters the fundamental laws of its being. Under such a system one fares scarcely better than if one adhered to some of the older and more picturesque schemes of belief, taking the famous definition of faith for one's guide: Faith is believing that which we know not to be true.

The alternative that remains is that the "soul" is not a brain-product but a brain-associate under certain conditions, the association breaking up when these change, the body ceasing to act in the absence of its inspiring companion. This at least is not more straining to the belief than the idea of a physical instrument giving birth to something wholly unrelated in nature to itself. Figs and thistles themselves have at least a relationship, but thought and the movements of "grey matter" have absolutely none except in regard to time. They occur simultaneously. So do occasionally rain and sunshine.

In no mechanism that we know does the machine give birth to the force that works it: the force is always the first on the field: to be utilised, harnessed, stored, organised, but never to be created by the mechanism from the beginning. Is the brain the sole exception?

And so we are gradually led to a parting of the ways, and have to choose between alternative conclusions: either the reality of things has no relation or correspondence whatever with human intelligence, and the ultimate facts are not only beyond our comprehension but contradictory to our reason—those attributes we call spiritual being mere by-products of matter which has contracted an odd habit of producing that which can turn round and contemplate consciously its unconscious parent—either that is true, or the universe *has* some sort of correspondence with the faculties of the beings it creates, and therefore there is something that answers and is in relationship with the idea of justice and pity and love and all that the human spirit conceives and aspires to. In that case it is hardly possible to imagine that man, or any sentient creature whatever, has been hurled into existence at haphazard to spend a

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few hunted years for no purpose in any way related to himself and his fellows.

The folly and injustice of such a scheme could never be redeemed by any ulterior object, however vast and magnificent, judging of course by the only instruments of judgment available, the human mind and heart. For no ulterior object could annihilate or cause *not to have been* the cruelty and the injustice that was once suffered.

Whichever of these alternatives we may accept—or if we can find a means to evade accepting either—the ideal for the civilised State must be to accord to every individual, to every sentient being, be he great or small, deserving or undeserving, first of all security from wrong and cruelty, and then the utmost opportunity of happiness which his nature allows him to embrace and society can help him to possess.

Far indeed are we from the fulfilment and even the adoption of that ideal, and infinite must be the difficulties of following it, for we have to deal with beings who are the fruit of a community still hypnotised by the primitive ideas of sacrifice and punishment. But not for ever can men cling to the notion that violence and bloodshed and retaliation will lead to safety and peace. The days are many, but they are numbered of the old self-perpetuating barbarism of the Vendetta between teacher and pupil, between criminal and State. In face of all the cruelty and horror of the world, a voice is calling for an end of warfare and stupid retaliation, whispering in the very cannon's mouth of a final possible brotherhood and peace.

Thus the dethronement of the *Divus Ridiculus*,[1] the Ridiculous God of the twentieth century, leads to a gospel of mercy and sympathy which the doctrine of Evolution with its condemnation of the "unfit" has been busy teaching misinterpreting man to forget. For some it may also point to the belief of individual survival after death, a doctrine which

[1] In the Roman Campagna not far from the Appian Way stands the ruined and magnificent temple of the Divus Ridiculus.

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may be regarded (at worst) as perhaps the least difficult among difficult creeds; at best——

Well, at best, we have the wonderful, unanimous testimony of "seers" of all ages, men and women of high endowment and illumination, and their message to each travailing soul is of eternal hope. What if the great longing that has haunted mankind for all time—not for the miserable material heaven of gold and silver and of foolish angels, but for some Heaven of the spirit and the imagination—what if this longing be prophetic and justified by ultimate realities? What if bliss absolute and perfect be at the back and the end of all things, depending on man himself to evoke and create? What if the smothered passion of the heart which burns in every thinking, feeling human creature, and breaks forth into flame in all real art and literature, were the inner knowledge of this truth, the straining forth towards the hearth-fires of a beloved and longed-for home?

MONA CAIRD.

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ON RIDING TO HOUNDS

NOT very long ago an American who had never been in Europe asked me to explain to him "how your fox-hunting in England is conducted—anyway." I did so. I went into details and described to him to the best of my ability exactly what takes place from the time hounds are unkennelled until they run into their fox. He listened attentively, and seemed to be greatly interested. When I had finished he turned to me with a bland look:

"And when you get up to the fox," he said, "you shoot him, I guess?"

I asked him to guess again.

The grotesqueness of that American's idea may strike some of us as being peculiar; yet there are many thousands of our own countrymen whose notions about fox-hunters, and of what actually constitutes fox-hunting, are in reality almost as hazy. Hunting-men, as a body, are unfortunately inclined to laugh at, or at any rate speak with only thinly-veiled contempt of, the individual who happens not to know anything about their favourite sport—though I confess I could never quite see why, seeing that comparatively only a very small section of the general community has ever had an opportunity even of being present at a meet of hounds. As a natural result the ignoramus —I do not use the word in any sense of disparagement— refrains, lest he should be made fun of, from broaching the subject of hunting when in conversation with those among his

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acquaintance whom he knows to be hunting-men and who could therefore enlighten him upon various points that from time to time may have puzzled him, the consequence being that any false impressions that he has acquired remain deeply set. Many persons who will read this article believe, for instance, that every hunted fox meets his death at last by being what in hunting phraseology is termed "mobbed," that is to say hemmed in on every side and killed by the hounds without his being given a chance of escape—one thing above many others that most masters of fox-hounds endeavour to guard against; while only recently a very charming woman, whose antipathy to sport is well-known, wanted me to tell her "why the fox couldn't be killed before being eaten"! Small wonder, then, that sport and sportsmen come to be in disrepute among many otherwise right-minded humanitarians when ideas so preposterous are allowed to gain credence. Indeed, incredible as it may seem to the uninitiated, there are plenty of persons who still honestly believe that fox-hunting causes suffering to the hounds, and very great suffering to the horses, the former being, so they imagine, driven to run themselves almost to death, and the latter spurred and flogged unmercifully. And it is for the enlightenment of those who know little or nothing of fox-hunting that this article is written.

The question was asked recently in a daily newspaper, Wherein does the pleasure of fox-hunting actually lie? That is an inquiry not to be answered off-hand, for the simple reason that the pleasures of the chase appeal to different sets of people in several different ways. The set, for instance, that loves to watch hounds at work, that takes delight in observing every twist and turn of the pack in its effort to discover scent, as often as not is quite content to ride all day without jumping a fence; while plenty of these enthusiastic hound-men, as they are commonly called, would in all probability enjoy the sport almost as much if they were on foot instead of being mounted, provided they were equally well

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able to note the movements of the pack. In direct opposition is the set, nowadays probably the biggest set of all, that takes comparatively little interest in hounds, but is satisfied if it gets a good gallop and plenty of jumping. These men come out simply and solely to ride, and but few pretend to come out for any other purpose. Whether they would not be just as happy if instead of running a fox they ran a "drag," that is, an artificial trail, is a moot point. But even to the different members of this particular set, often referred to as the riding division, the pleasure of fox-hunting appeals again in different ways. Some are influenced by the spirit of friendly rivalry that will lead A to try to get a better place in the run than B, and to keep it from start to finish. Others derive just as much pleasure from riding their own line without caring in the least what anybody else is doing. A third group makes it a rule to ride for "points," that is, to places the fox is in their opinion likely to make for. A fourth lot is quite content to gallop along the roads and lanes with the same object in view, namely, to meet at different points the body of the field that is riding across country. Each and all of these minor groups that go to make up the riding division enjoy the sport thoroughly, though not quite in the same way; and, in addition, there is the set that rides to hounds to a great extent for the sake of health and exercise. And that riding to hounds is, for the man or woman accustomed to horse exercise, among the healthiest of all forms of out-door sport, none can gainsay.

Fox-hunting [said a distinguished physician only recently] is the one sport that "stimulates," provided, of course, that the individual is already a horseman. . . . Game-shooting, more especially cover-shooting, and to some extent walking up partridges, takes a man what is called "out of himself;" that is it takes his attention off matters that may be disturbing his thoughts, and consequently it is beneficial. In like manner game-shooting is beneficial to the man whose brain has been working for a long spell at high pressure, inasmuch as it gives the brain fair time in which to recuperate. Fly-fishing is similarly beneficial, though in a lesser degree, while among pastimes golf is the one to be the most recommended for men of middle-age or advanced in years.

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. . . There is but one form of sport, however, that in addition to resting the mind by distracting the attention at the same time stimulates the system better than any tonic or treatment could stimulate it, and that, as I have said, is fox-hunting—for the individual accustomed to riding, or even able to ride only fairly well.

Considering impartially this question of what actually constitutes the pleasure of fox-hunting, and looking at the question so far as possible from the standpoint of a man who has never ridden to hounds yet would like to understand what to him must at first sight appear to be an almost incomprehensible kind of fascination, I become at once convinced of one thing, namely, that the actual destruction of life is to fully nineteen men out of every twenty who ride to hounds by far the least attractive part of the sport. I would, indeed, go further, and, at the risk of being taken to task, say that many of our most enthusiastic fox-hunters, men who are fearless riders and who "go" straight to hounds whenever it is possible to do so, secretly feel gratified when a fox that has shown good sport escapes instead of being killed. Naturally the master is keen to "blood" his hounds, especially early in the season, and as naturally the farmers who have refrained from destroying foxes that may have worked havoc among the poultry they forgot to shut up at night are delighted when they hear that yet another of their enemies has been killed. But to the majority of the hunt it is in most instances a matter of indifference whether the fox is killed or not, provided he shows sport; in other words, gives them a run. Anthony Trollope declared that a man on horseback felt "twice a man." He might have added that a man well-mounted, and who has been so fortunate as to get well away at the tail of a good pack of hounds in full cry and heading for a line of open country, feels not merely "twice a man," but as if suddenly obsessed by some peculiarly invigorating and rejuvenating elixir. The mantle of mental depression that may have hung about him from the time he awoke in the morning seems upon such an occasion to drop off him and

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then and there be completely forgotten, and this in itself, I think, constitutes one at least of the great witcheries of the sport.

"But are not the days of fox-hunting numbered?" Questions to this effect are asked almost as regularly as the hunting season comes round, and the replies are usually of a contradictory nature. The breezy optimist dismisses the inquiry without a thought and with the one word, "ridiculous." The pessimist draws a long face and expresses the opinion that within a very few years fox-hunting in this country will be a sport of the past, that at best it will be confined to wild and moorland districts. Personally I am inclined to think that many years will elapse before fox-hunting as a national sport becomes extinct in Great Britain. At the present time the only thing in the least calculated to give it a death-blow is the practice of wiring fences, and this, certainly, sometimes makes one pause and consider. It is true that on the occasion of the annual meeting of the secretaries of the various hunts, which is held at Tattersall's, the consensus of opinion was to the effect that, viewing hunting countries collectively, less wire is put up to-day than a few seasons ago. To be told this is of course satisfactory, and emphatically the men who uttered the statement spoke in all good faith; yet when hunting-men from so many parts of England, and to some extent Ireland, are heard in London clubs complaining in ever-increasing numbers of what they speak of as "the deplorable spread of wire" in the countries in which they hunt, and when one sees for one's self fence after fence marked with danger signals where it seems but yesterday that wire was tabooed, the conclusion arrived at by the hunt secretaries is difficult to reconcile.

The problem that at once naturally presents itself is, What steps can be taken to check the spread of wire? In the first place, then, it should be borne in mind that the landowner, and not the tenant-farmer, is directly to blame for wired fences. A clause in the farmer's lease stating that wire shall not be put up without special permission from the landlord—a clause that

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not one farmer in ten will object to—does away with the evil then and there. That the farmer, more especially when not a hunting-man, should use wire in place of wood when repairing his fences, and strengthen many of his hedges by running wire through them, is but natural when he knows that he is quite at liberty to do so, and that wire fencing is probably the least expensive of any. On the other hand the average English farmer—and I speak with knowledge of farmers in many different counties—is as right-thinking a man as any one need wish to meet, and while resenting the dictatorial tone too often adopted by hunting-men of a particular class whenever they have occasion to address him, he is not merely willing, but eager to further the interests of the chase, provided the members of the hunt treat him with ordinary courtesy and consideration. More than once I have heard a farmer shouted at by some aggressive individual for not getting out of the way, when the farmer in question was on his own land, and had a perfect right to summon the horseman for trespass. Indeed, it has always seemed to me, though possibly I may be quixotic, that if only a great body of our hunting-men could be led to exercise more tact, could be induced to stand a little less on their dignity, and could be made to see that a cheery word to a farmer, or for that matter even to a farm-hand, is generally preferable to a scowl or a stony stare, complaints about the damage done by the hunt would be less frequent and less bitter. As a popular master of hounds said to me lately, not in the least in a boastful spirit,

> There is hardly a wired fence on any farm where I have been able to call on the farmer myself; yet I have never in my life bribed a farmer to take his wire down, and I believe that, taken as a body, the farmers in most parts of Great Britain and Ireland will do anything in reason to oblige one if they are dealt with in the right way. Set to work bullyragging them, however, and ordering them to do this, that and the other thing when they know as well as you that they are not bound to obey you, and you may whistle for all the satisfaction you will ever get out of any of them.

Of course it is as easy to say that the hunt does no damage

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as to say that the unemployed won't work. Yet one has only to walk over a farm that a hundred or so horsemen have just galloped across on a wet day, to realise the fallacy of the former statement. There is no doubt, however, but that certain farmers are wont to exaggerate considerably when complaining to a master of hounds of the damage done by the hunt, in the same way that some cottagers and others send in false returns of poultry killed or alleged to have been killed by foxes. Many masters meet these difficulties half-way and endeavour to balance matters by paying only a proportion of the sums claimed, but for an obvious reason this plan cannot be recommended. The only way to get at the truth in such cases is for (preferably) the master himself, or the hunt secretary, or some tactful member of the hunt, to look into the matter personally and discover what amount of damage really has been done, and then pay compensation accordingly. In some countries six or eight members of the hunt regularly volunteer to make these inquiries, with the result that the amount of time any single one of them has to devote to the business is never great, while the friction between the farmers, the cottage population, and the hunt, is reduced to a minimum. Indeed, to my own knowledge, hunting is far more generally popular in four countries where this "personal inquiry" plan is carried out systematically than it is in any of the other hunting-countries I have stayed in from time to time.

The idea that hunting benefits the farmer by creating a conveniently-situated market in which he can dispose of fodder, &c., is now to all intents and purposes exploded. It is true that in days gone by the great majority of hunting-men used to buy their hay, straw, and oats from farmers on the spot, partly because they found it more convenient to do so, also partly because they wished to do the farmer a good turn; but in this twentieth century, when sentiment is practically a thing of the past, and fodder can be bought in London and other big cities and delivered in country places sometimes for less than some farmers charge for it, the majority of hunting-men who

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do not own land in the counties in which they hunt buy almost everything "outside." And without a doubt it is principally the "outsider" who of late years has done so much to bring fox-hunting into disrepute. Nearly always it is the "outsider," the man who has no personal connection with, or interest in, the country, who breaks down fences, rides recklessly over seeds, and leaves gates open or unfastened which, when hounds are not running, he ought to shut and fasten after him, and who incidentally spoils sport by over-riding hounds, heading the fox, and so on. It is chiefly through this man's lack of forethought, too, that the rest of the field often has to suffer by incurring in some instances the odium of landlords as well as tenants. Another modern feature likely to prove detrimental to the prosperity of fox-hunting in the future is the steadily, and in some countries very rapidly, increasing popularity of the "big shoot," which necessitates the rearing of pheasants on a very big scale. That pheasants and foxes can be preserved in the same covers and at the same time has been proved many times over, but what is equally certain is that if pheasants are once seriously disturbed, as they would be if hounds ran through their covers before the first big shoot of the season, a proportion of the birds will in all probability never be found again in those woods, no matter how carefully they may have been reared and fed. Thus it comes about that year by year, as more and more men preserve, more and more covers are closed to hounds almost until Christmas, and sometimes until after Christmas. The feeling of hostility that for this reason was at one time common between hunting-men and shooting-men is now less marked than formerly, possibly because, according to statistics, more men now shoot as well as hunt than in days gone by. At the same time, what with the wiring of fences, the increase in game-preserving, the complaints, just and otherwise, of tenant-farmers, and to some extent of landlords, to say nothing of the growing popularity of motoring that now leads a proportion of our landed proprietors to winter abroad who formerly hunted and thus to

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a great extent helped to keep up the *prestige* of the sport, the future of fox-hunting is less brilliant than one could wish it to be. Yet, in spite of all that is urged to the contrary by men who have axes to grind, there is no valid reason for supposing that the "dead-set" which a section of the opponents of sport are striving to organise against hunting and other "blood" sports, as they are called, will prove successful, unless some unforseen incident should occur that might be likely to help their cause.

BASIL TOZER.

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GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

CLARENDON HOUSE AND DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

THREE years or less from its building, Clarendon House was a monument of fallen greatness. Within twenty years it was gone for ever. Devonshire House, built a year later, has been for two hundred years the home of one of the very few most prosperous families in England, and shelters still perhaps the most distinguished head of that family. For eighteen years they stood side by side. I do not know that there is any moral in particular to be drawn from the circumstance, unless that it is safer to go slowly, but the contrast must needs arrest the eye of a moralist.

The building of Clarendon House in itself seemed to show a man whose head was turned by high position. In 1664 Hyde was at the summit of his power, Lord Chancellor of England, and still overawing his Sovereign. His daughter was wife to the Heir-Apparent. But Charles was already wearying of this tutelage, and anxious to escape from it, and two great shadows were on their way, the arrival of an unhappy war and the non-arrival of a child to the Queen, which were to darken the Chancellor's head in the eyes of the people. "He has married his daughter to the Duke of York and looks to be grandfather of Kings, curse him," said the people.

However, in 1664 Charles granted him a large tract of land,

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eastwards to Swallow Street, which now is, and uncertainly but generously westwards, and later the City of London gave him (practically) a lease of the Conduit Mead, covered now by New Bond Street, Brook Street, and so forth. He chose the spot at the top of St. James's Street, fronting St. James's Palace, which to the envious this upstart palace might seem to rival, and began building with the stones intended to repair old St. Paul's—in itself a tactless proceeding. The admiring Pepys and the complimentary Evelyn recorded the erection in diaries and letters. Evelyn wrote to Lord Cornbury, Clarendon's son, a most eloquent panegyric on it, and pronounced it "the first palace in England, deserving all I have said of it and a better encomiast," and ended with the pious wish that when Clarendon "shall have passed to that upper building not made with hands," his posterity ("as you, my Lord") might inherit the palace—and the rest of his greatness. Alas for the builder so soon to be ruined, and his posterity to be impoverished!

In 1667 the deluge began. The Dutch sailed up to Gravesend and the mob broke the windows of Clarendon House. They called it Holland House, suggesting bribes from the Dutch; Dunkirk House, with the idea that Clarendon was bribed to sell Dunkirk; and Tangier Hall, because they had no use for Tangier, which he had acquired for England. A most unpopular edifice. "They have cut down the trees before his house," writes Pepys, "and broke his windows; and a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate, and these words writ: 'Three sights to be seen: Dunkirke, Tangier, and a barren Queen.'"

This last accusation, as Mr. Wheatley says, was unjust, because Clarendon could not help it, had even opposed the marriage with Catharine of Braganza. But the mob was not alone in giving him the blame of the unlucky non-result. The Court did so too, and Rochester, challenged by the King to find a rhyme to Lisbon, fired off:

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Here's health to Kate
Our Sovereign's mate
Of the Royal House of Lisbon:
But the devil take Hyde
And the Bishop beside
Who made her bone of his bone,—

an impromptu, let us hope, for then the rhyme is brilliant.

Two months later Sir William Morrice was sent to the fine new house to demand the Great Seal from its owner.

So he sat in his great house, with its wings and its turret in the middle, and its low wall running along Piccadilly and its fine gates, sat there and wondered how long he might sit there still. The workmen were not yet out of the place altogether, and I daresay Clarendon guessed with what gibes they were building for him. Evelyn visited him in December, and found him "in his garden, at his new-built palace, sitting in his gowt wheel-chayre, and seeing the gates setting up towards the north and the fields. He looked and spoke very disconsolately." The picture is pathetic enough, for if Clarendon fell short of being a great man, he was at least a zealous and strenuous man; he had shared his master's exile and had seen the cause of his master triumph, only himself to fall. He was impeached for high treason and wrote humbly to Charles, "I do upon my knees beg your pardon for any over-bold or saucy expressions I have used to you . . . a natural disease in old servants who have received too much countenance." For a sensualist Charles was not hard-hearted, but Clarendon had gone too far and too long against his comfort, and he let his old servant's enemies have their way.

Clarendon fled to Calais, to die in exile seven years later, and pious versifiers took care to dwell on the affair of those unlucky stones. "God," wrote one,

God will revenge, too, for the stones he took
From aged Paul's to make a nest for Rooks.

The house was leased by his sons, Cornbury and Lawrence Hyde, who was a favourite and companion of Charles, to the

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Duke of Ormond. There, again, is a figure sorrowful in a way, though not disastrous. At the Court of Charles II., Ormond was out of date. He was a great noble, too great—unless, indeed, he had overtly combated the Government—to be sent the way of Clarendon, a new man, and Charles himself never failed in respect to this old and potent servant of his father; it is recorded that Buckingham once asked him whether the Duke of Ormond had lost his favour or he the Duke's since it was the King who was embarrassed when they met. But this was a parvenu Court. His ancient nobility fatigued the King and he set about him new people, male and female, who could amuse him. The Duke of Ormond must have chafed at the upstarts and foreigners who were more powerful than he, and must have known that there was something ironical in their deference to him, that his stateliness and older fashion were ridiculed behind his back. It was fated that no happy man should be master in Clarendon House.

It was while he lived there that a most extraordinary outrage was done on him, and that perhaps the most extraordinary scene that ever happened in Piccadilly took place; it was finished there if it was begun in St. James's Street, and so comes scrupulously into my pages.

In the year 1670, less than two centuries and a half ago, this powerful noble, driving up St. James's Street towards his house fronting it, in his coach, with six footmen attending him, was set upon by ruffians, seized and hurried along Piccadilly towards Tyburn, where they proposed to hang him.

I am tempted to digress into the history of Colonel Blood, that most melodramatic villain with the most convenient name, a history which no romancer would have dared to invent. It would colour my quiet pages to relate how he stole the Crown from the Tower and very nearly got off with it, and other surprising feats. But it is not in the bond, and the reader may go to no more recondite a source than Scott's notes to his "Peveril of the Peak," and the adventure I may tell is startling enough.

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The Duke of Ormond had been dining in the City, in attendance on the Prince of Orange, then in England, and was returning home; it was a dark night. He always took six footmen abroad with him, but did not allow their weight on his coach, having spikes on it to prevent their clambering up; they went on either side of the street. Bloods ruffians contrived to stop the footmen, while Blood and his son dragged the Duke from the coach.

And now, if Blood had been content with simple murder, he might have done it. But the Duke was his old enemy; he had attributed to Ormond the Act of Settlement in England of 1663 which had inconvenienced Lieutenant Blood, as he was then, and by a plot had nearly captured Dublin Castle, and Ormond, the Lord-Lieutenant of the time, within it—like a proper villain of melodrama, Blood never *quite* succeeded in his fell purposes. So now his artist villainy prompted a finer revenge than mere stabbing. He would hang the Duke at Tyburn. They forced him on horseback and buckled him to one of the ruffians, and then Blood rode off, saying he would tie a rope to the gallows. The coachman, meanwhile, drove on to Clarendon House and gave the alarm, telling the porter "that the Duke had been seized by two men, who had carried him down Pickadilly."

Blood's swagger undid him. For the Duke, though sixty, which was old age in those days, was still a man of his hands and struggled valiantly, so that the ruffian in front of him made but slow progress. They had got a good way past Devonshire House, however, on the road between the fields towards Knightsbridge, when the Duke cleverly got his foot under the ruffian's and fell with him into the mud. By now the neighbourhood was alarmed and rescue was arriving and the ruffian made off, so that Blood, coming impatiently back from Tyburn to meet his victim, found his followers in flight. The Duke, exhausted, had to be carried home to Clarendon House, and lay ill there for some days. I fear Piccadilly is no pleasant haunting-place for his ghost.

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No happy person ever possessed Clarendon House. It was sold, after Clarendon's death, to the young Duke of Albemarle—the second, Monk's son—and he was a spendthrift and a drunkard. (Clarges Street, by the way, is called after his uncle, Sir Thomas.) He went out to Jamaica to seek a sunken Spanish galleon, found his galleon, but lived not to enjoy the gold. His widow was the madwoman, whose illusion, that she should marry the Grand Turk, made the fortune of the first Duke of Montagu, but her history belongs not to Piccadilly.

The Duke of Albemarle sold Clarendon House, which he had called Albemarle House, to a "little syndicate"—as we now affectionately call such bodies—which gave £85,000 for the house and the ground about it. The syndicate seems to have known its business, since Evelyn tells us that it recovered this money by the sale of the old materials alone. Its leading spirit was Sir Thomas Bond, of Peckham.

So the ill-fated house was pulled down and four new streets—Dover, Albemarle, Bond, and Stafford—were built on its site—the name of one of the earliest of those speculators who are the pride of our country immortalised among them. It was being pulled down when Evelyn drove by with Lord Clarendon, the Chancellor's son, and tactfully, as he tells us, turned his head the other way. Evelyn, too, moralises very beautifully over the demolition. "See," says he, and so say I, "the vicissitudes of earthly things!"

Turn we to a happier theme. Devonshire House was at first Berkeley House, built in 1665 for Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, who has left both these names to the two streets westwards. With him I need not linger, nor do more than mention the fact that Queen Anne lived here in 1695.

The Cavendishes began their long possession in 1697 with William, the first Duke of Devonshire.

There seems ever to have been a sort of dignified reticence

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about this family, which greatly impresses me as a man but rather baffles me as a scribbler.

The roaring generations flit and fade,

and there is ever a Devonshire filling his eminent position, calm, retiring, imperturbable, and never an amusing thing to tell of any one of them. The first Duke, to be sure, is said by Horace Walpole to have been "a patriot among the men, a Corydon among the ladies," and a lady complimented him in a poem as one

Whose soft commanding looks our breasts assailed,

but these dashing qualities resulted in no history we can chuckle over now. He did indeed cause a public scandal, but it was in a curiously lugubrious manner. Being a very religious man—as Major Pendennis said of his friend who played piquet all day except on Sundays—the Duke insisted on putting up a monument in a church to the memory of his mistress, Miss Anne Campion, the singer. The public was indignant, and Pope's ready lash fell on the Duke, who was dead by then, and probably would not have paid much attention had he been alive.

The third Duke had the pleasure of rebuilding the house, which was destroyed by fire in 1733, after a design by William Kent. Many severe criticisms have been passed on it, and ironical compliments on the wall, which till lately hid it. Mr. Max Beerbohm once wrote an eloquent essay protesting against the insertion of the gates in the wall, but his reason, I think, was that the unbroken brick conveyed an agreeable air of mystery. For my part, the ugliness of Devonshire House, if it is ugly, does not displease me. Plainness and severity of design suit the climate, the atmosphere, the tone and temperament generally, of London. If architecture, as Goethe said, is as frozen music, then that of London should be solemn marches and simple airs, not roulardes and fandangoes. Devonshire House is well enough.

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And so, I do not doubt, were the third Duke and the fourth, but there is nothing to say of them.

But the fifth Duke has a lustre about him time cannot dim, for he married Lady Georgiana Spencer.

I wonder no one as yet has written a "Book of Duchesses." The very title would make it popular, and it might really be full of the most excellent differences. To my mind the most interesting figure in it would not be Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Force of character, strength of will, and single-hearted selfishness of purpose exalt the great Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, beyond all other duchesses. I sometimes fancy that she, with her harsh common sense and her over-bearing ways, created that popular tradition of a duchess which humourists and comedies have fixed in the public mind. But most fascinating of duchesses to imagine—far more so than any of those jolly, but a little coarse, wantons who were made duchesses by Charles II.—Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire beyond question was.

Lineally descended from the great duchess I have named, she is said to have been like her, but assuredly must have had a kindness and softness in her face which the other lacked. Faultlessly beautiful she was not, though that "her hair was not without a tinge of red," as Sir Nathaniel Wraxall remarked, would not now prevent our thinking her so. But with her freshness and grace, her sensitive, intelligent features, we can picture the outward setting as fit enough for the soul that led and sweetened and held the hearts of that great aristocratic society.

And what a society it was! Many writers, this one among the least of them, have tried to express it, but none has quite succeeded. A society coherent, small, as it were a large family, of unquestioned authority and power, and therefore free from the nervous assertiveness which marks aristocracies apparent but unreal; punctilious in a way, but to our conception free-spoken to the last degree; sure of itself and therefore not superficially exclusive, as, indeed, the best of English society

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has seldom been; cultivated sometimes, and always wishing to be thought so, which is at least a better mood than the pride of ignorance so common in England now; amorous, adventurous, free-living, and with the humour ever running to eccentricity which, till lately, was always characteristic of our people, "high or low"—can any one deny the charm of such a society? It had the vices, I know, which have characterised leisure and abundance in every age. It gambled persistently and not infrequently broke its marriage vows. Indeed, one may regret that certain preachers of our day were not alive then for a proper field for their abilities. The "Smart Set" they castigate now is a trivial bogey. Our society is an incoherent mass split up into coteries, and possibly of one coterie or another it may be said with truth that it practises the vices named as a regular habit. But not—and this is the important point—a coterie with power and prestige. Our society is specialised, and the people with political influence are hard-working, innocently recreating folk; what the unimportant "smart" people do may matter to themselves, but is not the national concern the preachers would have it. The evils of our community are not to be found in such matters—they are evils beside which these are trumpery.

In this eighteenth century it was otherwise. It was the men ruling the country, or, at least, having its ear who were the gamblers and libertines. The Duke of Grafton and Lord Sandwich were important politicians: Charles Fox was the most reckless prodigal of his age. Even matched with our own delinquents, not with our statesmen, these sinners were dreadful. Two years ago there was a great scandal in London because a young man lost £10.000 at a club, playing *écarté*. But when Fox and FitzPatrick held their faro bank at Brooks's—the now so impressively respectable Brooks's—such losses were daily or nightly events.

Ah well, I am a Socialist, and am far from setting up this old English society as an ideal state of things. Yet it was not

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in itself more harmful than many a ring of respectable plutocrats now, and that it had an agreeable tone—an ironical, tolerant, life-loving tone—all its letters show, not only those of intellectual connoisseurs of life like Horace Walpole, but those of all the casual sporting men and women who wrote to George Selwyn.

It was, of course, the Whig branch of it, over which her Grace of Devonshire presided, a more charming hostess, one imagines, than a little later Whig society found in the imperious Lady Holland. One of her closest intimates was Charles Fox himself, and that alliance must have been pleasant indeed to watch—Charles with his heavy frame and his big-featured, swarthy face, lit up with that indescribably gay twinkle of fun and good temper his best portrait shows us, and she, blonde and arch and eager—what would not we give to listen to them?

She came of a clever and spirited family. Her sister was the Lady Diana who was divorced by the second Lord Bolingbroke, the "Bully" of the Selwyn letters, and married Topham Beauclerk, Dr. Johnson's strangely chosen companion —the Lady Diana who was so clever at drawing Cupids. She was loved at home and there is a touching anecdote told by Wraxall of her other sister, Lady Bessborough's grief for her death. So we picture her, gay, clever, a little spoiled perhaps, marrying at seventeen the fifth Duke of Devonshire. "She is a lovely girl," wrote Horace Walpole, "natural and full of grace; he, the first match in England."

And what was he besides? Calm—that is the note struck in the accounts of him beyond all others. "A nobleman," Wraxall describes him, "whose constitutional apathy formed his distinguishing characteristic. His figure was tall and manly, though not animated or graceful; his manners always calm and unruffled. He seemed to be incapable of any strong emotion, and destitute of all energy or activity of mind." This apathy, it would seem, did not yield to the charms of conversation in Devonshire House; the Duke, to rouse himself, had

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to repair to Brooks's and play at whist or faro. It is agreeable to know, however, that he "possessed a highly improved understanding," and was regarded as an infallible referee at Brooks's when there was any dispute about passages in Roman poets or historians. (What place in our day combines gambling with discussions on the Roman poets?) He possessed also "the hereditary probity characteristic of the family of Cavendish," which perhaps was made a little easier by the more than comfortable circumstanees also characteristic of that family. George the Fourth passed a severe judgment on him in his famous criticism of the way which people had come forward to be invested with the garter, stating that "the Duke of Devonshire advanced up to the Sovereign with his phlegmatic, cold, awkward air, like a clown." We may as well take the more complimentary view and believe that he was simply calm. But even so it seems a figure of somewhat excessive calmness, and it is almost a relief to learn that beneath all this apathy he was not "insensible to the seduction of female charms."

It might be supposed that a woman so active and emotional as his Duchess would not be happily joined to a man normally so unruffled and roused only by cards and female charms, which, unfortunately, it seems were not necessarily those of his wife, and we might look for quarrels. Happily, however, these contrasting temperaments not infrequently agree well enough, and it is not on record that the Duke's calm was unpleasantly ruffled by his wife. That she was wild and inclined to be dissipated is true. There is a letter from Lady Sarah Bunbury in which the writer laments the Duchess's preposterous hours, but there is no hint in it of the mistake into which Lady Sarah herself alas! was soon to fall. She played cards, of course, like all her world, but the play does not seem to have been serious enough to keep the Duke at home, or perhaps he preferred masculine methods at the card-table. Also, if we may believe the writer of a "Second Letter to the Duchess of Devonshire," a pamphlet

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which the curious will find in the British Museum, she sometimes made undesirable acquaintances. It must have been agreeable to have such kind and intimate things printed and published about one as this: "I am disposed to think, nay, I have very substantial reasons for thinking, that your Grace places an unreserved confidence in persons whom the Duke of Devonshire does not approve and from whom Lady Spencer has in vain endeavoured to separate you." But I think we need gather only that even this Duchess of Devonshire did not please everybody. While the curious, by the way, are in the British Museum they might ask also for a poem of the period called "The Duchess of Devonshire's Cow," and admire the appalling insipidity from which the print of no age is free.

I trust the censor quoted above did not allude to Dr. Johnson. "I have seen the Duchess of Devonshire," writes Wraxall again, "then in the first bloom of youth, hanging on the sentences that fell from Johnson's lips, and contending for the nearest place to his chair." Is there any man of letters on whose sentences duchesses hang now? If there be, I doubt he is not so sound as Dr. Johnson. Let us remember, when we think of this lady and her friends, that their homage to genius was not a mere fashion; that they read and understood and thought; it is a quality which we may surely set against much else that they did unwisely. As the English aristocracy has been gradually commercialised, its sport has been continued with enthusiasm, but its culture has sadly fallen away. As for vices, they were never very difficult to learn. It is a pleasant side to this duchess, who had "far more of manner, politeness, and gentle quiet," than Fanny Burney had expected in so dashing a great lady.

Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire is chiefly remembered now as the prototype of lady canvassers, for her exertions in behalf of Charles Fox in the Westminster election of 1784. When "the Piccadilly Beauty" had done her work,

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The butchers and the bakers,
The grocers, undertakers,
The milliners and toymen,
All vote for Carlo Khan.

She entered, the Cornwallis Correspondence tells us, "some of the most blackguard houses in the Long Acre," and, as we all know—but I am not afraid of being hackneyed—bought Steel the butcher's vote with a kiss. She had then one of the finest compliments ever paid a woman, when an Irish mechanic exclaimed: "I could light my pipe at her eyes!" Which, madam, would you like best, that, or the famous compliment which Steel—not the butcher but Dick Steele—paid another woman? Would you rather a pipe could be lit at your eyes or that to know you were a liberal education? I wonder.

Four years earlier, in the Gordon Riots, she had to flee from Devonshire House to Lord Clement's in Berkeley Square, where she slept in the drawing-room on a sofa or small tent bed.

She died in 1806, and Charles Fox said they had lost the kindest heart in England. There is nothing, I think, to be added about the calm Duke, except that he married again, the Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, about whose portrait by Gainsborough there was a fuss some years ago. She let Byron his house in Piccadilly and I regret to say had some difficulty in getting the rent paid.

So Clarendon House, with nothing to its memory but the story of a fall, is gone, and Devonshire House, the scene of a thousand great festivals, the home of important Dukes in unfailing line, stands still, lordly and prosperous. Yet I doubt if any ghost but one comes from its gates and haunts Piccadilly with an interest for us so arresting as that of the beaten old statesman, whom we may picture in some solitary night, sitting somewhere in Albemarle Street, where his garden was, in his "gowt wheel-chair," looking disconsolately.

Which of those calm, unruffled dukes appeals to us now?

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They had character, for the most part, to stand well with their contemporaries, and sense not to fling away the gifts which by accident of birth were theirs. A worthy and impressive line, it cannot fascinate our imagination. One gracious and fair ghost comes out of Devonshire House and rewards our homage with a smile. I am sure if she goes his way and sees poor Clarendon in his wheel-chair she says something kind to him.

G. S. Street.

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THE BEAUTY AND USES OF OUR NATIONAL ART SONGS

MORE, perhaps, than at any other period in our social history we now have promoters of opera, symphony concerts, musical festivals, choral societies, and what not, all busily employed both in London and the provinces, chiefly with the advancement of foreign music. Whilst these promoters are inconsequently aided and abetted in their efforts by the Press in general, there is, on the other hand, a small, but apparently steadily growing, tendency on the part of an intelligent section of the British public to be interested in native music. There is, moreover, an educational movement on foot, whose leaders strongly advocate the necessity of teaching British music, and British music only, in our schools. It may be remarked at the outset that the spirit of our national music has always been vocal. We have never evolved a musical instrument of any importance; we have contributed no essential element to the best forms of modern instrumental music. But already at a very early date English musicians realised highly characteristic forms of song, distinct from those of other nations, These may be conveniently summed up under the generic heading of our national art songs, a term which can include, first, a fine vocal literature of songs—English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch, many of them of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century origin, and—especially amongst the Keltic varieties—long

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since enrolled amongst the world's best vocal classics; and, second, an equally fine literature of rounds, catches, and glees, as well as the beautiful but more rigid and complex style of the madrigal. The term national art song should even, one thinks, be extended without hesitation to our nursery rhymes, there being no lack of art in the evolution of these last-named naïve and racy little tunes. As to the glee,

> it is a form of composition quite distinct from the German part song, and of infinitely higher interest; and of so truly national a character that it has never in one single instance been produced in any other country than our own, or set to other than English words.[1]

The Anglo-Saxon derivation of the word glee would seem to point to a slow but uninterrupted structural development of this exquisite form of English part-song, reaching a culmination in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As it is, musical form can be illustrated no more aptly by a Haydn symphony or a Beethoven sonata than by the delightful glees of Stevens and Webb. If this kind of music be now comparatively little practised, its neglect is due not so much to a constant advance in musical composition, but rather to the fact of there being at present few Englishmen possessed of the combined musical and vocal ability requisite in good unaccompanied part-singing. Whether our wealth of beautiful vocal compositions, as we now know them, may or may not have sprung originally from indigenous folk-music, *i.e.*, music unconsciously evolved by an untutored people, is difficult to decide with any degree of accuracy. And as one instance amongst many of the curious confusion obtaining as to what shall be defined as our national music, one may quote the inclusion of Haydn's canzonetta, "My Mother bids me bind my hair," in a collection of "English Minstrelsie," made by the folk-song expert, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. The presence of folk-music, circulating with any degree of vitality in a country, suggests something besides an inherent musical strain in its originators, since it usually also indicates a comparatively low standard of national development. Herein lies

[1] Grove's "Dictionary of Music." Old Edition.

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a curious paradox. It was doubtless owing to our especially early national development that a Shakespeare was possible in the sixteenth century. One or two of the songs with which he so freely interspersed his plays—Ophelia's song, "How should I your true love know," for example—might well have been linked with the unsophisticated vernacular of folk-music; but the greater number of the Shakespearean lyrics are of a refinement and logical sequence, indicating a corresponding stage in musical development quite beyond the primitive utterances of uncultivated folk-song. In Russia, on the other hand, scarcely more than a hundred years ago, there was still a peasantry, probably very much on a par with what the English "folk" may have been in the thirteenth century, when music first took root with us as a written art. This peasantry was discovered to be steeped in an atmosphere of untranscribed song, dance and legend, an atmosphere which has not yet wholly evaporated. In the more isolated parts of Scotland again, in Ireland, and in Wales, there may still be traced a quantity of traditional airs stamped with the ancient impress of the Keltic people. With regard to the emanations of strictly English folk-music, it may be observed that already in the reign of Elizabeth we find that tactful and capable legislator prohibiting the minstrels who frequented wassailings, harvest homes, sheep-shearings, and similar popular festivals. Elizabeth was assuredly obsessed by no violently puritanical prejudices. She inherited decided musical tastes from her father, and constantly encouraged the art amongst the cultivated circles who gathered at her Court. Hence the prohibition of minstrels and singers amongst the people naturally leads one to suppose that their favourite tunes and dances were not esteemed as being of very elevating and inspiring influence. This digression, it should be added, is not intended as a slur upon any useful work achieved by stray believers in the innate musical gifts of the English masses. One wishes, on the contrary, only to emphasise the fact, that whereas to some of us the bulk of the English people have never been conspicuously musical, this is

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all the more reason for a strenuous attempt at a wide cultivation amongst them upon fundamentally musical and melodious principles of the most humanising, the most spiritually emotional, of all the arts. A token of the apparent desire for a revival of British vocal music is the ever increasing number of new editions of our national songs. We may mention for instance: "Rounds, Catches and Canons" (ed. J. Powell Metcalfe); "British Nursery Rhymes" (ed. Moffat and Kidson); "A Book of British Songs for Home and School" (ed. Cecil Sharp); "The Cambrian Minstrelsie" (6 vols., ed. Joseph Parry); "The Minstrelsies of England, Ireland, and Scotland" (ed. Moffat); "Songs of the British Isles" (ed. W. H. Hadow); "Irish Folk Songs" (ed. A. P. Graves and C. Wood); "The National Song Book" (ed. C. V. Stanford); and the interesting publications of the recently founded Oriana Madrigal Society (ed. C. Kennedy Scott). The names of many more publications of a like nature might be given. To a thoughtful onlooker, however, it will appear well nigh useless to multiply editions of our songs, no matter how able and erudite the editor, or how informing his historical notes, unless the ears of those for whom the songs are intended be attuned to sing them aright. A contributor to the *Times* recently inferred that a sure way to make song hated instead of loved is to teach it in our schools.[1]

Such an inference at once pre-supposes wholly inefficient, unintelligent instructors. Music has this much in common with language, that in order to reach any degree and nicety of perfection in giving utterance to either one or the other, the main qualification must be a quick sensitive ear. Some children come into the world with this quickened hearing. They are born with an instinctive sense of pitch, an innate sympathy and craving for purity of tone. To the generality of English people such children are quite abnormal. Equally abnormal though is the child who is completely tone deaf, incapable, that is, of melodious oral training, provided it be

[1] *Times* Literary Supplement, September 7, 1906.

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taken in hand before the ear has become irretrievably vitiated by bad tone in music or corrupt accent in language. Much harm can undoubtedly happen in these respects before its fifth year, the age when our compulsory education begins; still, granted care and capacity on the part of the teacher, the damage need not be irrevocable. That music appeals to the emotions primarily though the hearing, and that without purity and sweetness of tone it ceases to be music, are facts lately dawning upon certain of our educationists. Thus in its Blue Book of suggestions (1905) the Board of Education very rightly observes that: "It is of the utmost importance that little children should be trained to sing sweetly." But to attain this result it should also be observed that all children—and this particularly at the starting-point of their instruction—should only listen to the very purest singing and artistic interpretation, albeit nothing more difficult than a nursery rhyme be chosen for the lesson. Indeed, the simpler the medium, the more direct its appeal to the nascent emotional sensibility of the child, the better. In "Mary, Mary, quite contrary"; in "Little Bo Peep"; in "Dame, get up and bake your pies"—to give no other examples, there are charming possibilities of artistic rendering equal to a very high standard of art perfection.[1]

Initiatory lessons in singing need not last for more than ten minutes at a time, preferably repeated at frequent intervals. After a certain period of gradual listening, most children will take an intense pleasure in hearing pure singing of the kind which one would wish to have presented to them always. They will no longer require to be "made" to sing. Their first efforts may be tentative; yet they are fairly certain to catch

[1] In the Blue Book suggestions just alluded to, is further noticed a difficulty in obtaining songs for very small children that are not commonplace. Here is a fine field of inspiration for our composers. The writing of good and suitable songs which shall attract and educate an infant population would not necessarily be an occupation beneath the dignity of the most gifted musician.

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a true echo of the instructor's performance; and this exactly in proportion to its excellence or otherwise.

Now it is perhaps not too hazardous an assertion to remark that at least 70 per cent. of our musical instructors are themselves wholly incapable of sweet, well-phrased singing; although in other respects they may be capable enough musicians. The trainer of the ear to sweet and melodious tones may possibly be no expert upon any musical instrument, nor equipped with any remarkable volume of voice power. But the material at his or her disposal will be turned to the best account, the singers having studied the process of natural and correct breathing. It cannot be too frequently reiterated that they must be able to sing *in tune* without the deceptive prop of a pianoforte accompaniment, and must be ready to detect and correct the slightest deviation of tone in the singing of others.[1] Added to these qualifications should be a capability of fluently singing at sight and accurately transposing any simple melody, as well as taking a part in vocal chamber music. Here perhaps we have a fair criterion of the aims of English musical culture in the eras of Elizabeth and of Milton, epochs when music was practised and enjoyed by the leading men of the nation, including statesmen, philosophers and poets. Nor, with a staff of perfectly equipped teachers, is there any reason why modern English children of even our low average of musical ability should not be able to do all this at the age of fourteen, when our compulsory education ends, given half an hour's daily tuition throughout their nine years of schooling. Infinitely less costly and pretentious than the course of mechanical training meted out annually to the hundreds of persevering students who leave our music schools, the proud possessors of useless certificates and medals, could be the acquirement of an efficient ear trainer's knowledge. It

[1] Pianos should preferably be omitted as mediums of elementary musical instruction. But if used, the utmost care should be taken that they are well conditioned, and always kept perfectly tuned. Nothing vitiates the ear more than continual association with a badly-tuned instrument.

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would also mean a firm musical basis for any further training from vocal and instrumental experts in the higher branches of the art. Without this basis the tortures of the pianoforte labours, carried on with surprising and often lamentable industry in the schoolrooms of the leisured classes, are lacking in every musical element. If the expediency and national utility of teaching music at all to an unmusical people be questioned, one may reply that music, apart from its own intrinsic qualities, has many direct and valuable points of contact with the chief requisites of a good general education. It can serve—and in a singularly attractive manner—to foster memory, precision, rhythm, and a keen sense of beauty. It affords first-rate opportunities of stimulating the imagination. It may be profitably employed as the sympathetic handmaiden of poetry, and this most closely and naturally for English children by means of our national art songs, many of the poems of which are gems from our finest literature. Both in singing and speaking, clear, intelligent diction, with due light and shade of emphasis, have grown so rare that when met with they come almost as a surprise. Yet we have no lack of admirable material for inculcating both. Incidentally, too, a good round, such as the seventeenth-century "Great Tom is Cast," or "Turn again, Whittington," or a ballad, such as "The Bay of Biscay," or "Here's a Health unto his Majesty," may be used to awaken an abiding interest in history and geography. Granted that the attainment of a true and sensitive ear might be the first aim of all our musical training, then the anomaly of hideous hooting and shouting, common to the dispersal of an *al fresco* audience, after the "musical education of the masses" by a County Council band, let us say, would soon be unimaginable. The standard of these municipal concerts would also have to be considerably raised; and many discordant and vulgar varieties of noise which are accepted only too often as music in our churches, concert-rooms, and theatres might cease to be. And with well-trained, sensitive ears, the innumerable young ladies who

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now crowd our concert platforms, presumably with a view to a musical career, might learn to appreciate their native idiom at its true worth. English is not an easy language for vocal treatment. But it should at least be easier for native singers than a foreign tongue, of which they evidently have no more than a "singing" knowledge, a very unsafe quantity. Apart also from their verbal idiom, our national songs have, as already remarked, a musical idiom of their own, which, whilst it can appeal directly to all human beings, should naturally be nearest to ourselves, the psychology of nations differing as widely as does the temperament of individuals. Our own songs, therefore, should come far more within the intellectual and emotional grasp of the majority of our singers than the German lyrics from which our more ambitious vocalists mainly draw their programmes, often, it must be confessed, to the grave amusement of any German listener chancing to be present. Whilst one would not neglect the advancement of our rural class, it would yet seem of more vital importance, with the present distribution of our population, to cultivate the hearing and quicken a finer emotional perception, especially amongst our town-dwellers. Increased facilities of cheap and rapid transit are likely at no distant date to solve the "back to the land" problem. Even now, here and there, sparsely populated rural districts show signs of becoming suburbs to our towns. Thus it is evidently the townsfolk who in future will strike the moral, intellectual, and also the musical, keynote for our village life. In spite of the prevailing plethora of concerts in London, it has been computed, and probably with tolerable accuracy, that out of some four and a half millions of metropolitan inhabitants not more than 10,000 are regular concert- and opera-goers. Whether the abstention is the outcome of good or bad taste on the part of the public is an open question. But in any case, the cultivation of English musical taste upon simple but genuinely artistic lines would not fail, one believes, to give an immense impetus to modern English composition. Each generation of

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intelligent, thoughtful training would inevitably beget ever higher ideals for listeners, performers, and composers alike. With a singularly unpropitious soil England has, nevertheless, during the last twenty years or so produced a small group of composers worthy to revive and carry on her best musical traditions. The signal drawback to the progress of these gifted men is that with our existent musical conditions, they have little or no incentive to achieve their best. At a recent experimental performance of opera for children given at Camden, it was calculated that only 1 per cent. of the 1400 children present had ever heard an opera. An admission of this nature could not be brought home to any modern country where music is valued as a great educational factor. The choice, moreover, of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" for the occasion could but lead a reflective onlooker to consider how few operas there are really suitable for children and adolescent audiences. No English work ready to the purpose can be recalled, and hardly more than a dozen from foreign schools.[1]

Here, as in an accredited want of songs for infants, is a fertile field for the young British composer. If music could once be seriously recognised and reckoned with as a national element in our life, then opera for children would open up a new vista of inspired vitality and healthy artistic enterprise for more than one section of our community. "If the future progress of England is to depend more and more upon education—that is to say, on the cultivation of our inherited qualities—and if progress, according to the teaching of modern science, can only be a process of evolution from the inherited onwards and upwards, it is essential that this education should be English in its outward form and inward spirit, in its aims and

[1] Such as Tshaikovski's delightful ballet operas; Isouard's beautiful old score of "Cinderella"; Boieldieu's "La Dame Blanche"; Nessler's "Pied Piper of Hamelin"; Reinecke's fairy opera "Good and Bad Luck"; Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth"; Weber's operas; Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel"; Kienzl's "Evangelimann"; and perhaps "Der Fliegende Hollander."

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in its methods; in short, that it must, at each stage, be a resultant of forces acting within the English nation, and having as their source the English mind and conscience."[1] From round and catch, from ballad and glee, to a new school of the English lyric stage, could well prove a natural and national evolution, the outcome of which need not fear continental scrutiny and criticism.

A. E. Keeton.

[1] "Educational Reform." Fabian Ware, 1900.

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"SPORTING TERMS IN COMMON SPEECH"

MERRY ENGLAND—game-loving England—has imported into the language of everyday life a number of phrases and expressions, which have become so common that their origin is forgotten, and which are often misunderstood and travestied because of this very forgetfulness.

It has occurred to me to collect some of these expressions and to dwell a little upon the changes which they have gone through as they have passed from mouth to mouth. Probably those who read this paper will be able to recollect many more. The number is indeed surprising; and equally surprising in many cases is the distance that in its long journey through the generations the phrase has travelled from its original application, and the strange connections in which it is now found.

I will begin with outdoor games; and foremost among these are those which are played with a ball flying through the air.

First in antiquity and dignity combined is the game played with the ball and the palm of the hand—the "jeu de la paume,"—a game in which as time goes on the bat or the racket takes the place of the hand as a propeller—fives, bat fives, rackets, tennis, lawn tennis.

"Serve him out" is now a completely vulgar phrase, learned we may suppose by servants from their masters who played tennis, and scarcely understood till lawn tennis made tennis a

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popular game, and we learnt that a rival might be beaten on the service only and the game won without his having had a chance.

"Put him out" came from the game as played in the other way, as we knew it at fives or rackets. In lawn tennis and I suppose also in tennis proper, the set is the unit, each player has the service for a game; but in fives or racquets the game is the unit and the player must be "in" and serve before he can score. This survives in lawn tennis in the rule that "deuce" must be followed by "vantage" to win the game.

Imagine one who has his chance and before he can score he is "put out." Some might derive this phrase from cricket, but I incline to the older game.

To whichever source you attribute it, to the same you will trace the phrase "he has had his innings."

"Love" we know is l'œuf, the round O like an egg chalked up by the marker—the schoolboy's "out with a duck's egg." Is "all for love" all for nothing?

"Deuce" is de unx, one ounce off the total, one off game, I suspect that originally he who was in the position to score had to announce that he had only one more to make as a warning to his adversary, as in rackets it was when I was a boy a *sine quâ non* to say "Game ball" when serving what might be the last time, or as "check" at chess. It is not to be confounded with the Deuce at backgammon which is only some foreign word for two.

But did either Deuce become a substitute for the Devil and so an escape valve for the temper in lieu of profane swearing, as some say "Darn it" or "Dash it," or the American woman in the New England stories say "Lard sakes" for "Lord's sake"? I have heard it so suggested.

Professor Skeat it is true in his Dictionary says that it is but a vulgarised Norman oath "Deus" God.

But the Deuce is the opposite. It is almost now a synonym with the Devil, and many think it is as profane to say "Deuce take it" as to use some stronger language.

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Yet another possible phrase taken from this group of games is "Palm it off." Does this mean "Return the unpleasant ball," to drop which is to lose? or, is the association with some tricks of jugglery?

Then there are the games of ball with clubs or sticks. I am not aware that the barbarous language of golf has yet written itself into English current speech; but the time will come.

Meanwhile, let us think of the game played in the Mall, and the "palle magli," balls and mallets, from whence we not only get the street of venerable clubs, and of the War Office, that place of order (!); but the "pell-mell," which spells confusion.

Enthusiasts for cricket will perhaps claim one or two of the phrases which I have attributed to other games: but at any rate they can have "scored off," the proper accusative to which verb is "his bowling," though now the phrase is used in all sorts of metaphorical senses.

"Stumped." "I stumped him with that question." "He was utterly stumped." The additional words show how far the primitive meaning has been forgotten.

"Scratched" can be used in connection with a match that is off, or of a competitor in any athletic contest.

The name is "scratched out of the list."

"Coming up to the scratch" is quite a different expression, probably derived from duelling. It is used by Sir Walter Scott in "St. Ronan's Well."

Now the phrase is applied to any young man who gives up anything which he had proposed to himself, from an examination to a dinner-party.

From the ball that flies I come to the ball or bowl that rolls. First in bowls.

We know the "Bias" French *biais*, which prevents the bowl from running straight on. How natural to use the metaphor to describe the deflection of justice. It should have gone straight on, but has been overweighted and has turned to the right hand or the left.

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A century to a century and a half ago the Court of King's Bench in its supervision of inferior Courts and Magistrates was frequently setting aside judgments on the ground of some bias exhibited by the Bench. Now the lesson has been so well learnt that occasions are few, The law books, however, not only speak of the substantive "bias" but make a verb "to be biased." I read also of "an *unconscious* bias." In later and subtler times it is sometimes recognised that a Magistrate after all is a man, and may or must have a natural leaning in a case where, say, religion or morality or local patriotism speak loudly. Hence complaint is not now made unless the verb be qualified, "he was unduly biased."

"He who plays at bowls must look out for rubs." Hence, "Ay, there's the rub"—there the shoe pinches. In a sermon lately I heard this phrase closely followed by another taken also from a game, "A man is soon bowled over."

Bowls is a constructive game. But nine pins, kittle-pins (as they were called in Charles I.'s time) or Skittles, is a destructive game, and the pieces are "bowled over."

Life is not "all beer and skittles,' not an invariable round of commonplace and somewhat earthy enjoyment.

There are yet other games of throwing. From Quoits I get:

"To lie over," when the quoit just bites the ground in front of the previously winning one and leans back over it in a sort of half triumphant manner.

No doubt in Whist and Bridge the phrase occurs in a potential rather than an actual sense of victory, where the next player has the higher cards in a suit. But these more artificial expressions may well have been borrowed from quoits.

To "chip in" may possibly come from curling. When a curling-stone glances off another it is said "to chip," and when the glance brings the stone to rest in the winning side, it is said to "chip and lie." Hence, if the way to the circle is closely barred and the only way of entrance is by chipping, the

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unwelcome new-comer may be said "to chip in." But a more probable derivation would assign this expression to the game of poker. Counters in America and Canada are universally known as "chips." Before playing his hand a poker-player is required to subscribe so many counters to the pool, otherwise to "chip in." The expression in ordinary usage is a commonplace on the other side of the Atlantic, meaning to "take a hand in," and has no implication of cutting things close, which the curling derivation would seem to suggest.

"Cut in" is used in somewhat the same sense; but I would rather derive this phrase from cards.

I turn now to Indoor games. Chess has the palm of antiquity and dignity.

"Check" is said to be "Shak," a variation of "Shah," "Your king," "mind your king"—the kind of courteous warning that an adversary should give. "Check-mate," the King is mat (Arabic) dead. My authority for these statements is Professor Skeat.

How far we have gone from the original meaning when we use such metaphorical phrases as "The force of the stream," "the force of the invading army, was checked," "the hounds came to a check," "I checked his rashness," or "checked him for his folly."

More strange still to say "His adversary checkmated him," as if "to checkmate" were a verb.

From check we get "the chequer board," "the exchequer," and a "chequered (checkered) career."

"Brings up his last piece"—calls out his reserves—a friend gives me a quotation from Theocritus, describing some parallel game then in vogue.

καὶ τὸν ἀπὸ γραμμᾶς κινεῖ λίθον [1]

"A good move." The institution of a convalescent hospital or of a *crèche* was a "good move"—far away from the original idea.

[1] "Theocritus," 6, 17.

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From cards we get "show your hand," "jouons cartes sur table," "he followed suit," to "discard" a policy, to behave "like a dummy," "I scored a point," then "I—(it) turned up trumps—obvious enough, except that the "it" in the last phrase shows that the original meaning is slipping away.

But "I bested him," a favourite phrase in certain circles, is, I am sure, used without an idea of its origin. It is not ungrammatical for "I got the better of him." It has nothing to do with "best."

In the game of the first half of the eighteenth century, the game played in the Rape of the Loek, the game to which we owe the prominence of the ace of spades in every pack, a prominence which singles it out for paying stamp duty, Ombre, with its varieties—tredille and quadrille—there is on each deal one player, called "the man," the (h) ombre, who undertakes to win. One of three events may follow: he may win and get the stake, one of the other players may beat him and get the equivalent of the stakes from him, or one of the other players may equal him, and then the stakes go to the pool.

In this last case the ombre receives a "puesta," in old English the "beaste"; or he is "bested" or "beasted."[1]

Richard Seymour, in his work ("The Court Gamester," 1722), has chapters on "the beaste." He speaks of a man "as beasted," "to beaste the ombre." In his book any kind of forfeit for any mistake in the game comes to be called a "beasting." If Lord Aldenham were to consent to publish his interesting and scholarly book on ombre (at present only privately printed), the laws of the puesta would become generally known.

"He went up a peg"—should not this be "his peg went up"—in the course of marking at cribbage?

A friend suggests that "It's not good enough," comes from some American game of cards, probably like "to go one better" is from poker, and its use as a metaphor is obvious and simple enough.

[1] It is called "basting" in Mrs Gaskell's "Crawford," chap vii.

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"To lie over" has been mentioned under the head of quoits.

"To cut in" required no explanation when every one played whist. Too many persons willing to play, all cut and those who cut the lowest cards "cut in" and play. At the end of the rubber the process is renewed, and a bystander may "cut in" and oust one of the previous players.

> The Dowager Lady Toucan first cut in
> With old Doctor Buzzard and Admiral Penguin.[1]

Dice gives us the phrase "Within an ace of." Within an ace of victory or of defeat.

But how shall we express such "all butness" in a game where two dice are used, as in backgammon?

In the trial of one of the victims of the alleged Popish plot, the barrister, Richard Langbourne, the villainous Titus Oates alleged that Langbourne gave him private interviews with all precautions against Mrs. Langbourne's knowing, because she was "Ames Ace turned from the Devil."[2]

That is, as the new English dictionary explains, only two aces removed from, all but.

Other instances of the expression are given, though the phrase is rare, and as a term in the game has gone out of use. A friend remembers his grandparents playing backgammon and saying "Ames ace" when the two aces turned up. Ames is, of course, the Latin *ambo* as altered in one of the Romance languages—but which? Ace sounds French—"as"; but "ames," if French, is obsolete. From what country do we get the game, and from what language are the other numbers taken, "deuce" (which I have mentioned already) "tre quater cinq" (which I saw lately printed in a book as sinq), and "size"? Many of them seem most like Portuguese.

"Backgammon"—sometimes called "the tables," French *tric trac*, is said to be as old as the tenth century. From it also come the phrases to "make a point," to "hit the blot,'

[1] From "The Peacock at Home," 27th edition, 1815, now out of print

[2] "State Trials," vol. vii. p. 436.

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possibly to "make a hit,"[1] a "hit" being a game. While if I win before my adversary has taken off any of his men, I win a "gammon," equal to two "hits," or with the English way of turning a noun into a verb, I "gammon him," make him look foolish. Hence "to gammon" means to hoax.

Sporting phrases proper are probably taken in great numbers into our ordinary speech.

I can think at this moment of "stoop to." In hawking the falcon stooped upon or to her game, and a well-trained bird only stooped to noble game. Hence, only partially understanding the expression, we now say, "I would not stoop to this," and "She stoops to conquer."

Yacht-racing gives us the expression, "take the wind out of her sails," when the cunning yachtsman passes close to windward of his adversary.

Possibly also it is the grudge of the defeated competitor that has given the flavour of a bad meaning to "sailing near the wind." It should be a term of the highest praise, implying pure skill of eye and hand. "On the wrong tack" requires no explanation.

Horse-racing has given us the verb "to jockey," used, unfortunately, always in a bad sense.

However the victory is brought about, the horse which wins by a length can be said to "show a clean pair of heels"; and the metaphor can be applied to all sorts of competitions, physical and intellectual.

A friend suggests that contrariwise when the contest is so close that it is difficult to say which horse has won, it may be said to be a case of "neck or nothing." But that well-known phrase comes from the Courts of Justice, and specially from the days when most crimes were capital, and there was no alternative between a verdict carrying a sentence of death and one which set the prisoner free. For its use in later days students are referred to Hicks' "Reminiscences," and the tale of the Cornish Jury.

[1] This phrase is more probably taken from Fencing. See later on.

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Fencing, the pecular athletic sport of gentlemen, gives many phrases to our language:

"A hit—a palpable hit."

"To parry a question," or "fence with it."

"A home thrust."

"A counter."

"To be off one's guard." This is one of those phrases that became so common that the original meaning is forgotten, and modifications are made as if the original had not been metaphorical. This I showed in the case of "stumped."

As a man is on guard to protect his body, so, metaphorically, he may be on guard during a conversation to protect his mind, not to disclose or expose his thoughts, and if he does by some remark express his mind, he unguards himself. This remark should be called "an unguarding remark," but we forget the origin of the expression, and call it "an unguarded" one.

Rowing is responsible for the phrase, "put your back into it," which would have represented the height of scientific teaching when I was young. I suppose the modern coach would say "use your legs." Anyhow, the phrase is expressive enough, and the origin has probably not yet been forgotten.

Lastly, pugilism. As men and boys who peruse the Saturday football edition may never play the game, so at school we used to peruse with eager interest the prize-fights described in *Bell's Life in London*, the great sporting weekly paper of that day. Then we used to read of the backer who gave the champion his knee and sponged his wounds, till at last one of the two had to give in, and then his backer owned defeat by "chucking up the sponge."

"To chuck up the sponge," or "to chuck it up," are phrases used by many who never guessed their origin.

Oddly enough, in the slang that I hear now, a person is said to have "jacked it up." Is it that men have heard of "chucking it up" with such entire want of knowledge of what

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it means that they have supposed the phrase to relate to a feat in engineering ?

It is a pity when the origin of phrases is obscured. The obscurity of origin creates an obscurity of meaning, and they lose much of their sharpness and freshness.

I believe that there are many more phrases which can be elucidated in a similar manner, and I hope that my list will be suggestive.

WALTER G. F. PHILLIMORE.

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THE WAYSIDE IN SWEDEN

MUCH ridicule and contempt has been cast upon those audacious people who, after a short visit to a country, venture to write not only upon the sights they have seen, but upon the customs and history and character of the people. Not content with this, they form opinions and express them too upon subjects which those who have lived in the country for years would not venture upon. In defence of such audacious people I will relate two experiences of mine in Sweden which will show that, however slight our qualifications for the task may be, at least they are as good or better than those of the ancient residents in question.

Provided with a letter of introduction, I called upon a gentleman in Stockholm who was a Swede and head of a large shipping firm. He having been kind enough to inquire what he could do for me, I asked to be put in the way of seeing the interesting sights. He replied that he had no idea that any such existed in Stockholm, and on my suggesting such things as the *Codex Aureus*, the relics of the Stone Age, and the site of the famous or infamous Blood Bath, he said he had never heard of such things, and had not a notion where they were to be found. This brought to my mind that when I was an undergraduate at Oxford I did not know where the Bodleian was until a visitor from London took me to see it.

My other experience was equally surprising. I went to the opera in Stockholm, and was given a programme, of course in Swedish. Besides the cast it contained the plot of *La*

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Traviata, which I found it rather difficult to make out. However, a gentleman with some ladies took his seat in front of me and began to talk to his companions in English. I wrote on my programme that I was an indifferent Swedish scholar, and should be so gratified if he would write me the outline of the plot. He kindly came and sat by me, and told me that although he was Consul for —— in Stockholm he knew very little of the language, but would help me to make it out. Of our combined efforts I will say no more than that, little as I knew of Swedish, I certainly knew more than he did, though he told me that he had been more years in the country than I had been weeks.

It would seem, therefore, that the ability to tell about a country can hardly be measured by the length of time a man has been in it.

I walked across Sweden between April 28 and May 20 of this year. I landed at Gothenburg, but did not take the direct route to Stockholm, but turned northward that I might include Upsala in my way. The distance was as nearly as possible 500 miles, and as I walked every day, except on Sundays, and besides only took one day off to see the sights in old Upsala, it will be found my average daily tramp was thirty-one miles. This is a very high average, and is a testimony to the kindliness of the climate, to the shade by the roadside, and to the fact that the food and drink just suited the walker. My habit was to start about eight in the morning, and I was quite content if I reached my hotel about seven in the evening, giving me eleven hours in the open air, which enabled me to do my tale of miles as well as to look at such objects of special interest as I came across. What I want to bring out in the following pages, is how far such a walk enabled me to become acquainted with the history of the country and with the prevailing manners and customs. Also, how far I was able to pick up the language, and how far such a walk would open and improve the mind of any who would seek to follow in my steps, either in Sweden, or in any other country.

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The famous admiral who surprised his superiors by his readiness to go to the other side of the world at a quarter of an hour's notice, has his equal in the ordinary pedestrian, who practically has no preparation to make at all. The older his clothes the better. A pair of worn but well-fitting boots, and the few necessaries he can transfer from his dressing-table to his knapsack, make him ready to start. As my pockets were large enough to carry a book, I filled them with a Swedish grammar and a cyclist's map. My knapsack and contents weighed ten pounds and a half, and thus equipped I stepped ashore at Gothenburg.

With three exceptions I have passed the frontiers of every European country, but never did I feel so like going into the wilderness as when I entered Sweden. First there was the question of language. Thackeray tells us that the founder of the Königsmark family was a Swede, and was sent as an ambassador to the court of Louis XIV. He had prepared a speech to be read to the king when he presented his credentials, but when the critical moment arrived he found he had forgotten his speech, and so far from being disconcerted he repeated a portion of the Swedish catechism, relying upon the likelihood that none present would know Swedish. It is probable that an ambassador to-day might perpetrate a similar fraud with equal impunity. If that be so, where knowledge of foreign languages is part of the business, how little likelihood is there that I, a country parson, should possess the accomplishment. So I was anxious on that score.

A glance at my map showed me what a great country Sweden was, how thinly populated, and how few and far between the towns were. I saw my first day's walk would mean forty miles before I reached a town, although I kept near the coast, where towns are most plentiful. What if I failed to reach a place of sufficient size to have a bed to let, and I should have to ask hospitality at the nearest farmhouse! The experience of a friend of mine in such circumstances was not

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encouraging. He was benighted and found his way to a farm-house, where he was warmly welcomed and promised a bed. When bedtime came he discovered there were no bedrooms, and nothing we should call a bed. Round the walls of the one room were built a number of small cupboards resembling an oven, and into one of these my friend had to creep, clothes and all.

To these anxieties was added another at the office where I changed some money. Acting on my experience in other countries, I supposed English sovereigns would pass everywhere, and all I should want would be a supply of small change. The clerk, noticing my walking attire, asked me if I was going far, and on telling him my destination, he told me I had better take a larger supply of Swedish money, as in out-of-the-way places the people might not know the value of an English sovereign. I followed his advice, but his words had their effect on me, for a place where English gold was not known must be outside civilisation.

There are positions in life which the more one looks at the less one likes, so as this was one of them, I did that which I have ever tried to do with the difficulties of life, that is, I face them and they disappear.

There are so many guide-books and histories of every country, and so accessible are they to every reader who wants them, that there is no need for me to add to their number. I set myself to the task of jotting down what befell me as I walked by the wayside, how the manners of the people whom I met impressed me, how much of the language I was able to acquire, and what were the most interesting sights which met my eye.

To begin with the wayside itself, I never trod viler roads than those of Sweden, and I have sampled those of most European countries. This was strange, for the roads in other parts of Scandinavia, Norway, and Denmark, leave nothing to be desired. Perhaps one reason is that Sweden possesses such excellent water-ways that there is little use for the ordinary

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roads except between village and village, and for the haulage of timber from the forest to the canal. I learnt, also, that the good roads of Denmark date from the days of Christian II. (1518–28), which was just the time when Sweden regained its independence, and so missed the beneficent decrees about road-making issued by that king. When approaching the capital I found some attempts at road-mending, but as the material used was rough granite, I merely exchanged King Stork for King Log. In the first part of my journey the road was simply a sandy track through primeval forests, and it was only possible to walk on the edge, the rest being as soft as incessant rains could make it. If the roads were bad, it was not likely the milestones would be good. I made out that originally each stone bore the royal cypher, the date it was put up, and the distance from the next important town, but the figure I wanted was invariably obliterated, and the only thing I could make out was the year 1707, when the stone was erected. As next year will complete two hundred years' service, it may be suggested it is time to have new ones. What I failed to make out from the stones I learnt from the courtesy of the passers-by, when I was fortunate enough to meet one. However, long practice has given me such a good idea of the lie of the country, and of the position of the place I am making for that I rarely need to ask my way, and practically all acros Sweden I never took a wrong turn. The chief towns I passed through were Mariestad, Orebro, Westeras, Upsala, and so to Stockholm.

1. John Stuart Mill says few people learn anything from history except those who bring a great deal to it. I won't say that I should have learnt the history of Sweden simply by walking across it, but having learnt the outline, I filled in a great deal by simply keeping my eyes open. The modern history of Sweden might be said to begin with that Blood Bath of Stockholm, to which allusion already has been made, when in 1520, the last Danish king who reigned over the Swedes, Christian II., had ninety Swedish nobles executed in

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the market-place. Among them was the father of Gustavus Vasa, who, as soon as he reached man's estate, set about obtaining the independence of his country. No one could notice the statues of Sweden without seeing he was the nation's hero. The absence of any place recalling a famous battle reminds one of Sweden's position outside the battle-ground of Europe, and if we inquire of the fields where the Swedes made themselves a name as soldiers, they must be sought in Germany and Russia. To the stranger in Sweden there seems no outward signs of any religion except the Lutheran, which is the Established Church of the country, and when Gustavus Vasa adopted the reformed religion, the people with one consent agreed that what was good enough for their King was good enough for them, and they never had a martyr to correspond to our Ridley and Latimer, or even to our Wycliff. For centuries the rule which is said to have accounted for the prosperity of Venice, that no ecclesiastic was ever allowed to interfere in State affairs, held good in Sweden, and nowhere will the traveller notice more respect paid to the clergy. The intensely Protestant character of the services are such as one would expect when it is remembered the Lion of the North, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, came to the help of the Lutheran princes of Germany and turned the scale in their favour. It would not be natural to expect that Sweden could have interfered much in the affairs of Europe, and only the genius of Charles XII., displayed in the very nick of time, could have made the mark it did. For the rest, the friendship of Count Fersen for Marie Antoinette, and the choice of Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals, to fill the vacant position of heir to the childless Charles XIII., have alone brought the name of Sweden into the page of European politics. As I crossed Sweden, the burying-place of Count Fersen was pointed out to me, and as he was torn to pieces by the mob on the death of the last heir of the monarchy, the whole of the circumstances under which a way to the throne was made for the French marshal was brought before me.

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The loyalty of the Swedes to their king, alien though the dynasty is, was apparent in every conversation I had; and his strict adhesion to constitutional rule was never displayed by any monarch more plainly than in the recent affair which led to the severance of Norway from Sweden.

The king's sons bear the titles of dukes, and here and there are residences which you are told belongs to a count, but the title is an empty one, except as denoting high birth, and I heard the phrase that a count who cannot count (money) counts for nothing. All hereditary posts of honour have disappeared, except among the royal family.

With ordinary intelligence one is able to see how many traces of the old religious belief of Sweden are still to be found among us. Outside Upsala are shown the burial mounds of Wodin, Thor, and Freya, from whom we derive the names of three of the days of our week. One learns there also the reason of the aversion from horseflesh now felt by most of us, for in early days, when an apostate forsook Christianity and sacrificed again to Odin, he signalised it by partaking of horseflesh which was looked upon as a solemn sacrament in the worship of that god. Most people will have heard that the dreaded Viking ships displayed the sign of the raven, but in an old temple of the Asar, or lesser gods, still standing at Upsala, one learns that the raven was the special bird of Odin, and whispered into his ear all the occurrences on earth.

2. It may require some previous knowledge to put together such outlines of the nation's history as present themselves, but only the open eye is necessary to see the manners and customs of to-day, and the open ear to hear and master the intricacies of the language. Almost the first thing which will strike a stranger is the general level of the people and the utter absence of the wealthy classes. Everybody seems intent upon their business, and there is no sign of a class with sufficient leisure even to read. I won't say there is no literary class, but I cannot imagine it is a large one for in the windows of such

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few booksellers' shops as I saw, the stock consisted chiefly of translations from Thackeray, Guy Thorne, and W. W. Jacobs, and the serial story running through the newspaper I bought was one by Alexander Dumas, aîne. If there is no leisured class at one end of the social scale, there are no "loafers" at the other, for I saw no one in rags, and was never begged of.

Wordsworth's child, who paid twopence to learn manners, was the exception in England, but is the rule in Sweden. I never saw such a well-behaved people. Of course, the best test of politeness is where you are least likely to find it, that is, among boys. Among well-bred people it is taken for granted. On a country road I noticed all boys took off their caps as they passed me, a perfect stranger, and even when I have walked near a school during the play-hour, when boys are generally inclined to be frolicsome, yet they lined the walls and took off their caps as I passed. The Swedish poet Tegner has some touching lines as to how his countrymen never forgot their manners in their misery. When they sent forth their youth to fight for the hare-brained schemes of Charles XII. they set the sails of their windmills going (they had no grist to grind), and so waved farewell to the departing warriors. In the refreshment rooms of hotels and railway stations, where every one helps himself, it might be supposed that greedy habits would prevail, and all the best things be consumed by the first comers, but the supply is so abundant and the company so well behaved that I never observed a breach of good manners in this respect. Never did I see a notice answering to our "Trespassers beware" or "No road this way." Perhaps they are not necessary among a people who are too sensible to do wilful damage, and too independent to intrude where they are not wanted.

A walker across a country will have no great opportunity of observing family life, but he will be in the best position for observing all methods for the entertaining of strangers. The fact that one of their favourite kings bears the title of Magnus Barn-lock, from the edict he issued allowing peasants to lock

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their barns against great travellers until they paid for what they took, suggests that trouble in this direction is of long standing. The vast size of Sweden, and the small population, would not make an inn in every village remunerative. Yet in a climate so severe some provision must be made for the traveller, and so the office of keeping the guest-house is taken up in turn by the villagers, like that of guardian or overseer of the poor among ourselves. The holder of the office may give it up at the end of the year, and therefore will not be anxious to turn his house into a regular inn, so entertains his chance guests as best he can. Of course, every fair-sized town has its hotel, but every village must have its guest-house, and the difference between the two will be evident if I describe a visit to the latter. The sign-post at certain cross-roads bore the direction of a village Gastgifveregard. As the day was very hot, and I had walked thirty miles, the reader will appreciate how keen was my eye for any sign of a place where I might wash and eat and pass the night. Yet I explored the little village of thirty houses in vain for what I wanted. At last I made known my dilemma to two men who were passing, who pointed me out a private house, which they told me was the one I was in search of. I knocked at the door, and being bidden to enter, found myself in a large room full of girls who were busy dress-making. In the best Swedish I could muster I addressed a question to no one in particular as to whether I could have a room there for the night. "Yes," said one of them, "come in." A girl left the room and fetched an elderly woman, who bade me welcome, and took me up to a bedroom. I asked if I could have afternoon tea at once, and supper later on. "Yes, I could," and in due time I was drinking tea on the verandah. While so engaged I was joined by a cyclist, who having had beer and bread and cheese went on his way. Soon another traveller appeared, bag in hand, who wanted a bed for the night. I was pleased to see this as I like company, and also like to see the house I am staying in well patronised, as it shows it bears a good name. At eight o'clock I went to the

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dining-room, and found all the girls at supper, but the elderly woman said that if I would wait a little the girls would soon have done, and in due course, I and two other guests sat down. Next morning I left after breakfast, paying a shilling for my bed, and a shilling each for supper and breakfast. Now the point I wish to make is this: here was a house offering rest and refreshment and all that a traveller could want, and yet there was nothing to show the stranger where to get it. I daresay I passed through many a village in a starving condition where there was food in plenty to be had if only I had known it.

In Sweden it would seem that a paternal government has provided meat and drink and everything else a traveller wants, and the only thing lacking is the information where to obtain them.

One result of this inability to find a place of entertainment was, that although I walked on an average thirty-one miles a day, yet more often than not I had nothing but a quart of milk between breakfast and supper, for which I negotiated at the door of some farmhouse. The charge was only a halfpenny, and for this they would have given me as much bread as I liked, only I could not get my teeth into it. The doctors tell us that milk contains all the ingredients necessary for building up the system, and I can testify that in all my walks I never felt less weary than in Sweden.

An Englishman can put up with anything as long as a place is clean, and in Sweden cleanliness is carried to a fine art. Its practice begins at the beginning, for whereas in our infant schools, musical drill is the accompaniment to the dumb-bell exercise of the children, in Sweden the children are ranged round the room in baths, and when the music strikes up they begin to rub and scrub one another to its strains. Bathing in the lakes seemed almost universal, and it would be strange if a people so lavish with soap and water for their bodies were sparing in their houses. But they are not, and I rarely saw a dirty cloth or cup and saucer.

Though the cheapness and cleanliness of a country go

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for a great deal, they are not everything, for if there be nothing to charm and interest, a visit would be dear at any price. So I put down that in the course of my walk from Gothenburg to Stockholm I saw waterfalls as fine as any in Europe. I saw the largest lake in Europe, and for the most of my time I was in a limitless forest. It is true that places of historical interest are rare, and I passed no famous battle-fields, and no relics of saints, and looked upon no pictures worth mentioning. However there was plenty to charm one, for the song-birds of the country are unsurpassed. The month of May, during which I was in Sweden, ranks second in the year for the sweetness of the birds' notes, and if there be a connection (as Longfellow's poem asserts) between human and feathered songsters, the furore excited by the Swedish nightingale in the days of my youth is easily accounted for.

Having referred to the sounds I heard, I next chronicle my disappointment at not seeing the sight I longed for, that is the sight of the women and the girls in their native costume. I saw a few native costumes in Norway, occasionally in church, more often in the hotels, but neither in hotel nor church did I see any such in Sweden, though I walked miles on a Sunday to attend a country service, as more likely to supply the sight of one.

By taking pains my ear got accustomed to the sound of Swedish words, and I could generally make out the subject of the conversation going on around me. I could make out the subject of the sermon, and better still the notices of sales and public meetings which the pastor gave out at the end of the service. I also made out the only news telegraphed from London, the price of oil, and the state of the funds.

In the course of my journey I confided to a Swedish gentleman that I had a wife and children at home, and should wish to take them back some little memento of the country. What was Sweden specially noted for?

My companion thought a moment or two and then replied "Explosives."

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In turn I nearly exploded with laughter at the bare idea of taking a bomb or two in my knap-sack as a present for my babes, and then begged him to tell me of something more feasible.

But no, he could think of nothing but timber, lucifer matches and paper pulp. There is some excellent machinery made in the country, and Sweden has almost a monopoly of the telephone manufacture, and their stoves are simply unsurpassed. Yet none of these things suggest those little courtesies of life which characterise other nations, and which tend by interchange of civilities to keep alive good feeling.

Meat and drink are most important considerations, especially to pedestrian or cyclist or any one who takes much exercise. After my first day's walk, it was nearly eight at night before I entered my hotel, and after the necessary preliminaries I was searching for the dining-room.

It must ever strike an Englishman as strange when first he enters a Swedish matsal. For instead of finding the guests seated and expectant, he sees them all walking about with food in their fingers to which they have helped themselves. The two principal Swedish meals always begin with smorgas, that is, the diner takes a slice of bread and helps himself from the dishes of dainty snacks which stand on the table in the centre of the room. He will have his choice of caviare, anchovies, sardines, salt beef, reindeer, tongue and such like cold morsels, and he will take a nip from the urn of spirits which stands in the centre of the table, and the price of which is included in the dinner. Generally a man will sample three or four of the dishes, after which he will sit down to table, and the business of the meal begins. Swedish cookery leaves nothing to be desired so far as they have anything to cook, but an Englishman will miss his vegetables and his fruit. If we except Stockholm, where everything can be had for money, the traveller will not find any vegetables in May beyond potatoes, and only on the rarest occasions will he even get a piece of rhubarb. I asked why jam was not more frequently

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seen, and was told the high duty on sugar, which amounted to twopence a pound, made the preserving of such fruit as grew in Sweden unremunerative. Beer was the general drink at dinner as milk was at breakfast.

The first Sunday I was in Sweden was a pouring wet day. I noticed that in most places the church was some way out of the village, and at Trollhattan it was about half a mile away. I got there in good time, which was fortunate, for subsequently it was crowded, even to the extent of having fainting ladies, for whom, as I sat near the door, I got some water. All the seats were free, the sexes were divided, but, wonder of wonders, the men's side was so crowded out that they overflowed and filled any vacant seats among the women. There was no collection.

3. As to the general impressions of a country, I am of opinion that no one is in so good a position to form them as a walker. Take the question of population for instance. Such a day's walk as I had between Westeras and Sala would make a greater impression and give a more correct one than if I had committed to memory the population of every town and village I passed. I walked twenty-seven miles that day without seeing so much as a hamlet. I saw one man resting by the roadside and four sellers of milk passed me in their carts, and beside them there was not a soul. A shower of rain drove me into an inn for shelter, and I found the guest-room full of washing. The landlady told me she had not had a caller for days, and so determined on a big wash before callers became more frequent. I asked for soda-water, and she kept me waiting ten miuutes while she went to look, for it was so long since she had been asked for such a thing.

The King of Sweden returned to Stockholm one day when I was there. As one is so accustomed to hear of precautions for royal safety, I was pleased to take note where they are not necessary. As the royal train approached it slowed down, and the King coming to the carriage window waved his greetings to his people. I had expected the traffic to be stopped and

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the way to be cleared, but not even for the entrance of their King must the business of the people be suspended for a minute. Not a tram-car ceased running, and I noticed some carts full of building rubbish blocked the royal way. Every Tuesday the King receives any one who likes to call and see him. The interview is quite private, and the visitor may have some favour to ask, or some grievance to bring forward, or he may simply wish to make the royal acquaintance. Such a state of things could only exist in a country like Sweden, for in Russia the revolutionaries would come with bombs in their pockets, and in England the rush of snobs to get near a king would be such that a royal life would not be long enough to receive them all.

Few are better circumstanced than the pedestrian for appreciating the effect of habit on the life of a people. The Swedes work hard, for the main products of their country suggest that nothing but hard work will make anything out of them. However, the working powers of a nation more often depend on personal habits than anything else. When I went to Portugal the captain of my steamer told me the habit of cigarette smoking made it impossible to get a good day's work out of a native, for he rolled his own cigarette (out of your time, of course), and it wanted so much adjusting, lighting and re-lighting as took at least twenty minutes out of every hour. In Sweden the working classes take snuff, a habit which I know will lend itself to any amount of interruption, if you let it, but which can be kept under proper control. Then the limit placed on the number of houses where intoxicants are sold, a limit carried (as we have seen) to the verge of inconvenience to travellers, also cuts off those opportunities for idleness and gossip so fatal to excellent and sustained work.

The people in Sweden are so healthy that the number of doctors is strictly limited. I believe a similar rule applies to dentists. Both doctors and dentists periodically examine the children in the schools, and nip in the bud every incipient

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disease of the body and of the teeth. To the care bestowed on the latter I attribute the ability of even their elderly people to eat the hard rye bread, which I tried in vain to masticate.

Such are some of the main features which lie on the surface of the life of a country, and my endeavour has been to show that the man who walks is in the best position to see them.

A. N. Cooper.

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THE NEW GOLD AND THE NEW ERA

DURING the Golden Age of the "seventies," at a time when here and there a professor of the dismal science might be found, who connected the rapid advance of all prices with the great mass of the new gold then coming from California and Australia, Mr. John Bright was asked by a friend whether he understood the Currency Question. "No," replied Mr. Bright, "I do not, but I am credibly informed there are people who do!" A very few years have passed and again we stand, as it were, on the shore of a new time. After an ebb tide of prosperity, a recession of prices unequalled in history, and convulsions in the foreign exchanges which marked the last quarter of the nineteenth century as a veritable economic crisis, the world is again abruptly ascending to an entirely new price level. It is quite safe to forecast that within the next few years all the professors will be busily discussing the Depreciation of Gold, and with this in prospect, and considering, too, the great educational importance of the new price development, it is worth while to draw attention thus early to the revolutionary conditions which to-day surround the world's currency.

It is hardly too much to say that within the wide domain where Economics and Politics overlap, the relation between money and prices transcends all others in importance. Money is the creation of law; if the legislatures of the nations now trading with one another decided to deprive gold of its legal tender prerogative gold would be comparatively worthless, and gold mines would shut down. So that in deciding what is,

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and what is not Money, the State really invades and, to some extent controls, the whole domain of prices. This is an enormous and overshadowing responsibility, and I prefer to suppose that, in replying as he did to his friend, Mr. Bright disclosed not his ignorance but an unexpected sense of humour.

In the annual report of the Director of the United States Mint for 1905 there is a very valuable table[1] of the world's supplies of gold and silver since the discovery of America.

It will be observed that for three and a half centuries, before the discoveries of gold in California, the burden of supplying the monetary volume required by the increasing trade and population of the world was almost entirely supported by the silver miner; and were it worth while to undertake a comprehensive survey of the price levels during those three centuries by a careful comparison of the work done by Tooke and Newmarch and Thorold Rogers, the influence of the increase or the diminution of the supplies from the silver mines in raising or depressing prices would be at once evident. There are two historic instances of the disturbance created in the world's price levels by the discovery of new mines; the discovery of the great silver mines of Potosi in Bolivia about 1560; the discovery of gold in California in 1849, closely followed by that of the Australian placers in 1851. Jacobs, the historian of the precious metals, estimates that the monetary stock of all Europe in 1540 was but thirty-five millions sterling, but from the period of the discovery of the Potosi mines the annual subscription to the world's legal tender money increased five-fold, and by the close of the century the currencies had become inflated to an aggregate of over a hundred and forty millions. The result was a truly prodigious fall in the value of money. In a period of less than fifty years, between 1580 and 1625, wages in England rose from half a crown per week to 12*s.*, and the price of an acre of average agricultural land from £5 to £25;

[1] *Vide* next page.

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PRODUCTION OF GOLD AND SILVER IN THE WORLD SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

[From 1493 to 1885 is from a table of averages for certain periods, compiled by Dr. Adolph Soetbeer; for the years 1886 to 1904 the production is the annual estimate of the Bureau of the Mint.]

Period	Gold.				Silver.				Percentage of production.			
	Average annual for period.		Total for period.		Annual average for period		Total for period.		By weight.		By value.	
	Fine Ounces.	Value.	Fine Ounces.	Value	Fine Ounces.	Coining Value.	Fine Ounces.	Coining Value.	Gold.	Silver.	Gold.	Silver.
1493 1520	186,170	$3,855,000	3,221,160	$107,931,000	1,511,050	$1,954,000	42,309,400	$54,703,000	11	89	66.4	33.6
1521 1544	250,194	4,789,000	5,524,656	111,205,000	2,899,930	3,749,000	69,598,320	89,986,000	7.4	92.6	55.9	44.1
1545 1560	273,536	5,656,000	4,377,544	90,492,000	10,017,940	12,952,000	160,287,041	207,240,000	2.7	97.3	30.4	69.6
1561 1580	219,905	4,540,000	4,398,120	90,917,000	9,628,925	12,450,000	192,578,500	248,990,000	2.3	97.8	26.7	73.3
1581-1600	237,267	4,905,300	4,745,340	98,095,000	13,467,635	17,413,000	269,352,700	348,254,000	1.7	98.3	22	78
1601 1620	273,918	5,662,000	5,478,360	113,248,000	13,596,235	17,579,000	271,924,700	351,579,000	2	98	24.4	75.6
1621 1640	266,845	5,516,000	5,336,900	110,324,000	12,674,230	16,361,000	253,084,800	327,221,000	2.1	97.9	25.2	74.8
1641 1660	281,945	5,828,000	5,639,110	116,571,000	11,776,515	15,226,000	235,530,300	304,525,000	2.3	97.7	27.7	72.3
1661 1680	297,709	6,154,000	5,954,180	123,081,000	10,831,570	14,008,000	216,631,000	280,160,000	2.7	97.3	30.5	69.5
1681 1700	346,095	7,154,000	6,921,895	143,085,000	10,902,685	14,212,000	218,031,700	284,240,000	3.1	96.9	33.5	66.5
1701 1720	412,163	8,520,000	8,243,260	170,403,000	11,142,510	14,781,000	228,650,200	295,620,000	3.5	96.5	36.6	63.4
1721 1740	613,122	12,681,000	12,262,440	253,611,000	13,863,080	17,924,000	277,261,600	358,480,000	4.2	95.8	41.4	58.6
1741 1760	791,211	16,361,000	15,824,230	327,211,000	17,140,619	22,162,000	342,812,385	443,240,000	4.4	95.6	42.5	57.5
1761 1780	664,666	13,741,000	13,313,315	275,211,000	20,985,581	27,133,000	419,711,823	542,668,000	3.1	96.9	33.7	66.3
1781 1800	571,948	11,823,000	11,438,970	236,464,000	28,261,779	36,540,000	565,235,580	730,810,000	2	98	24.4	75.6
1801 1817	571,563	11,815,000	9,715,627	118,152,000	28,716,922	37,128,000	286,466,225	371,677,000	1.9	98.1	24.1	75.9
1811 1820	367,947	7,606,000	3,679,468	76,063,000	17,385,735	22,479,000	173,857,355	224,786,000	2.1	97.9	25.3	74.7
1821 1830	457,344	9,455,000	4,570,444	94,549,000	14,807,091	19,144,000	148,070,910	191,414,000	3	97	33	67
1831 1840	652,991	13,497,000	6,522,913	134,911,000	19,144,817	24,793,000	191,748,175	247,930,000	3.3	96.7	35.3	64.8
1841 1850	1,746,502	36,103,000	17,465,016	361,028,000	25,890,342	32,140,000	240,903,422	324,400,000	6.6	93.4	52.9	47.1
1851 1855	6,410,324	132,543,000	32,051,621	662,716,000	26,488,507	36,824,000	182,412,988	184,169,000	18.4	81.6	78.2	21.7
1856 1860	6,486,262	134,083,000	32,431,312	670,415,000	29,595,498	37,618,000	115,477,142	186,092,000	18.2	81.8	78.1	21.9
1861-1865	5,949,582	123,000,000	29,747,913	615,041,000	35,191,972	45,772,000	137,009,862	228,861,000	14.4	85.6	72.9	27.1
1866 1870	6,270,086	129,614,000	31,350,430	648,071,000	43,551,583	56,663,000	217,257,914	278,313,000	12.7	87.3	70	30
1871-1875	5,591,014	115,577,000	27,955,068	577,883,000	63,317,014	81,864,000	316,585,069	409,322,000	8.1	91.9	58.6	41.4
1876 1880	5,543,110	114,586,000	27,715,550	572,931,000	78,775,602	101,851,000	393,878,003	509,256,000	6.8	93.4	53	47
1881 1885	4,793,755	99,116,000	23,973,778	495,582,000	92,003,941	118,955,000	460,019,722	594,773,000	5	95	45.5	54.5
1886 1890	5,461,382	112,895,000	27,306,911	564,474,000	108,911,131	140,815,000	544,557,155	704,074,000	4.8	95.2	44.5	55.5
1891-1895	7,882,565	162,947,000	39,412,823	814,736,000	157,581,831	203,742,000	787,909,156	1,018,708,000	4.8	95.2	44.4	55.6
1896-1900	12,416,239	247,301,100	62,284,696	1,236,505,500	165,603,304	214,220,700	828,466,522	1,071,118,500	7	93	54.6	45.4
1901 . . .	12,625,527	260,992,900	12,625,527	260,992,900	173,011,283	223,691,300	173,011,283	223,691,300	6.8	93.2	53.7	47.3
1902 . . .	14,351,680	296,737,600	14,351,680	296,737,600	162,763,483	210,441,900	162,763,483	210,441,900	8.1	91.9	58.9	41.1
1903 . . .	15,768,387	326,061,500	15,768,387	326,061,500	167,037,804	217,131,800	167,037,804	217,131,800	8.6	91.4	60	40
1904 . . .	16,780,913	346,892,200	16,780,913	346,892,200	168,390,238	217,716,700	168,390,238	217,716,700	9.1	90.9	61.6	38.4
Total .	—	—	846,468,156	11,396,914,600	—	—	9,580,833,947	12,383,648,100	5.4	94.6	47.9	52.1

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the price of a quarter of wheat rose from 8*s.* to 80*s.*, and other prices in proportion. Adam Smith says in "Wealth of Nations" of silver, which was the legal tender money of England at that time:

From 1570 to 1640 silver sunk in its real value, or would exchange for a smaller quantity of labour than before; and corn rose, and instead of being commonly sold for about two ounces of silver, or ten shillings of our money, came to be sold for six or eight ounces of silver, or about thirty to forty shillings. The discovery of the abundant mines of America seems to have been the sole cause of this diminution in the value of silver in proportion to that of corn. It is accounted for accordingly in the same manner by everybody, and there never has been any dispute either about the fact or about the cause of it.

Tooke says of this great fall in the value of money: [1]

We have the fullest warranty for concluding that any partial inconvenience that might ensue from the effect of the American supplies of the 16th Century in raising prices was compensated and repaid a hundredfold by the activity, expansion, and vigour which they impressed for more than one generation upon every enterprise and every art which dignifies human life or increases human happiness.

It will be observed by reference to the preceding table that between 1810 and 1849 the yield, both of the gold and the silver mines, had lagged greatly behind the requirements of trade and of an increasing population, with the result that the fall of prices during the second quarter of the nineteenth century was on an even more catastrophic scale than during the fourth quarter. It would be quite impossible to exaggerate the sufferings of the world, as Professor Francis A. Walker said, when representing the United States at the Paris Monetary Conference of 1878: "Suffocation, strangulation, are words hardly too strong to express the agony of the industrial body when embraced in the fatal coils of a contracting money-supply." Then came the discoveries of the new gold. Writing in 1865 of the remarkable rise of prices, Professor Stanley Jevons said:

Thus, while industry, trade, and property were rapidly advancing in Great Britain, America, and most other parts of the world, there was no corre-

[1] "History of Prices," vol. vi., App. 11, XXV. p. 409.

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sponding advance in the production of the precious metals. Prices, both in gold and silver, continually receded. Now if, while the introduction of free trade, railways, telegraphs, and innumerable other improvements accelerated the extension of trade, and the consequent demand for the precious metals after 1849, no new discoveries of gold and silver had been made, what must have ensued? Prices must have continued in the downward course they had pursued for thirty or forty years before. But they did not continue in this course—on the contrary, they turned upwards in a sudden and decided manner, as shown in the body of this tract.

Of the rise of prices subsequent to 1849 he said:

If we compare prices now (March 1865) with what they were at their lowest in 1849, we find there has been a rise of 21 per cent. If we take the average of 1845–50 as our standard of comparison, the rise is 11 per cent. The real permanent rise due to the gold discoveries is doubtless something between these, or probably nearer the higher limit, 21 per cent. The gold discoveries have caused this rise of price. They have also neutralised the fall of prices which might have been expected from the continuous progress of invention and production, but of which the amount is necessarily unknown.

Writing four years later in the *Economist* Jevons sums up:

I cannot help, then, reasserting with the utmost confidence that a real rise of prices, to the extent of 18 per cent., as measured by fifty chief commodities, has been established since the year 1849. This is an undoubted depreciation of gold, because it represents a real diminution in the general purchasing-power of gold. Nor can we well avoid attributing it to the effect of the gold discoveries. Indeed, as Professor Cairnes has so distinctly pointed out, the effect of those discoveries is probably much greater than we can prove, because the course of prices was in previous years decidedly downwards, so that the new gold has both prevented a further fall and occasioned a rise in its stead.

In his "Investigations in Currency and Finance," p. 101, he concludes:

The country may be said to be calmly looking on while every contract, including that of the National Debt, is being violated against the intention of the contracting parties.

And clearly Jevons was right; the metallic inflation of the world's currencies was indeed violating every contract, including that of the National Debt. The National Debt is a sum owed by the nation to its creditors; it represents a proportion

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of our whole assets. Those assets are valued approximately at twelve thousand millions sterling, so that the nation's creditors own some 6 per cent. If the nominal value of the assets were to double (and the advance, as I shall presently show, has been more than 25 per cent. in the past ten years) then the share belonging to the creditor would be 3 per cent. only in place of 6 per cent. It is the same with the payment of the interest on the Debt: each taxpayer pays his share by the sacrifice of some proportion of his products or of his yearly labour; the farmer, for example, by the sale of bullocks or wool or wheat, and if prices in ten years have advanced one quarter his tax is reduced in an equal proportion. And the same holds good as to the incidence of agricultural rents, at least in those cases where (as in Ireland) the farmer and his family supply the labour for the farm and take their subsistence from its produce, selling the balance that remains. The rise of prices since 1896 allows a farmer to pay £5 of rent with no greater sacrifice than that with which he formerly paid £4. Again, just in proportion as the price of agricultural produce has advanced, the real price of land must also have advanced. The purchaser of a farm ten years since for £1000, who left half the purchase-money on mortgage at 4 per cent., to-day has a property saleable for £1250, so that the mortgagee to-day, instead of owning one-half is the owner of two-fifths, and to the mortgagor, owing to the "unearned increment" of an advancing price, has been presented the whole interest on his mortgage for over fourteen years. In the case of debtor communities, such as our Australian Colonies, the relief occasioned by the advance of prices must already have been enormous. A great further rise of prices, which seems to me inevitably at hand, promises a future of industrial progress for the antipodean continent such as she has never known.[1]

[1] Of the then Appreciation of Gold, Sir Robert Giffen, in the Journal of the *Statistical Society* for December 1888, looks for "troublous times both for some of our Australian Colonies and for a country like the Argentine Republic,

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I have encountered recently very similar conditions in the case of agricultural communities in the United States and Canada. In prairie States, such as Iowa, Dakota and Ontario, farmers who, in 1896, appeared to be broken down by the burden of their mortgages are to-day prosperous and free; with a combination of full harvests and advancing prices has come a veritable transformation.

Now what was the position as between the world's debtor and creditor interests disclosed by the great rise of prices caused by the California gold? Clearly a very natural alarm on the part of the creditor. He was being repaid principal and interest in a rapidly depreciating currency, as indeed is the case to-day with the interest payments on consols and other "gilt-edged securities"; if other countries were to discover other river beds surcharged with gold it might well seem to the creditor that his loans would presently possess no greater value than French assignats! Thus a class of immense intelligence, bankers, financiers and coupon cutters—all that class which has either the time to attend to law-making or the inclination to control legislatures and the press, inevitably looked for the means by which they could combat this immense class peril, and they found it in the demonetisation of silver. Bearing in mind that prices for hundreds of years were silver prices, and not gold prices, that the British Pound was a pound of silver, that the price level had been created by the silver money of Bolivia, Peru and Mexico, let us glance at the world's currency legislation which was to confront and to offset that great rise of prices which culminated in 1870.

1871. Silver standard in Germany replaced by gold. Germany demonetises and melts up her silver.

1873. Silver demonetised in the United States. Suspension of free coinage in France, Belgium, and Holland. Denmark, Sweden, and Norway change from a Silver to a Gold standard and currency.

1875. Suspension of silver coinage by Italy and the Colonies of Holland.

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even if the appreciation does not grow more serious. That the pile of debts has to be paid principal and interest in appreciating money is a most serious consideration."

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I need not complete the long calendar of silver proscription and currency contraction; the work was done with a thoroughness and a dexterity that deserve respect; the only hope for the world's mortgagor interests was in the political awakening in the United States to the crisis of silver, and this hope was finally and for ever extinguished in the furious campaign of 1896. Gold the contractionist advocates used to declare was the only metal suited to be a standard, because it never fluctuated in supply. So recently as 1888 the gold product of the world's mines was only 4,614,588 ounces, while for 1905 it was 18,211,419 ounces.

Let us now see what the course of prices has been during the last forty years. The leading authority to-day is probably Mr. Augustus Sauerbeck, whose "index numbers" of prices are published during the first week of each month in the City column of the *Times*. On the death of Professer Soetbeer Mr. Sauerbeck succeeded to this work, which should be to every Finance Minister what the chart and the compass are to the mariner. Mr. Sauerbeck obtains his index number by taking the wholesale prices of the forty-five leading commodities, watching their variations for each month and striking the average of their rise and fall. Mr. Sauerbeck takes 100 as his index number for the period 1867–1877, and marks the periodic variations from that time.

1867–1877 . 100	For 1896 . 61	For 1905 . 72
1879–1887 . 79	1901 . 70	1906
1886–1895 . 68	1902 . 69	Jan. . 75.2
1890–1899 . 66	1903 . 69	May . 77
1896–1905 . 63	1904 . 70	

So that already prices have nearly climbed back to the level of 1879–1887, and their tendency is steadily upwards. The rapidity of the rise is emphasised by the fact that while prices for the period 1867–1877 were 51·5 per cent. higher than for the period 1890–1899, they were 29·9 per cent. only higher than for the month of May this year. In other words, the same amount of mixed products, which in the period from 1867–1877

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would have purchased one hundred sovereigns, and in the period 1890–1899 sixty-six sovereigns, and in the year 1896 only sixty-one sovereigns, will to-day purchase nearly seventy-seven sovereigns—a rise of over 25 per cent. in only ten years. Jevons wrote in 1869, "I cannot help, then, re-asserting with the utmost confidence that a real rise of prices to the extent of 18 per cent., as measured by fifty chief commodities, has been established since the year 1849"; and to discover an equally abrupt rise in so short a period Jevons would have needed to revert to the reign of James the First; but here, and in half the time, we have had a rise much more considerable than that of which Jevons wrote, and the cause of the rise—the depreciation of gold because of its increasing abundance—makes it evident that a much more revolutionary upward movement is to be looked for in the next fifteen years. In his annual report the Director of the United States Mint publishes an estimate from Professor Franklin Carpenter. The Professor sums up

(1) The rate of gold production has doubled in ten years, and probably will again double in ten years.

(2) Gold has declined in value, *i.e.*, in purchasing-power, and will continue to decline.

(3) Notwithstanding this, we are in the midst of unexampled prosperity by reason of this very increase in gold production.

Professor Carpenter thinks that "an addition of fifteen thousand million dollars (£3,000,000,000) during the next twenty years need not surprise us." So lately as 1869 Jevons reckoned that the gold currency of the entire world was less than eight hundred millions sterling; to-day it is not in excess of twelve hundred millions.[1] The estimate of Mr. Goschen in 1889 gave England £78,000,000, which sum is just one year's production of the mines to-day; so that when I describe our present currency conditions as altogether without precedent the words are none too strong.

Lest in dealing with a matter of such extreme importance

[1] Report of Secretary of Treasury (U.S.), p. 273.

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any doubt may attach to the index numbers of Mr. Sauerbeck, I append three other compilations: (1) Those of the United States Bureau of Labour derived from the wholesale prices of 260 commodities; (2) the Bradstreets index number for 100 chief articles of consumption; and (3) Messrs. Dun's tables, which are especially intended to mark the increase or diminution of the cost of living. Unlike Mr. Sauerbeck's, these various index numbers only date back to 1890.

	Bureau of Labour.		Bradstreets.		Dun's.	
1890	112.9		112.0		105.0	
1891	111.7		111.0		114.0	
1892	106.1	106.48	108.0	105.98	104.0	106.4
1893	105.6		105.0		109.0	
1894	96·1		93.9		100.0	
1895	93.6		91.6		94.0	
1896	90.4		85.9		90.0	
1897	89.7	93.6	89.6	93.72	89.0	93.8
1898	93.4		96.5		92.4	
1899	101.7		105.0		100.0	
1900	110.5		113.0		109.0	
1901	108.5		108.0		111.0	
1902	112.9	111.7	109.0	111.8	117.0	113.6
1903	113.6		114.0		115.0	
1904	113.0		115.0		116.0	
1905	—		119.6		116·6	

Finally, the Washington Bureau of Commerce has this table of prices:

COURSE OF WHOLESALE PRICES, 1895–1905.

Commodities.	1895.	1905.
Farm products	93.3	124.2
Food, etc.	94.6	108 7
Cloths and clothing	92.7	112.0
Fuel and lighting	98.1	128.8
Metals and implements	92.0	122.5
Lumber and building materials	94.1	127.8
Drugs and chemicals	87.9	109.1
House furnishing goods	96.5	109.1
Miscellaneous	94.5	112.8
All commodities	93.6	115.9

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It will be observed that the advance of prices in the United States in the last ten years has been somewhat greater than in England, and during the period America has increased her gold in currency from $8.49 per capita to $16.31[1].

The Gold Question is complex and formidable. The yield of the mines doubled between 1886 and 1896, and again doubled between 1896 and 1906, and this notwithstanding a temporary cessation of the African yield. Will it again, as Professor Carpenter supposes, double between 1906 and 1916, and yet again between 1916 and 1926? Should this phenomenal inflation be actually in waiting for the world the revolution in prices would be comparable to that which occurred during the first quarter of the seventeenth century. In this event it would be safe to estimate that wages will have advanced 150 per cent. before 1926, and the price of land in the British Isles will have doubled. Professor Carpenter anticipates an immense increase of gold yield because of the new hydraulic dredges—a form of gold-mining as yet only in its infancy, and he gives the cost of production of gold with these "amphibions" as follows:

Placer yielding 5 cents per cubic yard (that is the hunting for less than two pennyworth of gold in a ton of gravel) produces gold at $16.53 per ounce.
Placer yielding 10 cents per cubic yard produces gold at $8.30 per ounce.
Placer yelding 20 cents per cubic yard produces gold at $4.13 per ounce.
Placer yielding 40 cents per cubic yard produces gold at $2.06 per ounce.

Large areas of rich gravel suitable for these dredges have recently been discovered in Northern British Columbia. It seems probable that there are great gravel districts in Brazil, Siberia, Alaska, and Australia which are of a grade too low to "wash" as hitherto by hand, but which will make good returns to these monster dredges. The dredges already working in California, and of which Mr. John Hays Hammond is perhaps the creator, have each a daily capacity of four thousand tons, and with three shifts of two skilled navigators do the work of fifteen hundred Chinamen. But these calcula-

[1] Report of Secretary of Treasury (U.S.), 1905.

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tions of increasing gold production, which in themselves portend a great and even a disastrous inflation of prices, lose sight of one all-important consideration, namely, at what point will the rapidly increasing fall in the value of gold shut down the gold-mines. During the last quarter of the last century the great appreciation of gold made the search for and the winning of that metal very fashionable. The fall of all prices, including labour and machinery side by side with chemical and mechanical developments, made it possible year by year to recover gold from ores of a lower and a lower grade. But now the conditions are being violently reversed; machinery and mining timber, chemicals, labour, the cost of constructing roads and railways to the mines—all these factors in the cost of gold production are likely to advance rapidly; at what point will this advance be such as to annihilate profits and close the mines? Take, for example, the great Homestake mine in Dakota; this mine has produced sixteen millions sterling and paid four millions in dividends, so that an increase of only 25 per cent. in mining costs, in other words an equivalent fall in the value of gold, would deprive its operation of all profit. Is it not possible that the *malaise* in South Africa may be connected with that depreciation of gold which we now recognise as in its very initial stages? It is probable, too, that the abandonment of many South African mines, the working of which is attributed to the Phoenicians, may have been caused by just such a sudden advance of all prices as that under present diagnosis. It is at least conceivable that the low-grade ore bodies of the Rand, deserted in this century because of the depreciation of gold, may be re-exploited a thousand years hence when the world's prices have again been submitted to some vast process of shrinkage —in an era that is, of a new appreciation of gold.

There is one point of great interest on which the price movement of the next few years will throw a much needed light, I refer to the effect of the abandonment of the bimetallic system in 1873. Until 1873 Great Britain though nominally

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gold mono-metallic was in effect just as bimetallic as France. That is to say, did a London merchant or a Lyons merchant trading with India or Chili draw a hundred tons of silver in payment of his trade balance, the French mint was open to coin this silver, and thus effect its exchange into gold money equally for the London or the Lyons merchant at an exchange ratio of 15½ ounces of silver or an ounce of gold. But the fly-wheel of the exchange mechanism stopped with the closing of the French mint; the universal money-changer had ceased business so that it was no longer possible to draw gold in exchange for unlimited amounts of silver bullion. The consequent catastrophe in prices, the fact that prices were more than 50 per cent. higher for 1867–1877 than for the decade 1890–1900, has now merely an academic interest; equally the mortgagor world, ruined by that appreciation, and the mortgagees and fundlords who grew rich by appreciation, have long since accepted the position; the very echoes of 1896 have died away with the re-birth of rising prices. Still, the very rapidity of the price recovery to-day does indeed invite to furious thought. Would prices be rallying after this frantic fashion were the European currencies to day bimetallic? Is not the rise of prices much more rapid because the increased monetary supply has come upon a currency shrunk to a much smaller volume by the elimination of silver? When the mass of the new gold from California and Australia came pouring into Europe it did indeed raise prices, but the rise, as Jevons pointed out, some 18 per cent. in twenty years, was a modest rise by the side of the rise of 25 per cent. in the past ten years. The comparative conditions then and now seem to show that Wolowski was right when he said, in 1868, that "silver was the parachute that broke the fall of gold." What Wolowski saw was this: that some three hundred millions of new gold from the river beds had reached Europe and was exercising its natural effect in raising prices. But the currencies of Asia being silver, the new gold had of itself no power to inflate prices in Asia. So that the advance of prices in Europe

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magnetised the exports of Asia to Europe, thereby securing to Asia abnormally favourable balances of trade, thus inflating the exchanges and draining away the legal tender silver of Europe to the mints and the hoards of the Far East. In this way the beautifully simple bimetallic mechanism established in France, by the "law of the 11th Germinal" broke the fall of gold for all Europe because, just as the new gold raised prices in Europe, there followed an automatic reduction of the European currencies represented by the wholesale melting up and exporting of Europe's legal tender silver to Asia, of which export of silver Professor Cairnes said: "it rendered possible the remarkable expansion of Oriental trade which forms the most striking commercial fact of the age that followed." But to-day there is no "parachute" because there is no legal tender silver (except the enormously overvalued silver of the Latin Union, Spain and Russia) which is available to liquidate Asia's growing trade balances. Still, if European prices, and prices in gold standard America, are as we know rising, Asiatic exports to Europe and America must be stimulated, and how, in what shape, does India now liquidate her increasing balance of trade? As prices are now rising, and will probably rise more rapidly still during the years at hand, the reply to this question becomes of the greatest importance. Should Asia's silver prices remain stationary, or decline, while Europe's gold prices, on the other hand, advance rapidly, the competition of "the yellow man using the white money, with the white man using the yellow money," would involve a great race peril; the alteration in price levels in Orient and Occident, would give the Orientals a great advantage in industrial competition. The Indian mints were closed to silver in 1893, and it is never easy to penetrate the veil which shrouds Calcutta officialdom from the irreverent Western gaze, but the figures of rupee coinage contributed by Mr. R. F. Patterson, the U.S. Consul-General at Calcutta, are extremely significant.[1] After a cessation of all coinage for the

[1] Report to Secretary of Treasury (U.S.), p. 179.

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five years subsequent to 1893, for the last five years the purchase of silver by the Government, and its coinage into rupees, has been as follows: fifteen rupees being valued at a pound sterling.

1900	£11,509,915
1901	£3,423,182
1902	£7,592,990
1903	£11,020,769
1904	£7,580,291

These enormous coinages, far in excess of what they were with open mints before 1893, make it clear that the rise of prices going on in the West is again attracting increased exports by the myriad peopled East; the trade balance is being drawn largely in silver bullion,[1] which bullion the Government purchases directly or indirectly from the native exporters, and, having minted it, sells its rupees back to the natives, charging them a huge seignorage. Here, indeed, is a currency condition of the most immoral kind, and of a kind that must necessarily act directly in "restraint of trade." The difference between the nominal value of the rupee and its bullion value (say three pence) has exactly the same effect upon India's export trades as an *ad valorem* export tariff of 22 per cent. Were an export tariff of 22 per cent. collected, it would bring in far more revenue than this seignorage and would not be in the smallest degree more restrictive of trade. The Government is coining a thirteen-penny rupee and calling it sixteen pence; the exchanges, it is true, remains steady at sixteen pence, but I ask with some confidence, in view of conditions of gold-supply so radically different from the conditions of 1893, whether, with open mints and free coinage in India, the exchange value of the rupee would not almost certainly rise to sixteen pence? With gold prices rising rapidly here, the

[1] Report to Secretary of Treasury (U.S.), p. 180:

	Net Import of Gold Coin and Bullion into India.
1902	5,843,044
1903	6,621,107
1904	6,470,591

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exports from India, if unchecked and unhampered by fictitious exchange rates, a closed mint, and a managed currency, would swell so enormously that Mr. John Morley might probably get even more than sixteen pence at his weekly sales of rupees. Of Mr. Morley, it may be said that he knows everything mundane excepting only the problems of exchange; still this question is so immensely important, not merely to India but to the trades of Africa and China, that it invites the consideration of a Select Commission.

Within the limits of this review, it is not possible to follow further the problem of the depreciation of gold. With its emergence and with a wider perspective it will be recognised before long as the leading economic problem of the century. And what an era of humbug and of humbugs is at hand! Very soon we shall see municipal extravagance emerge as scientific finance; the Steel Trust as "conservative"; the Irish Land Act as showing the thrift generated by proprietary conditions. Here the rising tide of prosperity will be ascribed to Protection, there to Free Trade; and while the achievements of second-class statesmen will fill grateful pages in our history, they will be really the product only of the miners' pick and shovel.

There is a passage in Alison's "History of Europe," often quoted, but the full significance of which imprints itself for the first time on this generation of readers; Alison writes:

> The two greatest events that have occurred in the history of mankind have been directly brought about by a successive contraction and expansion of the circulating medium of society. The fall of the Roman Empire so long ascribed in ignorance to slavery, heathenism, and moral corruption was in reality brought about by a decline in the silver and gold mines of Spain and Greece. . . . And as if Providence had intended to reveal in the clearest manner the influence of this mighty agent on human affairs, the resurrection of mankind from the ruin which those causes had produced was owing to a directly opposite set of agencies being put in operation. Columbus led the way in the career of renovation; when he spread his sails across the Atlantic he bore mankind and its fortunes in his bark. . . . The annual supply of the precious metals for the use of the globe was tripled; before a century had expired the prices of every species of produce were quadrupled. The weight

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of debt and taxes insensibly wore off under the influence of that prodigious increase; in the renovation of industry the relations of society were changed, the weight of feudalism cast off, the rights of man established. Among the many concurring causes which conspired to bring about this mighty consummation the most important, though hitherto the least observed, was the discovery of Mexico and Peru. . . . If the circulating medium of the globe had remained stationary or declining, as it was from 1815 to 1849, from the effect of South American revolution and English legislation, the necessary result must have been that it would have become altogether inadequate to the wants of man; and not only would industry have been everywhere cramped, but the price of produce would have universally and constantly fallen. Money would have every day become more valuable—all other articles measured in money less so; debt and taxes would have been constantly increasing in weight and oppression. The fate which crushed Rome in ancient, and has all but crushed Great Britain in modern, times would have been that of the whole family of mankind. All these evils have been entirely obviated and the opposite set of blessings introduced by the opening of the great reserve treasure chambers of Nature in California and Australia! . . . Before half a century has elapsed the prices of every article will be tripled, enterprise proportionally encouraged, industry vivified, debts and taxes lessened.

MORETON FREWEN.

SHOULD THE INDIAN MINTS BE RE-OPENED TO FREE COINAGE?

L'ENVOI.

The Silver Question in India is so esoteric that I have thought it better to eliminate it from the question of the depreciation of gold, and to present it to those few readers who are interested in its complexities in the form of a memorandum and a letter to Mr. John Morley.

M. F.

MEMORANDUM

In the Western world there is to-day an extraordinary rise of prices, an undoubted depreciation of gold. Sauerbeck's index numbers, those of the Department of Labour at Washington, Dun's and Bradstreets, all show a rise of from 25 to

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80 per cent. in the past ten years. The production of the world's gold-mines doubled between 1886 and 1896, and again between 1896 and 1906. Professor Franklin Carpenter, in the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury (U.S.) thinks that "we need not be surprised by an addition of three thousand millions sterling of gold during the next twenty years." It is safe to say that one-half of this addition would double all prices and wages.

India is the "sink" of the precious metals. It was her absorption of specie after the Californian gold discoveries in 1849 that saved Europe from inflation. Of this absorption Jevons wrote:

> Asia is the great reservoir and sink of the precious metals. It has saved us from a commercial revolution and taken off our hands many millions of bullion which would be worse than useless here. From the earliest historical ages it has stood in a similar relation to Europe. In the Middle Ages it relieved Europe of the excess of Spanish-American treasure, just as it now relieves us of the excess of Australian treasure.

During the twenty-five years "after California" (1850–1875) India took over 264 millions of specie, one-third gold two-thirds silver, the world's product of gold and silver from the mines being 800 millions. The great rise of gold prices since 1896 should have expanded the exports of India enormously. Recall what her balance of trade was from 1850–1875 with half her present population, with few railways, with little irrigation, and the estimate is not excessive, that with open mints and unrated exchange India should be taking now, as she then took, one-third of the combined product of the world's mines—say one-third of a hundred millions sterling annually. The creditor interests here, now threatened with inflation, are greatly concerned to secure the free coinage "sink" in India, and perhaps a monetary agreement between, say, France and the United States as to silver coinage at a ratio to be decided. Wolowski wrote in the 'sixties, "Silver," meaning the extruded legal tender silver currency of Europe, "was the parachute that broke the fall of gold."

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What would happen did India open her mints? Might not the expansion of her exports be so great and the consequent demand for bills and council drafts be on such a scale that the bullion price of silver would rise to the present rating (16*d.*) or even higher?

In the West we have no idea what is the present policy of the Government of India. The mints were closed in 1893, and during the following five years there not only were no additions, but the currency was reduced by the melting-up of over nineteen millions of rupees. Apparently this experiment was unsatisfactory, for in 1900 there were minted over *seventeen crores of rupees* (Rs. 171,479,318). Unless inevitable the present position—a currency managed by officials—is very undesirable, not only economically but morally. Even admitting that it was necessary to close the mints in 1893, when gold was appreciating and the silver situation at Washington menaced the Bourses of the world, is it necessary now, when gold is depreciating, when we know the worst, when probably the United States and France, urged on by the creditor interests of Europe and America, would assist to fix exchange by open mints?

BREDE PLACE, SUSSEX,
Oct. 16, 1906.

DEAR MR. MORLEY,

Referring to my memorandum and to your letter of October 4, permit me to add a further note on Indian Currency.

(1) In 1878 the Government of India proposed to close the mints. Parliament appointed a Commission — Sir Louis Malet, Mr. Edward Stanhope, Sir T. Seacombe, Lords Farrer and Welby, Sir Robert Giffen and Mr. Arthur Balfour. The Commissioners were adverse in an unanimous report.

(2) In 1893 another Commission advised the closure. This was done and enormous numbers of rupees were melted

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up to contract the currency, and it contracted; in February 1898 loans were made in Bombay on the security of gold bars at 2 per cent. per month. To maintain the artificial exchange rate, the Government of India docked its weekly rupee sales and borrowed gold in large amounts. Mr. Yule, Chairman of the Bank of Calcutta, said at the Annual Meeting of his bank (July 26, 1897):

The extra half per cent. interest on the new three crore loan is not the only bill that India has to pay for the huge blunder of 1893. Enforced scarcity of money is the only hope on which the skeleton of the famine-stricken and famine-begetting gold standard depends. To become wealthy the Government of India is diligently endeavouring to render itself as well as the trading community destitute. . . . The evidence given before the Commission appointed to inquire in 1892 was very largely in favour of leaving India to the mercy of cheap silver. The Commission, however, gave way to the continued wailing of the Indian Currency Association, backed by the Viceroy's Council and the Civil Service. But India is not in a state of prosperity now; the position is distinctly critical. . . . I think that the evils which the fanatical worship of the gold standard has brought upon us, and is likely to accentuate if persisted in, are after four years experience established beyond controversy, and to leave matters as they are means for the Government of India the prospect of heavy unpopular burdens, and for the country as a whole a fatal and stunting arrestation of development.

The *Manchester Guardian* said in a "leader":

The closing of the mints was resolved on in direct opposition to the advice of the practical commercial and financial witnesses examined before Lord Herschell's Committee, in deference to the theories of the permanent official class. The Committee itself only recommended the step on the ground that as the Home Authorities had refused to accept the Indian Government's bimetallic proposal they could not reject the alternative scheme of that Government.

The *Times*, in a special article, said:

The policy is neither more nor less than to appropriate two-thirds of the Famine Insurance Fund which has been solemnly declared essential as a safeguard against widespread distress in India.

It is important also to recall that the mints were closed in 1893 because it was understood at Simla that the Sherman

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Purchase Act was about to be repealed at Washington, as indeed it was. The closing was a precautionary measure intended to tide financial India over a sudden break in exchange. It was never supposed that the Indian currency was for all time to be manipulated by officials, now melting up and contracting it, now, as in 1900, passing unprecedented masses of silver through the mints and inflating it.

(3) I have pointed out on the authority of Mr. Forbes Mitchell that the headman of a famine-stricken villiage sold 2000 rupees weight of silver in Allahabad for 600 rupees during the famine of 1896. Mr. Mitchell expostulated with the shroff, who however said of his purchase, "I can neither sell it nor eat it." Mr. Handasyde Dick, of Glasgow, showed that the famine in certain districts was not a food famine so much as a money famine; that the price of rice was not very abnormal, but the people had no money; it had been melted up.

(4) Next we have the Commission of 1899 to decide whether the gold standard should be adopted. I do not give the names of these gentlemen, nor if I did would it, I think, assist your judgment? The Commission was of such calibre that a protest signed by the most influential firms in London was forwarded to Lord George Hamilton. Lord George in replying said:

> The principle of its formation was not as you appear to suppose to secure representatives of all the various interests affected by the Government of India's proposals; what I attempted was to find a small number of competent persons who were not likely to be hindered either by commercial interests or by previous public utterances of their own from forming an unbiassed opinion.

The Commission furnished the required Report. On September 8, 1899, the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, said of the adoption of the gold standard advocated in the Report:

> We do not tie our hands by taking this step, for while the adoption of a gold standard renders us independent of the caprice of hostility of foreign countries for the time being, it will not prevent us at any date in the future

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from embarking upon a discussion with Foreign Powers as to an international agreement, but will, on the contrary, enable us to enter the field upon equal terms.

(5) Such is the position to-day. Let me repeat two lines from the short memorandum which I forwarded you recently, "what would happen did India open her mints? Might not the expansion of her exports be so great and the consequent demand for silver, bills, and Council drafts be on such a scale that the bullion price of silver would rise to the present rating (16*d.*) or even higher?" It is clear that a currency system which for ever prevents India's real famine reserve fund, namely, her hoards and her bangles from being effective at a time of famine, is not a system altogether admirable if it is also unnecessary! Were the mints re-opened now the stimulus to India's exports would be enormous, and the stimulus to the exports and the development of East Africa, now on a rupee basis, would not be less, but I think more.

(6) Is India's trade suffering? I admit, of course, that India is prospering, but is her trade at all what it should be in view of the great rise of prices in gold-standard countries? The reply to this is in a small compass. When gold prices in Europe rose after the Calfornia gold discoveries, and rose less considerably and less rapidly than in the decade past, India's exports, magnetised by those higher prices, expanded prodigiously. To liquidate her balance of trade, she drew between 1859 and 1867 over a hundred millions of specie, and such was the expansion of her currency that her silver prices rose fully as fast as our gold prices. Are rupee prices now rising as our gold prices rise? If not then India's balance of trade is being interfered with by the shut mints. Since 1896, in Europe and America, gold prices have risen fully 30 per cent. Do the index numbers in India show any such depreciation for the rupee? I do not know, for I have not seen any Indian index numbers for now ten years, but I suggest with some confidence that Indian prices fell very seriously between 1896 and 1900, and that they are to-day no higher

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than when the mints closed in 1893. The evidence as to this can no doubt be obtained from Calcutta. Again, if India's rupee prices are not rising to the full equivalent of the rise in sovereign prices, must there not be going on a great expansion of China's exports, and where these exports compete with India's exports, then at India's expense? Because China is getting the full benefit of the advance of our gold prices, her mints being open and her exchanges not rated nor tampered with.

(7) A "gold standard without a gold currency" then is open to the considerable objections I have briefly outlined. Until India is permitted to receive payment for what she sells in the bullion of her currency at melting-pot prices, India has suspended specie payments and her money is dishonest.

(8) Gold is now depreciating so rapidly that the Western world is concerned to secure an open mint in Europe for silver in conjunction with free coinage in India, and this not to raise prices, but to carry specie rapidly in Asia and thus protect Europe from currency inflation. Any of the old coinage rates —16 to 1 or 15½ to 1—would now find no one interested to support them. 24 to 1, at which rating the World's price of silver bullion would be the present rating for the rupee (16*d.*) would be a compromise probably acceptable to France and the United States. After an agreement, these two countries might decide to melt and sell their present over-valued legal tender silver currencies. With gold prices now rapidly rising, that mass of silver would pour itself through a thousand trade channels into Asia and vitalise the world's commerce, as was the case after California.

(9) The time, then, is opportune for that international discussion which was contemplated by the Viceroy and the Government of India in 1899. In this discussion India may wish for a lower rating for silver—perhaps 1 to 26, so as to stimulate her export trades. France and the United States on the other hand perhaps may pronounce for 1 to 22, because

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such a rate would protect all the competing Western industries which employ white workers. At some point, then, between 22 and 26 the question may be decided, and the uncounted silver hoards of the Indian natives may again form their famine reserve fund.

(10) I should perhaps mention in conclusion that since 1896 I have given no consideration to the Silver Question, and that I return to it with much reluctance. But an American friend, Mr. Bryan, here staying with me recently in Sussex, criticised somewhat severely England's administration of India, a criticism I replied to warmly, because it seems to me the very brightest chapter in a splendid history. Mr. Bryan then said, "Please write me for the *Commoner* a short paper on the adoption of the gold standard by the Government of India." I find it difficult to do this without either suppressions or disagreeable admissions. Nor is there any finality to what the late Lord Farrer described as "this interesting experiment," an experiment in dietary rather than in finance, whenever in the next thousand years a period of famine recurs. Just as in 1896, so also in 2896 Mr. Forbes Mitchell's villager at a time of infinite stress is likely to realise Rs. 600 for 2000 tolas of silver bullion.

Believe me, with much respect,

Yours very faithfully,

MORETON FREWEN.

The Rt. Honble. JOHN MORLEY, M.P.
H.M.'s Secretary of State,
India Office, S.W.

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THE NUN BEFORE THE CHRIST-CHILD

NOT that pale Christ upon the cross
Comforts my loss,
With Mother Mary—left alone—
Though crown and throne
Behind the lightning-riven cloud
Await their King,
And swift, strong angels crowd
Immortal palms to bring.
Her Christ is dead and waits the tomb
In rock of garden hewn,
Grave garments for the gathering gloom,
With faint death-spices strewn;
For memory, through years forlorn,
She beareth forth the crown of thorn.

Nay, mine for ecstasy of prayer
The Christ-Child fair,
The blessed babe, flesh-warm, flesh glad,
For woman-arms to hold;
Just such as smile on mothers sad,
And kiss faint hearts to bold,
Warm-lipped against the throbbing breast,
Which quickens into thrill,
With palpitating form close-pressed,
To hold, to hush at will,

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With moist, soft hair to stir
At mother's singing breath,
And milk-wet lips—for her
In sleep to touch by stealth;
Her own, one with her bosom's beat
From clinging curls to dimpled feet.

O! Mary's child to my cold breast
In rapture pressed,
In empty arms held now
As once in Mary's own,
Kissed warm on lips, on cheek, on brow.
My virgin life makes moan
In lonely prayer to Thee;
Unquickened womb of mine
Homeless of child to be,
Comfort with life of Thine!
Bosom by babe unblessed,
And breasts where no lips draw;
Life barren—be confessed
Nature's great Mother law.

O Christ—not penitent, not nun,
This sister at Thy feet,
But woman with woman's joy unknown,
Vowed virgin—incomplete.
Hands given no babe to hold,
Rattle the rosary beads,
And unkissed lips grow cold
With chill of chants and creeds—
O Mary's babe—O Virgin's child
Born of the Undefiled,
Have mercy on this veiléd head,
This shrouded life—this woman dead!

L. STUDDIFORD MCCHESNEY.

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ON THE LINE

IN **Benita** (Cassell, 6*s*.) Mr. Rider Haggard returns to his happy hunting-ground on the veldt, and introduces us to a heroine who appears to be an exceptional young lady, inasmuch as she possesses the psychical faculty of seeing the invisible. This mystical possession brings her into the power of an ambitious, unscrupulous German-Jew, a hypnotist, named Jacob Meyer, who proposes to use her occult gifts as the means of finding treasure buried in an ancient African fortress and guarded by a decadent superstitious tribe of natives. The adventures she passes through are sufficient to turn an ordinary girl grey; but Benita braves the dangers of ghosts, of greedy men, of warlike savages, with courage and success. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Rider Haggard is in his best vein of mystery and adventure, and in this, his latest novel, brings back to us the old delights which thrilled us when we trembled before "She" and went treasure-hunting to "King Solomon's Mines."

Pan is dead, but Puck yet speaketh, "a small, brown, broad-shouldered, pointy-eared person, with a snub nose, slanting blue eyes, and a grin that runs right across his freckled face." The fairies, disgusted because they were reckoned among the images, went out of England with the Reformation—all except Robin Goodfellow, who is the same as Puck, who pricked up his pointy ears and spoke with quite a new voice, when a centurion of the Thirtieth happened to mention that he had built a little altar to the Sylvan Pan, by the pine forest beyond the brook, in memory of his first bear. At least so says Mr. Rudyard Kipling (**Puck of Pook's**

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Hill. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 6*s.*) and, so saying, teaches two lucky children in a series of ten attractive lessons, that by the sword came gold, and by gold came power, and out of power came liberty and the law.

Also that through it all human nature remains very much the same everywhere, even as the little mill which still clacks where she has ground her corn since Domesday Book, or the smithy which still stands on the self-same spot where Weland forged the sword for Hugh a thousand years ago or more. While the sword was yet new the Knights of the Joyous Venture set sail to Africa in quest of gold, carrying with them a Chinaman, who had with him a brown box, wherein was suspended a thin piece of iron that always pointed to the South. And they fought with gorillas, and were doubtless branded as liars for telling the tale afterwards, even as was Paul du Chaillu in the memory of men yet living.

The rabble of soldiery, who guarded the Great Wall, sang their music-hall songs which ran for six months or a year, as other absent-minded beggars did some half a dozen years ago, and do now. The centurions went out hunting in the Pict country, with a Pict *shikari;* and the Painted People knew just when Maximus crossed over to Gaul, and what troops and emigrants he had taken with him, fifteen days before the information reached the Wall, just as the news of great events is discussed in the bazaars to-day, ahead of the telegraph wires. Even then the Jews discussed in secret conclave what wars should be waged, and for how long; and boys were left with thirty men-at-arms under them, among a people whose language they could not speak, to hold the land they had taken from them.

After all, these little touchings of things common are more convincing than the dry details of historical primers, and children remember the story of King Alfred and the cakes (some of them can even tell you at which side of the fire he was sitting) when the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht have become a vague blur in a befogged memory. The verses in this volume

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are not likely to add much to the author's reputation, the best, perhaps, being those at the beginning of the book, entitled "Puck's Song," with its two concluding stanzas:

Trackway and Camp and City lost,
Salt Marsh where now is corn;
Old Wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,
And so was England born

She is not any common Earth,
Water or wood or air,
But Merlin's Isle of gramarye,
Where you and I will fare.

Mr. Elkington arrived in New Zealand (**Adrift in New Zealand**, by E. Way Elkington, F.R.G.S. John Murray, 10*s.* 6*d.*) with threepence in his pocket—the traditional qualification for building up a fortune. Indeed, so impressed is he with the importance of this preliminary that he confesses to making a practice of it, adding that the only time his experience was unpleasant occurred when he spent his last sixpence in bananas at Honolulu, and landed penniless at San Francisco. Here the possession of sixty dollars is a necessary condition for admission to the U.S.A., and things looked awkward until he remembered that at the Golden Gate the blindest bluffs hold good, and managed to get through by making the emigration officer lose his temper.

But the men who suffer from the love of the open road rarely make fortunes; still more rarely do they keep them; and Mr. Elkington began by failing to milk cows; engaged himself as a farm-hand; threw up his job for the sake of a lawn-tennis party; tried an insurance agency, that last refuge of the Englishman in the Colonies; was editor of a Church paper for some months; became a billsticker for the advance agent of a concert company; went on the tramp as a "swagman" for five weeks; worked as cattleman on a station, with an occasional turn at sheep-shearing; took pupils in elocution and stage-craft, a capacity in which he seems to have been rather successful, although he was profoundly ignorant

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of the profession; touched the *nadir* of New Zealand life as a gumdigger, when the wander-thirst attacked him again, and he packed his swag and left for Auckland, which he found in the throes of a six months' boom; and then he returned home, apparently as penniless as ever.

Through it all he appears to have preserved a cheerful irresponsibility which infects his writing, a slap-dash, go-ahead style that is scornful of over-elaboration or too strict adherence to accuracy. He liked the country, and succeeds in making his readers like it too. He admired the Maoris, as do most people who know them; indeed, he says, with engaging candour, that he would "far sooner marry a dozen Maori women than one domestic servant." The hot springs of Rotorua detained him for ten days of quite unjustifiable idleness, and when he tells us that the bathers in water at a temperature of 212° "looked like bits of underdone beef"—well, we should imagine they probably would.

The glory of the pink and white terraces vanished twenty years ago in the great Tarawera eruption, but the geysers yet remain, unequalled save, perhaps, in the Yellowstone basin. The terraces, however, are re-forming, although they will probably take a century or so before they regain anything of their former beauty.

The country is a paradise for tramps, ten out of a dozen of whom would be greatly insulted if you offered them work, and the cost of providing sleeping accommodation and food for "swagmen" is put down by many station-holders at £100 per annum, a statement of whose truth the author has no doubt. On the subject of politics Mr. Elkington has nothing to say, except in mere passing references, such as his eulogium of the late Richard Seddon and his work for the Empire and the Colony; or the incidental remark that Onehunga is "a town noted for being the only one that ever had a lady mayor, but will never have another." Indeed, the whole book only professes to be a narrative of personal experience, but it is brightly written and full of entertaining gossip.

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THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER XIV

THE DUKE

UNTIL he was nineteen or twenty years old the Duke of Monaghan had lived the life of a recluse; no less, perhaps, because his health had latterly required such complete seclusion, than because it was difficult to shake off the compulsory habits of invalidism formed during the earlier years of his boyhood.

The dukedom had descended upon his father almost as unexpectedly as the fortune of Miss Marney upon Louis de Courset. The distant cousin, whom the late Duke had succeeded, having a large family of daughters for whom he was naturally desirous to make every provision in his power, left as little as he could help to his heir-at-law; and consequently Denis was, in proportion to his rank, a poor man.

It had therefore been impressed upon him from his earliest youth by his mother, that if he married at all, he must marry money.

The Duke had smiled a melancholy smile at the very notion of marriage; but he was fully alive, nevertheless, to

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the embarrassment of his poverty; with a number of people dependent upon him; a large landed estate, which brought in next to no profit, and a magnificent castle tumbling into ruins for want of the necessary repairs.

The Duchess had been a West-country heiress, and had a large fortune of her own; but she spent her income royally; and as the capital was tied up on her second son, Dermot, it would not benefit the Duke, nor his impoverished Irish estate.

She rented a house in Park Lane, spent the autumn in Scotland, the winter in her home on the borders of Devon and Somerset, and the spring in the South of France.

But she never went to Ireland if she could help it; and when her son visited Cuilmore, he was obliged to visit it alone.

It was with extreme reluctance, and at the insistence of his guardians, that the Duchess permitted her invalid son, over whom she had maintained complete control for twenty years, to quit her maternal care and to go to Oxford; but perhaps she had, as his guardians believed, over-doctored the Duke, oppressed his spirits, and retarded his recovery, by her constant and arbitrary supervision, for the remarkable improvement which took place in his health undoubtedly dated from the beginning of his College life.

His melancholy lessened; he began to find it possible to be interested even in the sports he could never hope to join; his natural abilities, which were considerable, were called into play; he perceived that it was open to him to distinguish himself, if he would, among his fellows, in spite of his lameness.

He had been educated, of course, entirely at home; but his tutor had been a wise and learned German; a master of languages and a fine musician. He had directed and formed the boy's taste for reading, encouraged his love of music, and laid the foundations upon which Denis presently based the structure of a very creditable University career.

Shaking the yoke of his mother's authority off his long-suffering shoulders, the Duke spent his vacations abroad; at

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first with his old tutor in anxious attendance; but later, with younger and more cheerful companions.

He found himself, to his astonishment, able to live much as they lived, though his lameness naturally precluded him from sharing their more active exercises.

But he studied music with enthusiasm, and became familiar with the art galleries of Europe.

When he left Oxford he proceeded to visit his neglected estates in Ireland, but here disappointment and disillusion awaited him.

Nothing could be done without money, and of money he had none, or next to none.

As soon as the accumulations of his minority were at his disposal—which was not, according to his father's will, until he was five-and-twenty—he did what he could, which was something, and dreamed of doing more. The careless luxury of the expenditure in Park Lane angered him when he thought of the silent, deserted, and almost ruined halls of his predecessors.

Concerning his feelings for his mother, Denis dwelt upon them as little as possible. He was not in sympathy with her, and she resented what she believed to be his ingratitude. Probably it was rather his independence that she resented. Having grown accustomed to settle everything for her eldest son, to have him always under her own eye, and to consider him as helpless as an infant, she did not relish his sudden emancipation; and found his restoration to health irksome in fact, though in theory she was obliged to rejoice.

Nevertheless, she respected Denis; she knew him to be steady and high-principled, as his brothers were wild, careless and extravagant; and she wished him to marry, with all her heart.

She was becoming, indeed, almost feverishly anxious upon the subject, and unlike the generality of mothers, was prepared to welcome almost any young woman whom her son might select, provided only that she had a fair fortune.

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On this point the Duchess was firm.

Though her own parentage was unexceptionable (or, perhaps, because of this fact), she was not painfully exclusive in principle.

She was not of those who are the bane of the newly rich, and the successfully married; unimpressed by present appearances, searching for humble pasts preferably ignored, and crying always, But who *was* she?

On the contrary, the only question that vexed her economic soul was, How much?

"Let her be respectable and not *smart;* let her but have a *dot* sufficient to set them up in comfort, and I care nothing who she may be," thought the Duchess.

But it was her despair that the Duke did not seem inclined to marry at all.

She had never been of a demonstrative nature, and the petting and coaxing which had been bestowed upon the crippled boy had come from his attendants and not from his mother, whom he had rather feared than loved.

His affection had been for his father, who, passionately regretful of the misfortune which had befallen his heir, had lavished upon him every indulgence in his power. The Duke's death had crushed the spirits of the little invalid, and made him grave and melancholy beyond his years.

But in proportion to the deprivations of his boyhood, did the young man now enjoy the existence which to his brothers appeared so devoid of amusement and excitement.

It was not considered prudent that he should hunt, but he rode in moderation, and walked as much as his lameness permitted, and the exercise increased his strength; he lost the air of almost ethereal delicacy which constant confinement had bestowed, and though he must always be delicate, looked, and was, perfectly healthy and well.

His brothers loved him sincerely, but pitied him more; for a man who could neither hunt, play cricket, nor go deer-stalking must be always in their opinion, an object of pity.

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From the sports and games that were, at this period of their lives, the salt of their existence, he was for ever debarred; and though they were accustomed to his exclusion from their favourite pursuits, they were sorry for him whenever they remembered it.

They were rough, good-hearted young fellows, with a strain of their mother's overbearing disposition in their natures which may have accounted for their quarrels with their surviving parent, and with each other. But with Denis they never quarrelled, partly because of his own gentleness, and partly because in their frequent scrapes he always shielded and sympathised with them. Since for so many years his spirit had chafed under the knowledge of his own utter helplessness and dependence, it afforded him, indeed, especial satisfaction to be of use to them, and to others; and he assumed his position as head of the house with an almost pathetically earnest determination to do his duty therein.

Thus rejoicing in his newly acquired freedom, he was divided between amusement and disgust, when his mother, with tears in her eyes, recommended to him one nice, kind, motherly young creature (with money) after another, as exactly formed to take care of him, and watch over his valuable health.

It was the helplessness, the timidity, the childishness of little Jeanne, that had touched him; during the ridiculous episode of her unauthorised call upon one of the most conventional women in London.

The young man's heart still leapt to recall the look she had cast upon him—the appeal for help in her beautiful frightened brown eyes—the glad relief and gratitude of the little dimpling face, when he had cast his shyness to the winds, and come to her assistance—the flush of joy when he boldly claimed kinship, and the right to show, in some measure, the sympathy and interest with which his heart was filled at the mere touch of the magic wand of first love.

For though he was five-and-twenty years old, and had

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loved innumerable heroines of history and fiction and imagination, and even a few never-to-be-forgotten but personally nearly unknown goddesses in real life; yet Denis knew, almost the instant that he set eyes upon Jeanne, that here was his first and last and only love.

Having looked upon himself, pensively, for some years past, as one wedded to his art alone, he was the more taken aback by the strength and suddenness of his passion; and inclined to ridicule himself for the discovery that the conditions of a man's life—even though he may have spent an invalid boyhood—are not necessarily fixed and unchangeable at the age of twenty-five; but every day his love took a stronger hold of him in defiance of ridicule or bewilderment.

He thought of his brothers, who had been in and out of half a dozen love-affairs already, quite unknown to the Duchess, and who remained apparently perfectly cheerful and heart-whole in spite of these experiences.

He thought of his poverty—of his mother's certain indignation (for, though her brother might be rich, Jeanne herself, so far as he knew, had not a penny in the world)—of the absolute necessity for his marrying money if he married at all—of the wisdom of remaining as he was, and allowing his wealthy brother Dermot to succeed him; and the upshot of all his reflections was, after nearly a week's indecision—that he determined to remain in London for the present instead of returning to Ireland; and to call at 99 Grosvenor Square again, upon the very first opportunity that should present itself.

During this week, time hung less heavily than usual upon Jeanne's hands; for she had found an occupation.

She worked at her French for a couple of hours every morning under the guidance of the old professor sent to her by the Duke of Monaghan, and in the afternoon prepared diligently long exercises for his inspection on the morrow.

So delighted was she with her own progress that she even

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began to indulge in dreams of a translation of "Cyrano de Bergerac," as a triumphant surprise wherewith to greet her brother on his return; but at present she contented herself with choosing his favourite work for the daily reading which was to improve her accent and extend her acquaintance with the language.

At the end of the week, Cecilia appeared; very smartly dressed in scarlet cloth and white fox, a combination eminently becoming to her fair skin and golden hair, though qualified to render the stoutness of her figure yet more conspicuous.

"Well, you dear thing, you have never asked me to drive, as you promised, so I have come to look you up. What do you think? Joseph has been telegraphed for to Berlin, and has gone off at a moment's notice. I cannot make up my mind whether to follow him or not."

"Has he gone for a long time?"

"That is just it. That is my dilemma. He was in one of his moods when he went away and would not give me an idea how long he was likely to be. If I pack up and follow him, he may be starting home just as I arrive; and I should have the journey for nothing; he played that trick on me once before; and if I put off going, why, he may stay on and on, and I may be missing all sorts of functions to which they would be obliged to invite me if I were with him. What would you advise?"

"I should do what he wished, of course," said Jeanne, bluntly.

"It's all very well for you to say that, but a married woman knows very well that it does a man no good to spoil him; he would not thank her if she did," said Cecilia peevishly. "Wait till you have a husband of your own, my dear, *A propos*, have you seen anything of our little friend the Duke?"

Jeanne coloured rather angrily at the tone in which Cecilia pronounced these words; but a certain embarrassment made her glad to be able to answer that she had not seen her cousin since the night of the little dinner.

'Do you mean to say that, after dining here, he has not

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called!" said Cecilia, with exaggerated surprise. "How very rude."

"I do not see that it is rude."

"My dear! you own yourself that you are quite unacquainted with *les convenances*," said Cecilia, with dignity. "It is usual to leave cards, at least, after dining."

"But you and the Professor have not left cards," cried Jeanne.

Cecilia recollected herself in some confusion.

"That is quite different. I have known you all your life. One does not stand on ceremony with old friends, you know."

"Perhaps relations do not stand on ceremony either."

"My dear! He is the most distant cousin in the world. I have been looking him up; and it was three generations ago that one of them married a Marney of Orsett."

"I had not meant to boast of it," said Jeanne, colouring. "I know it is very distant."

"Oh, you need not apologise," said Cecilia, more good-naturedly. "If I were related to a Duke, however distantly, I should take just as much care it was known as you do yo urself. And *you* have more reason to care about it than I—having relations at what one might call the other end of the social scale;" in this delicate manner Cecilia strove to remind Jeanne of the existence of her Uncle Roberts the farmer. "Yes, I looked the Duke up, and I was surprised to find how old he was. He is six-and-twenty. I took him for the merest boy. I suppose we fair-haired folk have a knack of looking younger than we really are."

Jeanne endeavoured to turn the conversation by admiring Cecilia's dress, which was, indeed, of a very striking and elegant cut.

"It is not a bad little frock," said Mrs. Hogg-Watson, as carelessly as though she had been all her life accustomed to wearing two-thousand-franc gowns from the Maison Doucet, "one must be tidy for London, you know. Otherwise I

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never worry about my clothes, though I am so particular about the children's."

"I hope the children are well?"

"Oh, they are always well—or if they are not, they have the best of nurses to look after them. What have you here? Exercises! Books! You sly thing; you are studying to fit yourself for anything that may turn up! Well, this is foresight indeed!"

"I am improving my French, to please Louis."

"To please Louis, indeed! Seriously Jeanne, you might be a little more open with such an old friend; but, however, I will not press you. I am the last person to force a confidence. Only as I know the world better than you do, perhaps I ought to utter a word of warning. His brother, Lord Dermot Liscarney, has the reputation of being a dreadful flirt, and I have no doubt this young man is just the same. Don't make too sure. Even though of course your position is very different from what it used to be (for I suppose Louis could hardly refuse to make some kind of a settlement upon you, so devoted as you have always been), still—a Duke is a Duke, and not very likely to marry out of his own sphere."

After an ineffectual effort to persuade her friend to accompany her on a shopping expedition, Mrs. Hogg-Watson at length took her leave, without waiting for tea; and Jeanne felt, as the door closed behind her, that there were, after all, worse things than solitude in this world.

She had scarcely recovered her equanimity when the Duke walked into the room.

An hour ago she would have welcomed him with unaffected joy; but now her greeting was so constrained that he could not but observe the alteration in her manner.

"Something has been vexing you, Cousin Jeanne," he said, in his peculiarly gentle tones. "May I know what it is? You have no bad news, I hope?"

Jeanne shook her head.

"No, I have no news at all. In my last letter he had just

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left Obbia; so he must now, as he said, be marching towards me." She hesitated a moment, and then said, "Cecilia has just been here."

"Oh!" said the Duke, so expressively that Jeanne smiled, feeling more at ease.

"You do not like her?"

"I can believe that a prolonged *tête-à-tête* with her might be—rather trying," said the Duke, who was too polite to own that he disliked any one, far less a lady whom he had met under Jeanne's own auspices.

"She says such things"—faltered Jeanne, petulantly.

"Then do not let your mind dwell on the things she says," he said, rather hurriedly. "Some people say impossible things. It is a kind of habit, and the only way to avoid being ruffled is to think of something else. How do you like my old professor?"

"He is the kindest old man in the world," she said, and Denis smiled to see how easily her thoughts were diverted from her vexation. "And do you know he has promised to write to a friend of his, who used to live in Paris—(but he is not quite sure if he is still alive) and make inquiries for me about the poor de Courset who was killed in the South African War?"

"But it does not sound very hopeful," said the Duke, unable to help smiling again. "I know his ways, poor fellow; he would be quite satisfied to wait a year or two for an answer from the possibly deceased friend! There are quicker methods of research than his. If you would care to employ them I will help you with all my heart."

"Oh, thank you, Cousin Denis. I do long to find out. Would it not be delightful if Louis and I discovered some *near* relations of our own. I have always wished to belong to a family, and it would make our French descent seem so much more *real*. Louis used to plan that directly he could afford it, he and I were going to France, to look for the Château de Courset, and to try and find our relatives."

"Then might he not be a little disappointed to find we had forestalled him? Since he is coming home so soon?"

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"I never thought of that," said Jeanne. "To be sure he would. For Louis likes to do things himself. And we could start off together if I waited till he came home."

"Then perhaps it would be wiser to leave the inquiries in the Professor's hands for the present, where I believe they will be quite safe, and perfectly stationary."

"I think it would," she was obliged to own, "and at least, if I go on with my French, I shall be able to talk to my family when I *do* find them, which I certainly could not do at present! You do not despise us for having French blood, do you?"

"I have no insular prejudices, I hope," said the Duke, laughing.

"I cannot understand any one's not being proud of the people who *belong* to them," said Jeanne. "Of course it is—more romantic—if they are also—a noble race," she said flushing proudly. "Is it snobbish to say so?"

"No, indeed," he said simply, "it is to me quite absurd to confound snobbishness with pride of race. To be glad you are born of men and women who have for generations been distinguished for gallantry, cultivation, fine persons, and that *gentillesse* which is the only true gentility—is mere common sense. You could no more despise such a pedigree than a racing man despises the pedigree of a horse. Snobbishness, to my mind, consists in bearing oneself with more consideration towards one class of person than towards another; whereas the well-bred man would be equally courteous and well-behaved to all."

She listened very earnestly.

"Yes. Do you know, Cousin Denis, you talk a little like Louis, only more—more deliberately. Louis hurries out his words like a torrent. But your ideas are very like his."

"I do not profess to have originated them. They were the merest platitudes," he said, with that look of affectionate raillery she had learnt to associate with his gentle, semi-ironical tones.

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"But it makes it plain," said Jeanne, proudly, "that the truly noble man *could* not be ashamed of the people who belonged to him, because they were"—with a sudden reminiscence of Cecilia—"at the other end of the social scale. In a way I am as proud of Uncle Roberts—because he is so absolutely upright and independent, and because I *know* he would not do a wrong thing knowingly, or stoop to flatter anybody to save his life—as I am of any of my brave French ancestors, though he is a rough and homely man."

"So you should be," he said, with instant and warm approval.

"Oh Cousin Denis, I remember a little girl who went to school with me in the village at Pen-y-waun; she was very clever, and won scholarships and became a teacher, and we heard that she passed her own father, who was a labourer, in the streets of Tref-goch, and would not recognise him. She was ashamed of him! I cried when I heard it, but I was younger then and cried very easily, I suppose. It seemed so dreadful."

"Yes, it was dreadful; and still more dreadful to think of that girl being a teacher; simply because she has passed a certain examination, and at an age when the realities of life are mere words, and experience and wisdom almost *nil*," said Denis, rather sadly, "I have wondered sometimes why poor ladies do not turn their attention to village schools. It would surely be a happier life than governessing, or companioning cross old women, and living in other people's houses."

"The schoolmistress at Pen-y-waun gets eighty pounds a year," said Jeanne, "she could rent a cottage and garden for four or five pounds; and would have the dearest little home in the prettiest country in the world."

"I suppose she could live on that," said the Duke, who was not a practical housekeeper.

Jeanne, who was, opened her eyes in astonishment.

"If she couldn't live on thirty shillings a week, and put

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by——" she said, indignantly, "she would be a very helpless creature, Cousin Denis, don't you think?"

"I am rather ignorant of such details," he confessed, "but only too eager to learn. And I was thinking principally of the children. They are so easily influenced at that age, and would learn so quickly to distinguish between being genteel and gentle; and thus discover the piteous vulgarity of *pretence*, which is the terrible stumbling-block in this country."

"The only thing is," said Jeanne, thoughtfully, "whether a lady would not be too finicking to care to do for herself?"

He fathomed her meaning with an effort.

"If she were *fine*," he said, rather disdainfully, "she would not belong to the class from which I would have her taken. Affectation is the characteristic of the middle classes. The upper and lower are, naturally, destitute of it, and that is why they usually sympathise when they meet."

"Yes, I see what you mean—a queen can sit and talk to an old peasant woman quite simply, and without condescension—but that is because each knows her place in the world, and has no occasion for pretence, whereas——"

"The burgomaster's wife would make the peasant and the queen feel very uncomfortable," he said laughing.

"I do not know what a burgomaster's wife is!"

"Well—the mayor's lady."

"The butcher's wife at Tref-goch is the worst," said Jeanne, gravely. "She had a door knocked out in the back wall, because she would not be seen coming out of her own shop."

They had tea together in the twilight, for the days were now beginning to lengthen; and after tea, the Duke played to Jeanne; and she sat by the fire, and dreamt of Louis, and of the changes that his return must ensure.

Would he not leave the army now that he was so rich? He must surely have done his share of soldiering. But she had not dared to suggest this course to him in her letters.

Perhaps he would buy back, if it were possible, the old

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French property in the Boulonnais, as they had talked of doing, long ago, in their childish plans together.

Perhaps—for Mr. Valentine had hinted that this, too, lay within the power of the great fortune Miss Marney had bequeathed to Louis—he would rebuild Orsett, and settle down in the West-country.

Would he be very much altered? His letters did not seem to suggest it, though she was conscious of more reserve in them than formerly. He spoke less of himself and his wishes, and his plans for the future, and more of his work.

She thought and thought of Louis,—but of her cousin Denis, playing softly in the fire-light, on poor Miss Marney's new piano, beneath her old gilt harp—she scarcely thought at all.

His perfect self-possession and friendliness had banished altogether the embarrassment which Cecilia's insinuations had provoked.

She rested contentedly in his presence, and enjoyed his companionship, with all the gratitude that the remembrance of her loneliness before his advent, could inspire.

He longed, yet feared, to disturb this happy unconsciousness.

"It is too soon," thought the Duke; but he too, was dreaming of happiness to come, as he played on and on, in the warm, spring-scented room; and watched the pointed shadows cast by her downcast black lashes upon Jeanne's face, which glowed in the clear red light of the dying fire.

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CHAPTER XV

THE BUSH DESERT

"But my heart will be with you
Wherever you may go
Can you look me in the face
And say the same, Jeannot?"

"RAKHAN . . . marched twenty-eight miles on Tuesday and forty-two on Wednesday, horses twenty-four hours without water . . ." wrote Louis, in a letter which Jeanne received at the end of March, and which had been scribbled in blue pencil on pages of his pocket-book torn out, and enclosed in a "soldier's and seaman's" envelope.

". . . We got off the track once, and were faced pretty suddenly with the real meaning of waterless desert; when a few hours may put an end to a whole party, big or small . . . pretty well cooked when we arrived, but somebody luckily had a flask of brandy which was mixed with some stinking water and devoured, and we slept as we could in a hastily constructed zareba . . . This is a burning rocky bush desert . . . when we are all collected I expect some of us will be sent to Berbera, about a hundred and twenty miles through dense bush, and it is believed no water. But think of me slowly, slowly trekking towards you, and when I get home, my Jeannie dear, meet me, oh, meet me with a brimming bucket of fresh sparkling ice-cold water from the mountain stream at Coed-Ithel; for here it is sometimes green and sometimes grey, but always loathsome to taste and smell. I am very well, my darling little Jeannette, and only just miss enjoying myself; but of course it's rather a bore to be always fighting the water-trouble instead of the Mullah. . . . Moved our pitch yesterday. The camping-ground is a stony glaring tree-less place, and the heat by day is very great. The ground gets red hot. The wall of our zareba is made out of cut thorn bush, and branches laced with barbed wire. I have a jolly

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little day shelter here of camel mats, but at night it is preferable to be in the open, and enjoy all the cool air one can get. . . . I am, of course, glad to have had this little experience and to have seen something of a new country; but I cannot help doubting whether God ever made a more uninteresting spot, or one less designed for human habitation."

A later letter, in a worn little blue cover that told its own tale, and which bore the inscription *On active service, Somaliland, no stamps available*, arrived by the same post, and was dated from Galkayu.

". . . I awoke in the cool and dusty night (we have lately been afflicted with dust-storms), and heard a little commotion of some one arriving in the zareba. In the light of the full-moon I saw a few people moving about, which was unusual at 1.30 A.M. Then heard a voice announce the arrival of five mailbags. I awoke again at five with the feelings of a child on Christmas morning, wondering what would be in my stocking. Do people at home half realise, I wonder, the desperate eagerness with which one waits and hopes for letters? You do at any rate, and how I bless you, my Jeannie, for so faithfully writing. I got your letters forwarded from South Africa, and three later ones all together. Why on earth should you trouble your dear anxious head over the preachments of ancient servants? There can be no possible reason why this poor lame Duke of Monaghan, whom you describe so pathetically (or any other man with whom you are acquainted by this time), should not call upon you, now that you have a house to receive them in. I knew his brother at Sandhurst, Lord Dermot Liscarney, one of the best fellows I ever met, and a first-class bat; and I saw a good deal of him in South Africa, one way and another, also. In fact we were rather specially friendly; but I had no idea we were in any way related. I've sent him a line to-day, for he wrote me an awfully nice letter when he heard I was coming here, which I'm

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ashamed to say I never answered. It was very nice of the old Duchess to have asked you to her party; don't let all this magnificence turn my little Jeanne into a fine lady, or I shan't know her when I see her. . . . I sometimes get into rather a rotten mood, as everybody in these circumstances must now and then, and feel I'd chuck this old show and every hope of promotion I've got in the world, for a single glimpse of those I love best. . . ."

Jeanne was jealous for a moment that Louis could thus speak in the plural, and mention, as it were, his love for her in the same breath as his affection for Uncle Roberts and Granny Morgan, and his countless school and army friends. "It is something quite different—apart from all the rest, and above it," she reflected with a sigh that Louis should even seem to see this less clearly than she did.

"I've had a very nice letter from old Valentine. He seems to tumble to my notions about saving you all the trouble he can, and supplying you and me with more oof than we could possibly spend. Not that money is of any use to me here. Heavens, what untold gold one would gladly exchange for a bottle of Bass, or a single tumbler of fresh ice-cold—but I will *not* bark back to the water question, of which you must be heartily sick. . . . To return to our family lawyer! Vast sums, in excess of my wildest hopes, have been placed to my credit at Cox's by this kind accommodating old boy; who has further taken charge of all papers, &c., of mine, deposited there, in accordance with my directions; so now, in any emergency, my Jeannie, you have some one to turn to. . . . I gather from your letters that you are a little disappointed at the comparative calm with which I appeared to receive the astounding—the overwhelming news of our great-aunt's munificence; but it was next to impossible to convey my breathlessness in my letters, and I have likewise been a pauper so long that I am perfectly unable to realise the change. Only wait till I get home, and am able to prove to myself that it is real, by handing over your share to your own safe-keeping, and

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playing ducks and drakes with the rest! No, no, I have grown older and wiser, and you shall not have to reproach me any more for unjustifiable extravagance. Still it must be great agony to you, my poor careful Jeanne, to reflect what a lot of money the upkeep of your fine house must cost; and if you don't have a good time in it, I'll never forgive you! Seriously, the relief to me is so great (and would have been with a hundredth part of what our kind relative has showered upon us) that I catch myself laughing hilariously whenever I remember what has befallen. . . . Yesterday one of the men gave me an ostrich's egg—such a delicious change! I made an omelette, and seven of us ate heartily of it; about equal to twenty hen's eggs. The men find a good many patrolling. I rather hope to shoot a good ostrich or two myself, though what I could do with the plumes—unless we made *panaches* of them —I don't know! Still, then I might cry with dear Cyrano, whom you won't read, that there is one thing I will present

Sans une tache . . .
Quand j'entrerai chez Dieu . . .
. . . c'est mon panache.

. . . God bless you, for ever, my darling sister. The photo of your dear little round face rests ever in my *havresac*—I must go to work. . . ."

Jeanne wrote long long letters in answer to these, though she prayed that her brother might be on the way home before they could reach him. She made every preparation she could think of, for his return; but beyond working almost feverishly at her French studies, and the arrangement of his room, there was not much for her to do.

Mrs. Dunham now began to refer very frequently to the Captain, as she preferred to call Louis, talking of him as though she had known him all her life.

"There'll be a deal to settle when the Captain comes home, ma'am. He'll have to decide whether to keep on us old servants or not."

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, you little know him, if you could

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suppose he would turn you out of the house you have served so long and so faithfully."

"Yes'm," said Dunham briefly, accepting Jeanne's consolation as well-meant, but inadequate. "But it's not so much the gentleman these things depend on, as the lady."

"But I should be very sorry if you went, Mrs. Dunham."

"It's not you ma'am, as I'm alluding to," said Dunham, rather pityingly, "but the Captain's lady; you must look to see him get married when he comes home to settle down."

"Not just yet, I hope." Jeanne's smile was a very faint one. "I have not seen him for five years, Mrs. Dunham. I could not spare him to a wife just yet."

"No, ma'am, mothers and sisters generally feels that way. My own brother married as poor a creature as never was—though dead and gone these twenty years, poor thing, and him too. But a young gentleman like the Captain, ma'am, and so handsome and all, doesn't get left long, Miss Jane, as a rule."

"I suppose not," said Jeanne with a sigh.

"If you'd seen an old family die out as I have, Miss Jeanne, you'd welcome the day," said Dunham, solemnly. "Never a word would you hear no more against marriage *or* its consequences."

She was too discreet to breathe a word concerning Jeanne's own prospects; but the whole household was now agreed that the Duke was coming a-wooing, for he visited 99 Grosvenor Square as punctually as the man who came to wind up the clocks.

It was Dunham who suggested to Jeanne (who would not have dared to originate such a proposal) that she might with propriety relax the outward signs of mourning for her great-aunt, now that three months had elapsed since her demise; and appear in white, or violet, according to her taste.

The love of romance which lurks in almost every spinster's bosom, dictated this suggestion of Dunham's rather than any forgetfulness of her beloved mistress.

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As Hewitt busied himself (more reckless of cost than ever) in rendering the morning-room a perfect bower of spring blossom, that the background of courtship might not be wanting; so did the old woman lie awake at night plotting and planning white muslins, mauve chiffons, and violet velvet; as suitable at once to maiden modesty and ducal dignity.

"He is only waiting for her brother to come home," she thought; and the whole household was of the same mind.

The irreproachable character of the suitor—the poverty of his exchequer—the wildness of his brothers—all these facts were perfectly well known to the aged and unsuspected guardians of the lonely lady's interests; and she was at a loss to account for the daily increasing deference with which she was now treated.

Few of the family secrets of the great are unknown to gentlemen of Hewitt's profession; and his friend and crony, the solemn major-domo of the Duchess's house in Park Lane, was as well aware as Hewitt himself how often his Grace went to tea at No. 99 Grosvenor Square.

But that his Grace was loved, and his Grace's mother very heartily disliked, by her household, the news would assuredly, through her maid, have come to the august ears of the Duchess. But as it was, there was not a scullion in the ducal establishment who would have thwarted the Duke's pleasure, to please his mamma; and Denis pursued his tranquil way without a suspicion of the interest with which his comings and goings were regarded.

He met Jeanne walking in the park, on a sunny afternoon in early April, as he was passing Grosvenor Gate, and wondering whether it were too soon to call upon her again.

For the first time he turned and walked with her.

Dunham fell behind respectfully, devoting her attention to the breathless waddling Yorkshire terrier; and congratulating herself that her young lady was wearing her new white gown.

Jeanne's dress was simple enough, but the Duke had never

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seen her hitherto in anything approaching fashionable attire; and much as he had appreciated her simplicity, the fact that a pretty woman is prettier when she is well dressed, came home to him rather forcibly.

The white cloth gown fitted her full slender figure closely, and she wore violets at her pretty white throat and in her shady black hat.

"I am very glad to meet you, Cousin Denis, for I have had a letter from the Duchess, and I want to ask you about it."

Now the Duchess was down at Challonsleigh at this moment, and Denis was keeping house in Park Lane by himself, so that this intelligence startled him very much.

Jeanne explained.

"It is a very kind letter; asking me to go and stay with her for Easter; and I think it must be because Louis knew your brother, Lord Dermot Liscarney, at Sandhurst; for Louis said in his last letter that he had written to him. Do you think I ought to go?"

She wondered why he was so slow to answer.

He was looking away from her when his reply came, in words even more carefully measured than usual.

"There can be no possible reason why you should not go."

"But shall you be there?' she asked, wistfully. "I should be afraid to go if you were not there. Even with you to help me I am afraid I might make many mistakes and do ridiculous things without meaning to."

The Duke's face cleared, and he spoke with more boyish heartiness than was his wont.

"Of course I shall be there; and you could not be ridiculous if you tried."

"But oughtn't I just to explain to the Duchess that I was brought up in a farmhouse, so that she should know what to expect," said scrupulous Jeanne. "After all, I have never stayed anywhere in my life, except in Pen-y-waun Rectory when it was too wet to go backwards and forwards to Coed-

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Ithel. And I know now that that would not be at all the same kind of life."

"You can tell her when you get there, if you like, and if the opportunity arises. But there is not the slightest necessity for doing so. And I should say nothing about it in my letter; and simply write an ordinary note of acceptance."

"But I don't know even how to write an ordinary note of acceptance. I thought you would help me," she said, ingenuously.

He looked at his watch.

"Then we ought to go and do it at once, if we are to catch the country post."

They walked slowly down Upper Grosvenor Street, Jeanne considerately moderating her pace to suit the halting footsteps of her companion.

Dunham followed them solemnly—a model of discreet chaperonage, keeping close to her young lady's heels, and faithfully leading Miss Marney's little dog.

The invitation had come about in the simplest manner, through the letter which Louis had written to Lord Dermot, and exactly as Jeanne had surmised.

Dermot was his mother's favourite son, and his lightest suggestions met with more attention than his elder brother's ceremonious requests.

Thus, although the Duchess had demurred when Denis had asked her to leave a card at 99 Grosvenor Square, on a young lady whom he declared to be a relative; and made a favour of promising eventually to do as he wished in the matter—she yet despatched an Easter invitation to Jeanne, without raising any difficulties at all, on receiving her son Dermot's laconic explanation.

"I've heard from a pal of mine—an awfully decent fellow—name de Courset. It appears he's a connection of ours. His sister came to one of Monaghan's musical shows, he says; I suppose you know her?"

"I'm afraid I don't remember her, my dear boy," said the

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Duchess, shaking her head, "you know what shoals of people Denis makes me ask to his concerts."

"Well, she lives in Grosvenor Square—his ship appears to have come in—an old aunt has left him all her money—I believe he has nobody but this one sister belonging to him."

"Grosvenor Square," said the Duchess, "oh, then I *do* remember; for it was at our own old house that Denis insisted on my leaving a card. Yes. He met her at the Wheler's, and found out she was connected somehow."

The whole incident of Jeanne's call upon Mrs. Wheler, or as much of it as she had witnessed, together with the subsequent introduction of Jeanne to herself, had long ago vanished from the mind of the Duchess.

"Well, I wish you'd ask her down to Challonsleigh, mother. It would save my having to go and call. I've no use for calls. And I know the poor chap would like it. He's one of *the* most decent fellows I ever met," said Dermot, repeating the highest terms of praise his vocabulary contained, "One of my very best pals. I'd no idea he was a cousin."

"Cousin, nonsense," said the Duchess, "I suppose they are related to old Miss Marney who bought the house from us. She was a distant cousin, I believe. A most disagreeable woman, very stuck up but enormously rich. I only met her once and I took a dislike to her instantly. Your poor father wanted me to go and see her, I remember, but nothing would have induced me to set foot in the house again at that time. I got it into my head it was an unlucky house; everything went wrong in it. The old Duke left every penny he could away from your father; you nearly died of the measles; and it all culminated in your brother's accident."

"I ain't superstitious, except perhaps, about racing," said Dermot.

"If Miss Marney left this young man her money as well as the house," said the Duchess, pursuing another train of thought, "he must be uncommonly wealthy."

"I daresay," said Dermot.

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"And he has only this one sister?"

"So he says. She must be pretty sick over this Somaliland business. It looks rotten. I hope he'll get safe through, poor chap," said Dermot. "I'm afraid it's not much of a picnic, though, by all accounts."

"Is he out there?" said the Duchess. "I'll ask her down for Easter. What did you say was her name?"

CHAPTER XVI

THE DUCHESS

THE afternoon sunshine brightened the dead moor, and the golden gorse blazed against a deep blue April sky, and scudding dazzling white clouds.

The hedge-rows were putting forth young leaves, and the baby oaks hardly yet unerumpling faint yellow foliage, above the clumps of primroses, and the patches of blue violets which here and there lightened the dry banks.

The ducal carriage skirted the open moorland on the one side, and the tall hedge-row on the other, and Jeanne seated alone within it, drank the fresh delicious air through the open windows.

Dunham followed decorously in a fly with the luggage.

She had smiled outright, for the first time since her lady's death, when Jeanne had communicated to her the fact of the invitation. A small difficult sour smile, but still a smile of secret pleasure and triumph, though her immediate comment had sounded to Jeanne extremely irrelevant.

"I daresay William will take care of the little dog. I wouldn't trust Hewitt. His memory is that unreliable nowadays."

"Why, Mrs. Dunham, what can my invitation have to do with the little dog?"

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"We can't take him, ma'am. I shouldn't advise it. Some people are very fidgety about having dogs on a visit."

"Do you mean—were you thinking—of coming with me?" said Jeanne, with a sinking heart.

"Of course it's as you wish, ma'am. If you would prefer another maid, I've nothing to say," said Dunham, stiffly.

"I never thought of such a thing. Must I take a maid? Of course if any one comes it must be you," said Jeanne, much flurried. "But the Duchess says nothing about it in her letter." She referred anxiously to the scrawled and coroneted sheet of note-paper.

"How should her Grace mention such a thing, ma'am?" said Dunham, in withering tones. "It would be as much a matter of course to her as to take a brush and comb. But it's not much as you allow me to do for you, Miss Jane; and of course I'm getting old——"

"Oh Mrs. Dunham don't," cried her simple lady, almost in tears. "You know very well I have never been used to maids. Why should we pretend otherwise, just you and me? I have always done everything for myself. It's not that I don't value and respect you—you know it isn't," her voice faltered—"though I make many mistakes."

"You'll make far less, ma'am, begging your pardon, with me on the watch," said Dunham, softening. "Nor I can't see as you make many neither, only you're that doubtful of yourself. But 'tis no novelty for me to stay in big houses, ma'am, for when Miss Marney was young, she was always a-visiting about, and took a footman with her besides a maid, as a matter of course. If you won't think it a liberty, Miss Jane, I could very well put you in the way of a lot of little things as you could hardly be expected to know of yourself, as one might say."

"Of course I should be only very grateful to you if you would," said Jeanne; and she thought that the increased consideration which Dunham now displayed towards her, denoted that the old woman was growing fond of her at last.

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"With Mrs. Dunham on the watch upstairs, and Cousin Denis downstairs," she reflected, "I should think I can hardly go much amiss after all."

Nevertheless she was not a little anxious as the carriage turned into the park.

Here the rolling slopes of emerald green, alternating with bare brown patches of shaven bracken, were crowned with great spreading oaks, and giant elms, casting long shadows across the turf. The white road gleamed in the sunshine, the deep waters of a lake lay still and glassy, reflecting newly leaved bushes, and motionless dead stems.

Oh earth, how beautiful and how silent! thought little Jeanne; for here it was the over-crowded and noisy city that seemed to her remote and dream-like.

The silence ended as the carriage drew up before the house; of which the main entrance rather curiously, was at the back, within view of extensive stables and kennels, and a newly built red-tiled tennis-court.

Jeanne was now ushered round tall Spanish leather screens, which sheltered the entrance to the outer vestibule—into an immense oak-pannelled hall, where a tea-table was drawn up before a huge fire of burning logs. Various people were seated around, talking and laughing, as it seemed, at the top of their voices; and several large boarhounds were lying or standing about in picturesque attitudes.

The Duchess was so unlike the fashionable velvet-clad long-trained personage of Jeanne's recollection, that she hardly recognised her hostess, who advanced to meet her with outstretched hands, and a very kind smile of welcome.

She now wore a short and scanty skirt of battered mud-splashed tweed that barely reached her ankles; a loose open baggy coat of the same material, which caused her rotund figure to look perfectly shapeless; and a knitted tam-o'-shanter perched on her grey hair above her ruddy healthy countenance.

"The Rector's wife would never have been seen in such a

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gown," said poor Jeanne, afterwards describing the appearance of the Duchess to Dunham.

"Don't you mind thinking of the Rector's wife," advised the cautious Dunham. "Forget her and all her ways. Watch her Grace, ma'am; or since her Grace is a bit eccentric, watch the other ladies here. The fashions is changed, no doubt, since me and my poor lady stayed about; but what they does is right."

"Some were dressed like the Duchess; and some in beautiful long flowing robes of lace and pale colours like evening dresses, only not cut low; and one or two in riding habits," said poor Jeanne, hopelessly confused. "And one or two of the gentlemen in boots and breeches."

"They'll have come in from hunting and taken a cup of tea before going to change," said Dunham, "and the ones in their tea-gowns *has* changed; and the others very like been walking late. I wish I had thought to get you a tea-gown, but it seemed to me you was too young," said the anxious old woman, "but I'll pick up all I can in the Room, ma'am, you may depend."

Jeanne knew not what the Room might be, but she placed implicit reliance on her faithful attendant.

The Duchess introduced Jeanne to the three ladies and the two dogs nearest the tea-table, and then said, "I believe you know my son," in her loud and cheerful voice, but with no idea, as Denis shook hands with her visitor, how very, very well acquainted they were.

"Where's Dermot; it is Dermot who knows your brother so well; but he shall take you in to dinner to-night," said the Duchess. "By the bye, I hope you have good news of your brother; he's in Somaliland, isn't he?" and the Duchess turned her attention to somebody else, without waiting for Jeanne's answer.

The tea was bitter with long standing, and the buttered toast so cold that old Granny Morgan would have thrown it

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into the fire before presenting it to a guest; but Jeanne reflected that great ladies cannot be expected to understand such details, and decided—as she ate and drank, in the utmost alarm, everything that was set before her—that the tales she had heard of the carelessness of servants in large houses must be only too true.

Having finished her tea, and scorched the side of her face next the roaring log-fire to a perfectly crimson hue, she was invited to inspect her room, and the Duchess led her thither herself, with great kindness of manner, talking all the time in her loud authoritative gabble, and never waiting for an answer, a habit which occasionally relieved her hearers of embarrassment, for her questions were often inconvenient.

"So you live all by yourself in your great house. You must be very dull. But I daresay you have plenty of visitors——" Here Jeanne would fain have told her that the Duke of Monaghan was her only visitor, but the Duchess gave her no time, and she was too frightened to interrupt. "It was always on my conscience that I never called upon your aunt, as *my* dear Duke wished me to do"—thus she alluded to her departed husband—"but you know my son's accident, which happened there, made me declare I would never enter that house again. So you mustn't think it unfriendly if I never do. The resolution was taken, you see, before you were born or thought of. Why, you can't be twenty." Jeanne tried to interpolate a correct statement of her age, but the Duchess had flown to another subject, as her custom was, pursuing her own train of thought undisturbed. "I suppose you have a companion. Companions are great bores. I had one for a time, but she had neuralgia so badly I was glad to see the last of her. It was quite depressing" (here the Duchess laughed heartily) "whenever I wanted her I was always told she had just taken antipyrin. And of course you know one must not stir till the effects of that have passed off. So bad for the heart. I hope you never drug yourself. However, I am told every one does nowadays. I never touch

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anything of the kind. Here is your room. Now do make yourself quite comfortable and at home, and look upon me as a mother all the time you're here, my dear, for I'm very fond of chaperoning girls, never having had daughters of my own."

Jeanne was quite astonished at so much kindness, but before she had time to utter her gratitude, the great lady was already speeding away down the passage, calling to her favourite boarhound, who had followed her upstairs with stately velvet tread.

The bark of the Duchess, it was always said, was worse than her bite; but she barked so loud and so long that a bite might have been more easily endured. Thus, though she was in no sense a bad-hearted woman, but, on the contrary, a very kind one, she was unpopular among her father's people and on her own estate, where her kindnesses were received so thanklessly that she might be almost excused for forming a poor opinion of her tenants' capacity for gratitude.

But a sharp tongue may inflict wounds that cod-liver oil, chicken broth and port wine cannot cure; nor do coals and blankets necessarily warm hearts chilled and offended by fault-finding carried to excess; so that, whilst her sons, and more especially Lord Dermot, who was to inherit her property, were exceedingly popular at Challonsleigh, their mother, who had been born and bred there, was at once disliked and feared, to an extent of which she was, happily, very little aware.

Dunham had paused in her unpacking, and made her old-fashioned curtsey as her Grace entered the apartment, receiving a good-natured nod in reply; and the Duchess was in high good humour as she stumped away to her own rooms.

She hated smart, self-assertive young ladies, and pert independent maids; but Jeanne's maid was ancient and respectable to such a degree that her mere appearance was a voucher for her mistress, and Jeanne herself was timid and gentle as could be wished, whilst she evidently preferred listening to her elders to talking herself.

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The Duchess asked no more of a young woman than that she should be respectable, retiring, and rich; and she decided that Jeanne possessed all these recommendations to her favour.

She questioned her son regarding the riches to make sure, but as she answered her own questions the Duke did not feel it incumbent upon him to correct her, though he knew very well that if his mother discovered later that she was wrong in any of her assumptions she would blame him for her mistake.

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, have you ever seen a prettier room?" cried Jeanne, the moment she was left alone with her maid.

"Dear yes, ma'am; but I wish you could remember to call me plain Dunham, and be done with it. I'm sure I don't know what her Grace would think to hear you."

"I will, I will indeed, Dunham," said Jeanne, obedient though crestfallen.

"Our spare rooms at Orsett was far finer than this, though of course, you being an unmarried lady wouldn't be given one of the best. Still, one can't keep London bedrooms fresh and sweet and lavender-scented like this, and I could almost think myself back at the old place," said Dunham, sighing as she looked round the pleasant spacious country bedroom, with its chintz-curtained four-poster, white Dresden chimney ornaments, and the fresh daffodils on the muslin-draped toilet-table.

The big mullioned windows looked on to a stretch of wild park, over which a herd of deer was quietly moving, and through the bare branches of distant woodlands, blue hills were faintly to be discerned.

"It is so peaceful and so beautiful," Jeanne said. She leaned out of the open window, to enjoy the last long rays of the afternoon sunshine, and cool her hot cheeks; and her thoughts flew to the burning desert which held her brother captive, far from this fresh and fragrant English country.

Louis had always loved the spring-time, and his letters

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from India and from Africa had yearly breathed forth his longings and his regrets.

"Oh God, send him safely back to me," prayed little Jeanne, "but I mustn't think of him now, or I shall cry, and he would want me to look my best, and do him honour."

A servant presently brought a tray full of sprays of hot-house flowers to the door, and Jeanne chose some heliotrope and maidenhair fern to wear with her white gown.

"Can't I help you, Mrs.—I mean Dunham," she ventured to say, as the old woman folded and unfolded, and sorted and arranged the clothes of her own choosing with heartfelt pride.

"No, Miss Jane, that is one of the things you mustn't do. You should be lying down on the sofa, ma'am, and reading a book, or taking a doze and getting yourself as fresh as you can, to look well when you're dressed. That's what ladies ought to do at this hour."

"But I am not tired."

"You will be, ma'am, for they'll sit up hours later than you're accustomed to. Dinner at half-past eight, and they seldom sits down, I hear, till nearly nine. And there you'll have to be, smiling away as if you never wanted to go to bed again," Dunham anxiously instructed her. "Not to mention that you'd be out of my way on the sofa, ma'am."

Jeanne obediently reposed herself upon the sofa, in preparation for being tired presently, but the interval between the dressing-gong and the dinner-hour being shorter than Dunham expected, she was obliged, in the end, to hurry over her toilette, and only just missed being late after all.

As she went downstairs she endeavoured to sustain her failing courage by dwelling upon reflections calculated to allay nervousness and inspire heroism.

"One can only live a minute at a time—a minute at a time. . . . I have but to sit still and watch what other people do. . . . It is not my dinner this time, thank heaven. . . . I got over my first interview with the Duchess very well.

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'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.'" Jeanne was proud of her French, and this quotation brought her triumphantly to the first broad landing, which was decked with hot-house plants, and hung with frowning portraits of ducal ancestors.

"My frock is like a dream, but I cannot think it is me inside it. . . . Oh that I may not disgrace it by my behaviour . . . I cannot remember the names of any of the people I was introduced to, but Cousin Denis said I must not repeat people's names when I am talking to them, so perhaps they will not find out I have forgotten. . . . Jeanne Marie Charlotte de Courset, is this being worthy of your forefathers? . . . Would Anne Marie, Chanoinesse, Comtesse de l'insigne chapitre noble de Bourbourg, have gone to the guillotine shaking at the knees like this?" This outburst of noble indignation brought her to the foot of the grand staircase, where a liveried giant, in powder and knee-breeches, stood in the now deserted hall, and affably indicated the suite of ante-rooms which led to the saloon where the party was assembled.

"Worst come to the worst," thought Jeanne, in desperation. "I can but leave the house early to-morrow morning, before any one is up," and with this last consoling reflection she entered the drawing-room.

She looked so much younger than her actual age that her very apparent shyness was more becoming than awkward, and evoked fresh approval from the Duchess, who, as soon as she espied, through her glasses, the timid entry of Jeanne, made haste to introduce her son Dermot, who was to take his friend's sister in to dinner.

"I daresay I shall have Cousin Denis on the other side, and I must not forget that this is Louis' friend," thought Jeanne, faintly, as she took the tall young man's proffered arm.

But as she was the least important person in the room, she found herself almost at the other end of the long table, from the Duke; of whose fair head she caught only occasional

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glimpses across the bowers of spring blossom and the massive gold plate with which the festive board was laden.

But Dermot, whose native shyness was scarcely less overpowering than her own, though he had plenty of experience to counter-balance it, spoke of Louis; and the ice was not only broken, but actually thawed, in a moment.

Her bright little face, with its fresh red bloom of lip and cheek, and its long-lashed brown eyes, beautiful in shape and soft in expression, was turned towards her partner constantly. She listened with eager delight to the anecdotes of Louis, which, pleased with a success he seldom attained as a *raconteur*, the young man contrived to fish up from the depths of his memory.

He knew Louis well, had shared more than one scrape with him (but concerning this he was prudently silent), had played cricket with him, been in action with him, and they were together in hospital at Kimberley.

"But he never told me that he had been in hospital," said Jeanne.

"Lord bless you, we were in and out like rabbits, probably forgot to mention it," said the diplomatic Dermot.

"No, it was that he was afraid to make me anxious," Jeanne said, with loyal admiration. But she did not like to think Louis could keep even so small a secret as this from her.

"He promised to tell me *everything*," she thought.

"I was in, batting, with him once, at Sandhurst, when he took his century against some local team or other," said Dermot, omitting to mention his own almost equally fine performance on the same occasion. "Lord, how he made me run—he nearly killed me. I'm not so thin as he is," and he laughed all over his broad fair face—a laugh so good-natured and so mirthful that Jeanne joined in it without knowing why.

But he was not obliged to spend more time than he liked in making conversation, for Jeanne was as willing to talk of her brother, as she had been to listen to Lord Dermot's reminiscences of Louis, so that he was enabled to devote him-

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self for long periods entirely to his dinner, which he did with great energy and appetite.

The gentleman on Jeanne's other side was afforded an excellent view of a thick knob of brown hair, and a very white and dimpled neck and shoulder; but he scarcely saw even the profile of his pretty neighbour, and no opportunity of addressing her was granted to him.

"Was it all right? Did I do well?" she asked the Duke anxiously after dinner.

"Perfectly," he said, encouragingly. "I hope you talked a little to Mr. Jermyn, who sat next you? He is such an interesting man, and a great friend of my own."

"I carefully never spoke to him," said poor Jeanne, in horror, "I thought I must not speak to anybody until I was introduced."

"Your neighbour at dinner is an exception," said the Duke, laughing at her dismay. "Never mind, you can make up for it to-morrow."

"Miss de Courset, come and play billiard-fives," cried Lord Dermot, interrupting, "unless you are a bridger. Are you a bridger?"

As soon as she had learnt what was meant by the term, Jeanne assured him earnestly that she was not; and with a bright look of apology at Denis—for how was it possible to refuse the friend of Louis?—she went off with Lord Dermot and two or three of the younger members of the party, to be initiated into the mysteries of billiard-fives.

The Duke walked to the piano in the now brilliantly lighted hall and began to improvise; and a young lady who meant to marry him if she could, sat within his view, in a becoming attitude, and listened with rapt attention. At the close of each movement she hoped he would leave off playing and come and talk to her, but it invariably glided into another, until at last she gave up in despair and went away, not daring to interrupt him, for it was known that to be interrupted when he was making music was the one thing which ruffled the Duke's even temper.

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His improvisations ended with a crash when Jeanne returned from the billiard-room, with the rest of the players, all talking and laughing tumultuously.

She came straight to the piano, with flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes, smiling and joyous.

"Oh Cousin Denis, it was so delightful, I wish you had come, we had such fun."

"What have you done to your hand?"

"It is only a little bruise," she held out her fair arm that shone through its veiling of white gauze and showed him a blue mark on her wrist, "Lord Dermot would tie a handkerchief round it, but it is nothing at all."

Dermot came and stood beside her, towering over her, and smiling fatuously as he pulled at the flaxen down which shaded his upper lip.

"Billiard-fives can be an abominably rough game. You should have taken better care of her," said Denis, and the brothers' glances met over Jeanne's unconscious bent brown head as she examined her bruise.

The one pair of blue eyes was angry, the other astonished.

Dermot noted the unusual sternness of the Duke's low voice and observed the pallor of his face; and suddenly recalling Jeanne's innocent references to his brother's visits in Grosvenor Square—a light broke in upon his mind.

"It doesn't hurt a bit, you know," said Jeanne, looking into the Duke's face," and we won, which was all that mattered."

The Duchess remarked the group at the piano as she presently entered the hall (in the best of spirits, for she had won five shillings on the evening) and she smiled her most agreeable smile, as the work of distributing the flat candles began; distinguishing Jeanne with especial notice as the ladies proceeded to mount the grand staircase; and bidding her goodnight at her own door.

"It has all gone off very well, indeed, Dunham," said Jeanne, greeting the old woman, who awaited her by the

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blazing fire in her own room. "And I don't think I ever enjoyed myself so much in my life,"

"I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it ma'am," said Dunham, affably, "and you looked very well, Miss Jane, for me and some of the other maids was standing up there in the dark gallery, and peeping down at you all in the hall when you came out of dinner."

"You should not have waited up for me. I could have managed very well for myself."

"I hope I know my work better than that 'm, though returning you many thanks for the kind thought," said Dunham. But her tone was still more deferential; for had she not heard her young lady requested to look upon her Grace as a mother, and was it for her to be finding fault with a possible future Duchess?

What had seemed like rustic ignorance on the part of Jeanne, would soon appear mere gracious consideration for her inferiors; and Dunham prepared herself to regard with respectful indulgence the eccentricities of one who had found favour in the eyes of a Duke.

In the meantime Lord Dermot and his elder brother found space and opportunity for a few words together, and alone.

"I only ask for fair play, Dermot. If you are in earnest, you have as much right as I—if not, for God's sake, let her alone," said the Duke, with white lips.

"The poor old chap must be balmy, absolutely balmy, to go on like this," thought his astonished brother; but aloud he said, in much the same soothing tones he would have adopted towards a lunatic.

"My dear old fellow, don't be an ass. I never set eyes on the girl before in the whole course of my existence. I ask you is it likely?"

"There is such a thing as love at first sight," said the Duke, sternly.

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Dermot dared not smile.

"To be sure there is," he said, good-humouredly. "But I solemnly swear ——"

"Don't," said the Duke, who had heard many such asseverations on other subjects from the same lips, and was no longer impressed. "I only spoke out like this, Dermot," he said simply, "because it appears to me it would be foolish to throw away my own happiness, and perhaps—who knows —(in a lower tone) *hers*, for want of a word between you and me, who have always more or less understood each other."

"It would be simply tommy-rot," said Dermot, translating the Duke's measured words into the emphatic language best understood of himself; and he helped himself with emotion to his third whisky and soda since dinner.

"I don't think you're the fellow to let a few days idle—I hate the word—flirtation come between you and me; it wouldn't be worth it," said the Duke. "But she's very young, or at least she's very inexperienced, which comes to the same thing, and—and—but mind, Dermot, I'm not asking any kind of sacrifice from you,—if—if it's with you as it is with me. In that case we'll shake hands over it, and let the best man win."

"But my dear old chap, it isn't," almost shouted Dermot, "I give you my word, such an idea never even entered my head. I'll leave the house to-morrow morning if you wish, with the greatest pleasure in life."

"No, no ——"

"Well—anyway here's luck to your wooing," said Dermot, with the enthusiasm born of whisky. "Have you thought what our parent will say when she gets wind of it?"

"I don't mean her to get wind of it, until it's settled—one way or the other."

"But she will—trust her for nosing it out." ("The more especially if you give yourself away as you have done to-night," thought Dermot, but this to himself.)

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"There is nothing for her to find out. Miss de Courset herself has no suspicion of my feelings, so naturally no one else has," said the infatuated young man, innocently.

"Well, well," said Dermot, as gravely as he could. "It's I who am responsible for her coming here; so it is I who will be blamed if the match isn't approved. I'm sure I don't care. Her Grace can say very little to me that she hasn't said before; if it comes to that. A disreputable, idle, extravagant, thoughtless spendthrift, careless of the best interests of the family, &c. &c."

"Dermot," said his brother, nervously, "I wish you would not speak as though it were a certainty. I haven't even asked her yet. And you forget that my personal disadvantages——"

"Bosh!" said Dermot.

"Let me tell you that if you think she'd marry me for any reason except——"

Dermot concealed a smile. "Poor Denis," he thought. "I suppose they're always like that. However, in this case perhaps his game leg makes him extra funky. What's the good of all this shilly-shallying? Still if by any chance she did take it into her head to refuse him, I believe he'd go clean off his chump."

This reflection caused him to ply his brother with excellent and disinterested counsel.

"Look here, Denis," he said gravely, "I advise you—and you know I've had lots of experience in these matters," interpolated the Lothario of twenty-four, "I advise you to go straight ahead and—and take her by storm, don't you know. There ain't any reason on earth why she *shouldn't* be fond of you—" he said awkwardly, "only—as she's an uncommonly pretty girl—I'll be hanged if she isn't"—he finished the whisky and soda—"whilst you're thinking about it, and mooning over your music and all that—some other fellow will cut in, and carry her off under your very nose, if you don't take care."

"I was always a bit of a muff, wasn't I, Dermot?" said the

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Duke, in a tone of somewhat melancholy raillery. "Not the sort of fellow to take anything by storm."

Perhaps Dermot in his heart rather agreed that his eldest brother was a bit of a muff; for he was not sufficiently cultivated himself to appreciate the cultivation of Denis, and occasionally mistook the gentleness and gravity, born of suffering and solitude, for want of manliness.

But he was at once too good-natured and too fond of Denis, to have ever given utterance to his opinion; and he had no idea that the Duke had divined it.

He clapped his brother encouragingly upon the shoulder, and expressed both his sympathy and his affection as tersely as possible, in the emphatic utterance of his favourite monosyllable.

"Rot."

(*To be continued*)

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THE INTELLECTUAL CONDITION OF THE LABOUR PARTY

VI

IN the preceding article I exhibited the general kinds of error which vitiate Ruskin's treatment of economic problems in a volume exceptionally popular emong the Labour Members in the present Parliament; and I said that Ruskin's methods had reproduced themselves in the minds and language of this section of his admirers. I shall now go on to explain my meaning in detail. I shall examine in the present article their conception of labour and capital, comparing them with actual facts.

We will begin with a simple and non-controversial question—the question of what precisely the Labour Members mean by the word "labour," when they speak about it, and claim to be its special representatives. Their meaning, within certain limits, is precisely the same as Ruskin's—namely, the manual and muscular exertion of the individual man as applied to industrial purposes. Ruskin, however, as we have seen, goes on to admit that, if all wealth is attributable to labour as thus generally defined, the definition must be qualified in such a way as to indicate the fact that the labour of different individuals differs very greatly, in respect both of the quality and the value of the results produced by it. The exceptional labour which delicately removes a cataract, or produces a peerless picture, differs from that which moves

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a sack of potatoes, or spreads a coat of tar over a paling. But labour, as defined in this extended way, is evidently not labour as understood by the "Labour Party." If it were so, it would have no meaning expressive of their distinctive purposes. For they certainly do not mean, when they profess to represent labour, that they represent great artists living in ornate palaces, or world-famed doctors driving by in their carriages. They used the word, not in Ruskin's comprehensive sense, but in a limited one; and this is moreover the sense which is consecrated by the usage of mankind generally. They mean by it those kinds of ordinary industrial exertion which have always been necessarily practised by the great majority of mankind, and of which all average men would, if trained to them, be equally capable. Here we get a conception which, if not absolutely exact—for even in these kinds of labour there are certain grades of skill—is yet sufficiently exact for all practical purposes. It corresponds substantially with what are called the labouring classes, or the wage-earners, in whose distinctive interests alone the Labour Members profess to speak.

And now we come to a farther point as to which Ruskin's admirers among the Labour Members differ from Ruskin himself. What Ruskin said about labour in a comprehensive sense—namely, that all wealth is produced by it—the Labour Members say about it in a strictly limited and exclusive sense. They say that all wealth is produced, not by mental and manual powers of some kind, but by mental and manual powers of those kinds and qualities in respect of which all men are substantially and approximately equal, and in which the great majority of mankind have in all countries always supported their lives by exercising. In pointing out that this is the doctrine or working assumption of the Labour Members, I am by no means implying that it is peculiar to them alone. Ricardo lent his countenance to it by his language, if not by his meaning. Ruskin often, in contradiction of his matured opinion, inculcates it half consciously

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in the form of a moral innuendo. Count Tolstoy, in one of his most recent works, formally asserts it. All the wealth of the world, he says, is due to the men "the palms of whose hands manual labour has hardened." In a letter addressed to the *Times* Mr. Lloyd-George asserted the same thing, as though it were generally admitted and axiomatic. He was, he said, no Socialist; but he wanted to see more wealth circulating among the manual labourers, to whom all other classes owed whatever wealth they possessed. In inquiring, therefore, whether, when its meaning is fully realised, this doctrine is one which any sane man can defend, or even seriously hold, we shall not be invidiously selecting any one group of men for our criticisms.

Our preliminary criticism need not detain us long. In order to see what the above claim made on behalf of labour in its limited sense means, we have to consider not only what the term includes, but also what it excludes. For this doctrine, like all others, has necessarily a negative as well as a positive form. If all wealth is produced by labour, nothing that is not labour plays a part in the production of wealth. Thus, labour being understood in the sense in which the Labour Party understand it, no exertion or achievement of the human mind, other than those essential to or resulting from the average industrial task performable by the average man, has, according to the idea in vogue amongst that party at present, any effect in enhancing the productive efficiency of mankind.

Is any one prepared to defend this monstrous proposition? I shall probably be doing the Labour Members no more than justice if I say that were the question thus plainly put to them they would not defend it themselves. They would be compelled by common sense to qualify it in some way or other; and it is probable that most of them, in seeking for the qualification requisite, would follow Ruskin, and seek for it in an enlarged conception of skill.

Let us once again, then, consider what his conception of skill is. His conception of skill is some exceptional mental

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faculty or acquirement applied by its possessor to the action of his own hands. And this faculty is, as Ruskin says, essentially "incommunicable." That is to say that, as in the case of a Raphael painting a *Madonna*, or a master mechanic finishing some delicate piece of watch-work, the results of its operation, regarded as a productive agency, end with the completion of the special product in hand. The great picture does not affect the production of other great pictures; nor the specially finished watch the production of other watches.

Now in skill, as thus defined, we have no doubt a correct explanation of wealth of certain kinds—those kinds with which Ruskin was in special sympathy. We have the explanation of such wealth as is due to craftsmanship. And not only Ruskin, but many thinkers professedly socialistic have looked at the matter in practically the same way. The late William Morris was one of them; and he put his ideas into practice. But the kinds of wealth that are due to skill in craftsmanship, though they form a part of wealth in the modern world, are not typical of it; and from the point of view of the majority, they are the part which is least important. The articles of wealth which are due to exceptional craftsmanship are always (as was the case with books before the days of printing) few in number, and can be possessed by the few only. The practical work of Morris illustrates this fact. His goods, in the production of which individual skill was predominant, were abnormally costly, and were accessible to the rich alone. The generally distinguishing feature of modern wealth, on the contrary, consists in the multiplication of commodities relatively to the number of the producers, and the consequent cheapening of each article individually. The skill of the craftsman gives an exceptional value to the particular products on which his own hands are engaged. The agency which causes the increasing, and sustains the increased, output of goods and conveniences in the progressive nations of to-day is an agency which raises the productivity of industrial exertion as a whole.

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Since, then, the exceptionally skilled labour of individuals is not the only, or even the main agency which co-operates with average labour in the production of modern wealth, we must in order to discover what the main agency is, seek for some analysis of the matter other than that of Ruskin. Let us turn to Adam Smith. He throws a new, though a very incomplete light on the question. The cause, he says, which in all progressive communities enhances the productive power of the individual labourer is not the development by a few of skill that is above the average, but an increase of skill amongst all by the fact that labour becomes divided, so that each man gives all his talents to the doing of some one thing.

Here we have an explanation which, unlike that of Ruskin, does really explain the increased efficiency of average manual labour up to a certain point. We have labour divided in its application, but not (we may assume) requiring different degrees of capacity. But such simple division of labour as that which is here in question, carries us a very short way in the history of industrial progress, and is little more than the starting-point of production as it exists to-day. And even here we see, undeveloped but waiting to develop themselves, two factors other than the mere division of equal labour. One of these is machinery; the other is the business of actively directing and co-ordinating the increasing variety of efforts into which average labour divides itself.

So long as machinery exists only in its early and very simple forms, such as that of the potter's wheel, the devising and constructing of it is not specifically referable to any faculties which we can distinguish from those of the average labourer. But in proportion as machines become complicated, and embody, as they do in their more modern developments, concentrated ingenuity, and the application of abstruse knowledge, the situation changes; and we are able to identify the faculties to which they are due, as faculties residing in particular and exceptional men only. The same thing holds good of the faculties by which labour is co-ordinated and directed.

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The directing faculty, indeed, includes the inventive; this last being a peculiar form of it.

The function of the directive faculty, as applied to the complex operations of modern productive labour, is perhaps best illustrated by the case of a printed book. In the production of ten thousand copies of a printed book, the labour of the paper-makers and the printers is the same in kind and quality, whether the book be valuable or valueless—whether the ten thousand copies be ten thousand articles of wealth, or merely so much rubbish. What makes them valuable, when they are so, is the qualities of the author's manuscript. This manuscript, considered under its industrial aspect, is a series of minute directions, every one of which modifies, firstly every single movement made by the hands of the compositors; and secondly the results of every impress of the type on paper; one mind thus imparting the quality of wealth to ten thousand products simultaneously.

When a man invents an apparatus, such (let us say) as the telephone, the manufacture of which involves the co-operation of a thousand labourers, the case is essentially the same. The new apparatus is an addition to the world's wealth, not because its parts are made with a technical skill, which we presuppose—for the utmost technical skill is very often employed in the making of contrivances which, in practice, are wholly futile—but because each of its parts is fashioned in accordance with a given design, with which the technical skill of the operative has nothing at all to do, and because these parts unite to form a mechanical organism, of whose functions and principles the operatives are frequently quite ignorant. The apparatus, in short, is successful, and adds to the world's wealth, because the designs of the inventor are like so many injunctions which thrill through the brain of each labourer engaged on its special parts; or are like a thousand mental hands emanating from the inventor's mind, which touch and guide, unseen, each labourer's arms and fingers. And with the direction of labour generally into this channel or that—its application from year

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to year to the production of such goods as meet the needs of the moment—from books or newspapers of such and such a kind, down to ribbons of such and such a price, colour and quality, the case is the same again. In all these cases we have labour of a given amount and kind, which produces what is wanted instead of what is not wanted, which produces much wealth instead of little, because it is directed by faculties which, whoever possesses and exercises them, are specifically different from those involved in labour itself.

They are specifically different in a way which we may now express with precision, aided herein by a reference to Ruskin's excellent analysis of skill. All labour, even the rudest and simplest, involves, as Ruskin rightly recognises, some simple exercise of a human mind directing it. Labour rises in quality, and acquires the character of skill, in proportion as the mind which thus directs the hand evinces qualities which are above the normal minimum, whether these consist in nothing more than a somewhat exceptional quickness, or comprise, as they do at times, all the potency of artistic genius. But they are essentially—to quote once more Ruskin's language—incommunicable. Their action ends with the task on which the man possessing them is engaged. Skill, in short, is the mind of one man directing his own labour. The directive faculties which we are now specially considering are the mind of one man directing the labour of others.

The moment we realise the nature of this distinction, we find the keystone that is missing in Ruskin's arch. The fact on which I have just been insisting is recognised by Ruskin himself, but his faulty methods of analysis deprive him of all power of expressing it. It is, he admits, difficult to set any limit to the "power of mere thought," regarded as a productive agency. But, insisting as he does on identifying all such thought with "skill," he is unable to justify this admission in any terms of his own theory. If such thought ends, as he says it does, "in accelerating the manual labour" of the thinker, the limits of its productivity are so narrow as to be practically

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almost negligible. Individual skill, however great and admirable, no more increases the productivity of labour generally, than the rise of one great wave raises the general level of the sea.

The human faculties involved, then, in modern wealth-production are these: The average or exceptional mind of the individual, directing his own labour; and the exceptional mind of the individual, directing the average and the skilled labour of others.

For the faculties involved in this last exercise of the mind it is difficult to find an entirely satisfactory name. On former occasions I have applied to it the name "ability"; and, in default of a better, this will serve our purposes. We must remember, however, when thus using it, that we are using it in a technical sense, which on the one hand will be narrower than the ordinary, and on the other hand more inclusive. It excludes all kinds of "cleverness" unapplied to economic production; and it includes many powers, in so far as production is their object, to the expression of whose scope and dignity it may often be thought inadequate.

What it includes may be seen in an interesting way, by considering first a list given by Ruskin (in "Unto This Last") of the qualities which, in his estimation, enable men to become rich. They are as follows: industry, resolution, pride, covetousness, promptitude, method, sense, want of imagination, want of sensitiveness, ignorance. Now if by pride and covetousness, coupled with industry and resolution, Ruskin means to indicate a desire for wealth which, instead of ending (as it often does) in an empty craving, liberates and is allied with an unusual practical energy, a pushing and driving power, resulting in the operations to which wealth is actually due, his meaning is correct, though his language is not flattering. Such energy does constitute an important element of ability. Promptitude, method, sense, are amongst its elements also; and we may allow Ruskin to be right in associating with these a certain deficiency of what is commonly called sensitiveness. But the list of qualities is very incomplete still. Ruskin

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admits this, so he adds two others; and what are they? They are, want of imagination, and ignorance!

How hazy and feeble his thought in this connection was may be seen by contrasting this infatuated assertion with the truth. The chief of the other qualities still to be included in ability are scientific and practical imagination of a rare and vivid kind—the one being the parent of discovery, the other the parent of application; and a masterful knowledge which ranges, according to circumstances, from the most abstruse regions of mathematical and chemical science, to the wants of the contemporary public, the industrial potentialities of this or that place or climate, and the manner in which men of various types may be managed, with a minimum of friction, and a maximum of resulting efficiency.

Ruskin himself is very much too acute not to see from time to time the importance of these things himself. On one occasion he calls special attention to the intimate connection between wealth-production and science; but his thought is so wanting in method that he cannot fit what he sees at intervals into any coherent system. Even energy he dismisses and disguises in the language of moral reprobation. Promptitude, method, and sense, he does indeed clearly recognise as essential to the process in which modern wealth originates; but of the genius which animated such men—to name only a few—as Dudley, Darby of Coalbrookdale, Arkwright, Stephenson, Watt, Boulton, Bessemer, Edison, Marconi—the mechanical, mathematical, chemical, and scientific knowledge generally to which he has actually paid his own passing tribute and the practical powers of applying it—all these he ignores when he comes to sum up his conclusions; and he puts in place of them "want of imagination and ignorance."

If a man like Ruskin was capable of entertaining and of promulgating views so confused, so incomplete, and so inadequate as these, we need hardly be surprised to find his admirers amongst the Labour Members adopting views of a very similar kind. But when the existence and the nature of ability, or

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the directing faculty, and its connection with modern industry have been once clearly put before them, their present idea that wealth is produced by labour alone—that is to say, by labour in its limited and popular sense—cannot fail to appear to them as a mere idle fatuity.

The full significance of a recognition of the functions and importance of ability, as the mental powers of some operating on the labour of others, will be made more clearly presently, when we give our attention to the allied subject of capital. Ruskin, in dealing with this subject, simply reproduces under another form his original error of omission—namely, his failure to understand ability; and his imperfect conception of the nature and the functions of capital is shared not only by the Labour Party of to-day, but by Adam Smith, Ricardo, Mill, and their recognised successors generally. Adam Smith's division of capital into "fixed" and "circulating" still survives in text-books; fixed capital corresponding to Ruskin's conception of it as tools, implements, or machinery; and circulating capital meaning goods made or bought, and sold or resold to others. Subsequent economists have taken a step nearer to the truth by representing knowledge, and some forms of talent, as a kind of capital in themselves, under the name of "personal capital"; whilst a part of the gains of the capitalist are explained by Mill as being the "wages of superintendence." But, in all such analyses, the real root of the matter, although it is approached, is missed.

To get at the root, let us go back to Ruskin, for whom capital is simply an implement, the best type of which is a plough. A plough, he says, is the product of so many days' labour. When the plough is finished, this labour is, in one sense, ended; but, in another sense, it is not. It has been re-embodied in the plough, and has acquired a secondary "fruitfulness." With any one who uses it, it will co-operate like a live companion, doubling the results which his labour would have produced without it. It is thus itself labour detached and lendable; and the interest or profit which it

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brings in to its maker are a portion of those extra products which it has enabled the borrower to produce. Now so far as it goes, this illustration corresponds with facts, though the facts are only of a very rudimentary kind. But even here we shall find that there is an omission of one factor which underlies all others. Ruskin assumes (and Bastiat did the same) that one man makes the implement, and another man borrows it; but they fail to note that, if this transaction is to be typical, another assumption must be made—namely, that of some typical reason why the borrower borrows the plough, and does not make one for himself. And this typical reason can be none other than the fact that the maker possesses some skill of which the borrower possesses less or none.

Thus the origin of capital of this rudimentary kind is manual labour differentiated from such labour in general by skill. This skill, however, as we have seen before, ends with the piece of work on which the hands of its possessor are engaged—in this case with the plough. But as machinery develops, growing larger and more complicated, embodying in its design more and more knowledge and ingenuity, and requiring for its construction not only the skill of one man (like the plough in its rudest form), but the labour, skilled and unskilled, of men in increasing numbers, the manual skill of individuals ceases to be the dominant factor, and the efficiency of the labourers as a whole becomes dependent on the ability which directs them. Thus fixed capital, which, in the form of the simplest implements, is all that Ruskin means by the word capital, and which, as so understood, may, in the language of Marx, be not inaccurately described as "skilled labour fossilised," becomes by gradual stages metamorphosed into fossilised ability. Labour is, of course, essential here, as it is in all cases of production; but it is directing ability which gives the products their distinctive character. Labour is the medium through which the mind which directs labour has embodied itself.

But at this point a new question arises. We have spoken of ability as being, by its direction of labour, the distinctive

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producer of a certain form of capital—namely, capital as it exists in the form of modern machinery. What we have now to consider is the means by which this power of direction, or industrial guidance, is exercised. It is exercised by means of capital under another form. This is not circulating capital, as Adam Smith understands the phrase. It is not a stock of goods which are being constantly sold at a profit, and replaced as soon as sold, to the public customer, by those who purvey or make them. It resembles such stock in some ways; but in one way it profoundly differs from it. It consists essentially of goods which are the general necessaries of life; but, instead of being sold by the capitalist to the outside public at a profit, they are virtually distributed by him to a special group of labourers, *on conditions*.

In any state of society, the great mass of mankind, in order to provide themselves with necessaries, must exercise manual labour. But where capital does not exist, or exists only in such forms as the Ruskinian plough, the necessaries which labour produces come to the labourer directly. Under such conditions each individual family may produce—and in certain places each family does produce—whatever it consumes and uses. The kind of capital with which we are now concerned, and which we may call wage-capital, makes its first appearance when labour begins to be divided, and each abourer or labouring family makes only one or perhaps part of one, of the dozen commodities required by it. When this state of things arises, the products of labour, on which all the labourers live, no longer come directly to any one of them. They come to each man indirectly, in the form of assorted commodities, which are portions of the direct products of various other persons, and for which he gives the whole of his own products in exchange. That is to say, the labourer's own products pass out of his own hands, and come back to him in the form of equivalents, through the hands of some distributor. For the distributor, who at first is no more than a merchant, the commodities which thus pass through his hands,

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are circulating capital according to Adam Smith's definition of it; but they are not yet wage-capital. They become wage-capital when, and only when, the distributor, instead of merely exchanging them, begins to turn his attention to the manner in which they are produced. For example, as a merchant, the distributor says to the shoemaker, "I will give you all the necessaries of existence for this or for that period, on condition that you give me in return for them a stated number of shoes." The distributor, when he turns his attention from exchange to the process of production, says to the shoemaker, "I will give you an even larger measure of necessaries, on condition that you produce your shoes in a manner which I myself will prescribe to you."

Here we see in its essence the function of wage-capital. The possession of it enables the distributor, by thus making its distribution conditional, to impose his own will and guidance on the industrial operations of those amongst whom he distributes it. He is able to assign to each of them a certain specific task, to ensure that each part, into which the ultimate product is divided, is fashioned in accordance with a certain prescribed pattern, and that a thousand hands are thus co-ordinated so as to produce a designed result. It is only in this way that fixed capital, such as implements and machinery, has developed from its rudest forms (to the fabrication of which the skill of individuals was equal) into the huge engines and multiplied mechanism of our factories, which embody the knowledge, the ingenuity, the imagination, the enterprise, of the strongest wills, and the keenest and most active intellects, that have ever been concentrated on the arts by which men keep themselves alive.

The modern machinery of production has been produced in this way only. In this way only—to say nothing of its continuous improvement—is it renewed and kept from perishing; and in the same way the products produced, multiplied, and cheapened by its means, are being determined from day to day in accordance with the world's needs. The directing

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ability, which operates by means of wage-capital, enlarges the sphere of its operations and continually extends its efficacy, by means of the fixed capital or the mechanism of production, which wage-capital enables it to develop; but the vital source of modern production generally, in respect alike of its sustentation and its progress, is the active and directing ability of which wage-capital is the immediate instrument. Modern capital, in short, is primarily wage-capital—such capital as factories and machinery being merely results of this; and wage-capital is productive, not because of any virtues inherent in itself, but because it is the reins by which the minds of the few guide the labour, whether skilled or unskilled, of the many. Thus to speak of ability as "personal capital" is to obscure its nature in the very act of recognising its importance. It is to identify the coachman with the reins; the fact being that the latter are useful or useless only in accordance with the manner in which the coachman handles them.

The conclusion of the whole matter may, then, be summed up thus. In the ruder states of society, the little wealth that it produced may be said with substantial accuracy to be produced by labour alone—by men the action of whose hands is directed by their own minds only. In modern societies, where the product is great and is continually increasing, the human factors in production are no longer one, but two, together with a third, whose function is to connect the others. These three, to repeat what I have said, are as follows:

(1) Labour, or that manual exertion—always essential to the existence of all societies—which is directed by the average mind of the average labourer himself.

(2) The exceptional minds and exceptional energies of some, who direct the average minds and average labour of others.

(3) Wage-capital, or accumulations of the common necessaries of life, the conditional distribution of which amongst the labourers who consume them constitutes the means by which his direction of their labour is effected.

Labour, then, in the political sense of the word—in the

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sole sense in which it stands for any distinctive class, contrasted with other classes, and having separate interests of its own—means, and can mean only, the majority of normal men who are united by the fact that they all work with their hands, performing individual tasks with an average measure of intelligence. And capital in its political sense when contrasted with labour as the Labour Members contrast it, really stands for men whose economic difference from the labourers consists in the fact that, with regard to the process of production, they possess faculties which indefinitely transcend the average.

Thus, the contrast between capital and labour is, when stripped of its accessories, not a contrast between living manual exertion and a dead accumulation of riches, or the merely otiose possession of them. It is a contrast between men and men—between men belonging to two equally active classes, who differ from each other in the efficiency of their productive faculties, and consequently in respect of the means by which their contrasted faculties operate—the faculties involved in the performance of average individual labour, and the exceptional knowledge, ingenuity, enterprise, personal energy, and industrial genius generally, by which the faculties of countless labourers are being constantly co-ordinated and directed. Capital, in short, means the highest acquisitions of knowledge, and the highest practical intellect, concentrated on the process of production, and, by imposing their joint guidance on labour, lending to it the larger part of the fruitfulness which it now possesses.

That the general culture moral and mental of the labourer, which all the Labour Members avowedly have at heart, depends on the influence of the highest minds over the ordinary, is perceived clearly enough by the Labour Members themselves. A great thinker lends his insight, a great poet his imaginations, to the readers who understand and appreciate him. The failure of the Labour Members to see that what holds good in the domain of general culture holds good equally in the domain of progressive industry, is mainly due to their present incom-

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plete conception of what the actual functions of labour in the modern world are, when labour is made to stand for the average majority of mankind, as opposed to and excluding all those personal forces which rise above the average, and operate through the possession of capital.

It ought to require on their part but a little education in statesmanship to show how largely they are at present misled by being the dupes of a preposterous formula. That labour, as standing for the mass of manual labourers, has interests of its own, which require some special advocacy, is a perfectly reasonable and doubtless a true proposition; but to speak of labour as the sole, or even as the most important force on which the prosperity of a civilised country such as our own depends, will, in the light of the facts on which we have just been dwelling, be recognised by any clear-headed man as childish.

That such is the case can be made easily evident by turning from the strictly economic to the political aspirations of "labour." We hear frequent boasts or prophecies that, at no very distant date, labour will be supreme in government, and that we shall be ruled by a "Labour Cabinet." Now what do such prophecies mean? Do they mean that the men who politically are at the head of affairs will be men whose main occupation will be actually manual labour? They cannot mean that, because from the necessities of the case—and facts illustrate this—as soon as a labourer betakes himself to parliamentary politics, he abandons his occupation as a manual labourer altogether, and exerts faculties which, whatever their value, are quite distinct from those by which he gained his livelihood in the workshop. Is it merely meant, then, that the members of the so-called Labour Cabinet will be men who were manual labourers at one time of their lives? And is the main implication this—that, amongst the multitudes who have been brought up as labourers there are men possessing talents of quite another kind than those which manual labour either demands or exhibits, and that quondam labourers, by

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developing and exerting these, will rise to the posts now occupied by statesmen of a different origin? There is nothing impossible in this. Men of the humblest parentage have often, at all periods, risen to the highest stations. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. But if all the cardinals of his time had been sons of butchers likewise, and had during their earlier years practised the paternal trade, the policy of Rome during the time of Henry VIII. would not, for that reason, have represented the dead-meat trade. No more would a Cabinet of great statesmen, who happened to have once been labourers, represent for that reason the average labourer of the average masses of mankind. But perhaps the implication of those who look forward to Labour Cabinets is that, though those who compose them would have ceased to be labourers themselves, and would govern in virtue of faculties not possessed by the majority of labourers, their sympathies would identify them with the interests of the ordinary labourers only, and that, imagining manual labour to be the sole and efficient cause of all material prosperity and all progress in the arts of life, would deliberately set themselves to crush all other classes out whose talents and whose methods of exerting them differentiated them to any marked degree from their fellows.

A Labour Cabinet or a Labour Government can mean nothing unless its meaning is dependent on one or other of the above assumptions; and the last supposition, which, if true, would alone have any practical significance, involves absurdities from which in theory even the more thoughtful Socialists would recoil, and which their practical aspirations repudiate. The ideal of a State which they avowedly have before them is one wholly inconsistent with the language which they use, and the thoughts which they cherish, as agitators. In their constructive schemes for the future they tacitly and obliquely recognise that the ordinary labour, which they flatter as producing all things, would, in a country like ours, be practically sterile and helpless if it were not directed by knowledge, energy, and

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intellect, superior to any ordinarily associated with itself. The only fundamental, as distinct from resultant, changes, which they propose to bring about, is the transference of personal superiorities from private enterprise to the State, and a similar transference, not the annihilation, of capital. Now, apart from the practical impossibilities latent in this programme (to which I shall refer in my next, and my concluding article), the contemplated change, from the labourer's point of view, is a change only in name. Everything against which the Socialists are urging their supporters to rebel reappears in the socialistic paradise under a very thin disguise. Ability reappears, and capital reappears; and these, in their relations to the operative, are just the same as formerly. Between the system contemplated by the more thoughtful Socialists and the system now prevailing, there is for him no more essential difference than there is between the Portsmouth Dockyard and the Elswick Works at Newcastle. In the one case, as in the other, his whole industrial actions are controlled by directing ability. In the one case, as in the other, the reward of his labour comes to him in the form of wages, or a payment contingent on his obedience to the technical orders given him. The wages may be called by some other fantastic name, such as labour-cheques; but they are wages none the less. The directors of labour may be called Government officials; but, so far as the individual operative is concerned, they do merely what was done by the old employers. They wield the same control, in virtue of the same superiorities—superiorities in scientific knowledge, in intellectual talent, or practical managing capacity. The individual operative may, through the exercise of a vote, exercise at distant intervals a nominal influence on their election; but he has no more to do with the daily orders which they issue to him than a postman in the Shetlands has to do with determining the mechanism of the wireless telegraph or the construction of a submarine cable.

And yet though all this, one would think, must be sufficiently apparent to anybody from an analysis of the con-

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ditions which are advocated by the more thoughtful Socialists themselves, we find these very men still declaring that the aim and hope of Socialism is what they call "the emancipation of labour." One of the Labour Members, Mr. Hunter Watt, wrote recently to the *Times* a letter in which he repudiated the assertion that the animating motive of the Labour Party was any "greed" for material acquisition. He cited the case of an active Swiss Socialist, who, as foreman in a factory, enjoyed all material comforts, and yet was as active as any starving beggar in his efforts to overthrow the present industrial system. This man's case Mr. Watt cited as typical. His desire, said Mr. Watt—and that of the Labour Party generally—was not an increase of wages, but the abolition of what he called "wagedom," and the personal emancipation of the labourer. Emancipation from what? From the days of Karl Marx onwards, the Post-Office has been held up by Socialists as a type of socialistic institutions. Let Mr. Watt ask himself if the postman who brings him a letter, the transit of which has occupied three hours, is more emancipated than the messenger-boy who would have brought it to him in twenty minutes. Unless the Socialists mean by emancipation the resolution of society into independent labouring units—each of them, whether clever or stupid, making what he can for himself, according to his own devices—the emancipation of labour can mean nothing else than this: namely, the emancipation of the comparatively inefficient majority of average and inferior men from the control, the guidance, and the aid, of all whose knowledge, energy, and industrial talents in any way exceed their own. It must mean the emancipation of man from the influence of every power which has raised man above the level of savagery.

W. H. Mallock.

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WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AND THE CONFERENCE

UNDER the accommodating cloak of Imperialism a great deal of inspired nonsense of a somewhat sensational order has been lately spread abroad in regard to the Wireless Telegraphy Conference, now brought to a close. We have been favoured with a number of anonymous letters, prominently placed, in large, bold type, in various important newspapers, to the exclusion of other contributions by certain recognised experts. These letters have been signed variously, "Imperialist," "Briton," "Citizen," and by similar attractive titles.

Whatever may have been the object of this apparently concerted action, the result was to lead many readers of the London Press entirely astray as to the real issues. Thus, it has actually been suggested by these anonymous articles and letters—or shall I say by this anonymous writer? for most of the suggestions are common to all—that if the Marconi monopoly receives any sort of check the natural development of wireless telegraphy will be doomed, and "all enterprise of the sort abandoned." Let us deal with this at the outset. Surely experience—let alone common sense—tells us, on the contrary, that it is monopoly more than anything else that checks invention and stifles commercial development on healthy lines. It has been suggested, further, that the German Em-

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peror's sole object in moving in this matter has been to "push" a German system of wireless telegraphy. Even the German Press has, it seems, in some instances, been influenced from the same quarter. The evidence on which this argument is based appears to be somewhat slender, and is more or less contradicted by other internal evidence; but, in any case, the grounds for the Convention seem to be abundantly good without considering this point.

It would appear to be an age when we seek for our experts in the Lobby of the House of Commons. Whether this be actually so or not, politicians have certainly stepped in over this controversy where electricians have feared to tread; or, at any rate, the Press seems to consider the opinions of politicians of more interest and importance than those of electricians. Thus, we are favoured with the views of Sir Edward Sassoon, Bart., M.P., in the following terms: "We pass for being in possession of what is at present relatively the best and most reliable system." Sir Edward goes on to say: "This point is, I understand, practically undisputed." One cannot, of course, foresee on what Sir E. Sassoon bases his assumption; but certainly there are many experts—putting aside interested parties—who would challenge the statement. A satisfactory determination on the point could, however, only be achieved by actually testing the various systems under given, common conditions. Then, again, Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P.—who is always interesting, amusing and picturesque—has employed the columns of an important organ for instructing the public as to the history of wireless telegraphy, more especially at the expense of a distinguished German electrician.

It would perhaps be as well if I explained here that I have no pecuniary interest in any wireless telegraphy business, and only desire to see fair play in the interest of the British public. Let me say, further, that, as one who is actively concerned in the cause of Imperialism, I fully recognise that this subject is of greater moment to the British Empire than to any other country. I can even claim to have been one of the first to

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draw attention to the necessity for Government control over wireless telegraphy on an Imperial basis.[1]

Amongst other suggestions so freely circulated of late, it has been questioned whether the Marconi Company have been fairly treated in this matter, on the ground that it is solely to Mr. Marconi that the world is indebted for being able to communicate electrically without intervening wires. When, however, we begin to talk about equity and common fairness it will be seen that if there is any grievance on the score of priority of invention and no fair field, it rests with other inventors—such as Sir Oliver Lodge. This brings us to the historical aspect of our subject, which I must now deal with at some length.

Just ten years ago a controversy arose regarding "The Inception and Extension of Submarine Telegraphy." The present discussion reminds me somewhat forcibly of this. On the occasion referred to I endeavoured to show that it was absurd to suggest that submarine telegraphy was due to any one man. In my opinion the same absurdity attaches to the present issue—as it would, indeed, in the case of a similar controversy regarding any other branch of applied science. Most of those who took part in the previous discussion had their own particular man, so to speak, whom they regarded as the pioneer of submarine telegraphy. Their views were based on individual experience or associations; and, when we bear in mind that there have been many rival commercial interests engaged in submarine telegraphy, it will be seen that these experiences and associations were necessarily limited within a comparatively narrow sphere. And so it is to-day in the matter of wireless telegraphy.

Cable telegraphy was eventually rendered practical as the outcome of different inventions due to various engineers and electricians, few of whom reaped much commercial benefit as compared with that derived by those who turned those inventions to account in practice. History repeats itself; and

[1] *Monthly Review*, September 1902; *Nineteenth Century*, February 1903; *Quarterly Review*, April 1903.

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it seems, so far, as though the man who has the natural ability of combining the ideas and inventions of others in wireless telegraphy is the man who is really coming off best. My contention is that wireless telegraphy, as we know it at present, is like other telegraphy, the work of many. But if anyone could justly claim a monopoly of the use of Hertzian waves for transmitting signals at a distance, it would, in my opinion, be Sir Oliver Lodge, whose early work preceded that of Mr. Marconi, though certainly the latter was the first to place wireless telegraphy on anything like a commercial footing—for his own benefit as well as for that of the community at large.

The general public view is, however, that we are exclusively indebted to Mr. Marconi for all our wireless telegraphy. Thus it was only the other day that the present writer had occasion to review a book on wireless telegraphy which dealt with Marconi's early experimental work of 1896 in the following terms: "This was sufficient to put some of them, such as Lodge in England and Ascoli in Italy, &c., in a position to construct immediately apparatus which reproduced the experiments of Marconi, an apparatus which was then recognised as being identical in principle to the one of Marconi itself." But it is indeed reversing the order of things to speak of Sir Oliver Lodge as "reproducing the experiments of Marconi," seeing that in the year 1894 Dr. Lodge (as he then was) exhibited, and worked, at the Royal Institution a complete set of wireless telegraphic apparatus; and is it not unseemly for those who are reaping the benefit commercially to suggest that others in whose footsteps they have followed are imitating their devices? So far, however, it would seem that loud shouting is the main qualification for public recognition as the pioneer of wireless telegraphy.

Still, I have always recognised that Mr. Marconi has done more than any man towards developing the commercial possibilities of wireless telegraphy. Then, again, we must not forget the financial aid that he secured in the cause. To quote

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Professor Silvanus Thompson, *à propos* of Marconi's interesting and remarkable accomplishment of successfully signalling a number of letters across the Atlantic Ocean in 1902:[1] "Although Signor Marconi is not the inventor, but the skilled exploiter, of telegraphy without wires, everyone must admire the splendid success of his achievement in sending intelligible signals over fifteen hundred miles across the Atlantic."

In my opinion, the difference between what Sir Oliver Lodge and others achieved prior to Mr. Marconi and this feat is a difference of degree only. The reason for this difference is, I venture to think, largely accounted for by the different character and objects of the inventors. Sir William Preece, as the then Engineer-in-Chief of the Post Office, was aiming at bringing lightships and rock lighthouses into efficient communication with the mainland for the purposes of navigation and safety. Sir Oliver Lodge, when delivering his lecture at the Royal Institution in 1894, was wishing to demonstrate experimentally the possibility of communicating signals at a distance by means of Hertzian waves established by the combination of certain apparatus. Neither of these gentlemen was endeavouring to amass an individual fortune out of his devices, or instead of talking of "sending signals" he would no doubt have talked of "sending telegrams"—for there is no technical difference between the two. Thus in wireless telegraphy the clerk sends (or receives) "signals," the telegraph boy "takes a telegram," and the public "send (or receive) a telegram"; and this is all connected with the same electrical operation. Those who have Mr. Marconi's claims especially at heart have argued that Lodge "merely sent signals" on the occasion referred to, and that Mr. Marconi was the first to "send wireless telegrams." This becomes especially amusing when we turn to the title of Marconi's own patent (No. 12,089 of 1896), which is practically claimed by his fraternity to be "the progenitor" of everything that has been done in wireless telegraphy. The title of the patent is "*Improvements* in Transmitting Elec-

[1] *Saturday Review*, April 5, 1902.

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trical *Impulses and Signals* and in Apparatus therefor"! (The italics are my own.)

The real value of wireless telegraphy patents has yet to be demonstrated in the courts. Meanwhile, it may be fairly stated that the first *syntonic* system of wireless telegraphy is that described by Sir Oliver Lodge in Patent Specification No. 11,575 of the following year (1897), entitled, "Improvements in Syntonised Telegraphy without Line Wires." But the Marconi trumpet has been so loudly blown that the general public have had some difficulty in hearing of other systems; and the term "Marconi telegraphy" is probably thought by many to cover the whole ground of *wireless* telegraphy—to be, in fact, synonymous with it. Importance has been attached to Mr. Marconi's claim for the use of the earth instead of one of the capacity areas of a complete Hertz oscillator. In the opinion of many, however, the latter would be more effective for a given amount of energy; and the higher a complete Hertz oscillator is raised above the ground the greater the effect at a distance. Thus it is, perhaps, that the War Office prefer the Lodge-Muirhead system. Anyone with a knowledge of applied science and the history of engineering would agree that if the whole field of wireless telegraphy belongs to Mr. Marconi the case of wireless telegraphy is a very peculiar one. If, on the other hand, Mr. Marconi himself considers that other inventors in this field are traversing the ground of his patents, the English law courts are, of course, open to him, and have been so for some time.

Besides the Marconi system there are, taken alphabetically, the De Forest system, the Fessenden system, the Lodge-Muirhead system, and the Telefuncken system, as well as others mainly worked by the same interests. In the public interest no advantage should be given to any one; and certainly, so far, all of these—excepting, perhaps, the last-named—have been at a distinct disadvantage; for, unlike the Marconi Company, the companies concerned have been spending their substance in

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"pushing" the inventions they are interested in, whilst deriving scarcely any benefit therefrom.

What we want at the present time—and what ought to have been established some years ago—is an inquiry into the relative merits of the various systems under a number of given common conditions for meeting different requirements. No such trial has ever been accorded—not even on inventions emanating from the United Kingdom.

Surely it is recognised by now that to grant any one a monopoly without so much as a trial to others is not only to foster inefficiency, but also to encourage high charges. A lengthy monopoly often, though not always, implies an indifferent service; but it almost invariably implies a costly service for the public—let alone the stifling of invention.

The Admiralty appear to have tied themselves for a certain length of time to the use of a particular system—that of Mr. Marconi; but in the long run it would be ill-advised—as well as unfair—to continue to foster a monopoly (or something very like it) in connection with an invention that is still open to so much development. We should surely remember, too, the reduction in price that would result from a fair and square trial of all British systems under similar conditions—such a trial to precede the adoption of any single one, even for a moderate period of time.

Hitherto the Marconi Company, with some seventy land stations round our coast, have made it a stringent rule that none of these is to respond to communications with rival apparatus. Similarly, ships possessing a Marconi installation must not communicate with wireless stations other than those belonging to the Marconi Company. An infringement of this regulation means instant dismissal for the employees concerned.

It is claimed that the organisation of the Marconi Company is greatly superior to that provided by any other wireless system. That the Marconi Company have had the advantages of time and favour is obvious; but no comparison can be made

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in the matter of organisation until the other systems have been given an equal chance. With all its boasted superiority, surely the Marconi Company should gladly hail an inquiry such as I have advocated here.

Let us now turn to the more immediate business of the Conference, and the criticisms that were ventilated so freely in the Press the moment of its commencement. The critics—whether in the interests of the Marconi Company or in the cause of party politics—appear to have made up their minds in advance that the delegates were not likely to do their duty. It was also presupposed by anonymous writers that our Colonies had not been consulted on the subject, whereas the reverse happens to be the case. Much was made of the lack of proportion in our voting strength; but as a matter of fact Great Britain and her Colonies will at future Conferences have six votes as compared, say, with one for Russia, Austria, and other countries possessing no colonies.

It has been argued that unless the Marconi system continues to be the sole method of communication for commercial purposes throughout the world its utility to our Navy will be in some way prejudiced. The basis of this contention has never been set forth; and, though I have made a somewhat close study of the strategic aspect of telegraphy, I am bound to say that I cannot recognise any force in the argument. The Convention now agreed to merely provides that certain stations throughout the world shall be available for any ships at sea to communicate with, independently of the particular wireless apparatus in use. Thus a certain number of the stations on the coast of any country signing the Convention will be registered as open to signalling by all ships furnished with wireless apparatus on whatever system. The ability to intercommunicate depending upon the adoption by the two parties of the same Hertzian wave-length, it is proposed that, for such signalling, one—or perhaps two—wave-lengths shall be adopted. This only applies, however, to a certain number of stations on each coast; and even these are perfectly free to make any arrangements they

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please for secret signalling, provided that the other conditions are complied with. Thus there has never really been any question of interfering with the strategic, administrative, or diplomatic requirements in wireless telegraphy of this or any other country, naval and military stations being entirely unaffected by the treaty; and the idea of this Convention "preventing the unfettered development" of any particular wireless system seems, similarly, to have been only a "bogey" (of a somewhat sensational character), dressed up for the purposes of a certain interest.

When we see a man drowning we do not say we cannot attempt to save him for want of an introduction, or because he speaks a different language to our own. Similarly, when we see a ship—possibly in some distress—that signals to us by means of flags we do not say, "I will not speak to you because you belong to another country," or "because your flags are made by rival hands." If, however, at war with that country we reserve the right to act as we please. So, too, there is really no difficulty—except in the minds of alarmists—in dissociating our strategic requirements, in the matter of electric communication, from our humane or commercial requirements in times of peace. Has ever a cable company refused to take messages from or send messages to a rival line? Such a proceeding would never have passed the watchful care of those very critics who have had so much to say about this matter.

But, amidst all this strife, I very much doubt the assumption that the wireless telegraphy of to-day would prove a more satisfactory weapon for communicating with outlying portions of the Empire at the outbreak of war, for instance, than a number of submarine cables on different routes and in deep water.

On the other hand, wireless telegraphy is, of course, an inestimable boon for communicating with ships, and between ships at sea. Under proper, but not unreasonable, control, and with free encouragement to inventors, its development in this direction should become more and more valuable every day.

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If it be granted—as it now presumably will be—that the Convention just signed at the Conference has done nothing to weaken our position stragetically or Imperially, then surely it must also be admitted that there was already a *primâ facie* case in favour of the Convention from every other point of view; for, be it remembered, without an international convention of this character there could be no assurance that any message signalled to a shore station would ever reach its destination. We could in no case have prevented the passing of the Convention. Had we held aloof, besides denying ourselves certain benefits, we should have been unable to make conditions in our future, as well as present, interests.

During the recent discussions in the Press on this subject there have been a number of red herrings drawn across the scent, and some of them have been of portentous size. In the course of this paper I have thought it well to deal with these, and I trust I have succeeded in burying them, whilst also producing sufficient argument in favour of a full inquiry into the merits of the various systems of wireless telegraphy.

Three days before the publication of this article an interesting and important demonstration of yet another system of "wireless" telegraphy will have taken place at the Queen's Hall, London. This new invention emanates from Mr. Valdemar Poulsen, of Copenhagen. It may prove as superior by sea as the Lodge-Muirhead system has overland. In that case we shall have another definite illustration of the mistakes made in entering into long binding agreements, such as that of the Admiralty with the Marconi Company, in operation till 1914.

CHARLES BRIGHT.

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MORAL EDUCATION

I

IT is generally agreed that the main object of education is to fit the educated to pursue a vocation efficiently, or as it is sometimes put, to enable them to engage successfully in the struggle for existence.

Now if education has only this end in view; if it only seeks to impart the knowledge necessary for the pursuit of a remunerative, or in some cases of a decorative, career, will it perform the highest function of which it is capable? The answer to this question must be no. If education is confined to science and mathematics, languages, literature, and history, it will be wanting in completeness. If it does not adequately teach the means whereby the state of man in society may be improved, the manner in which harmony of social relations may be increased, and suffering inflicted by men upon each other removed—then it will not have fulfilled the greatest of its possibilities. Although the power of early education to make indelible impressions on the mind is certain; although few adult minds are ever free from the influence of the first lessons, yet the most essential of all sciences to the welfare of society, that of conduct, is assigned no place, with a few exceptions, in English primary[1] and secondary education, and on the whole a not very

[1] In the Code of Regulations for Public Elementary Schools (1906) moral instruction is directed to be given, but it is left entirely to the school authorities whether such instruction shall be incidental and occasional or whether it shall be regular and systematic; therefore, in view of the

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important one in higher education. Yet moral education is at the root of human betterment. Efficiently imparted, it can increase happiness and well-being to an extent which it is difficult to overestimate. It has hitherto been its misfortune to be entangled with religion, but it is becoming more and more evident that religion is unable to offer an ethical training suited to the advance of knowledge and to the conditions of our present civilisation. Sooner or later, for educational purposes, a separation must be made, for the one method is systematic and scientific while the other is neither. The one is a specialisation, the other a combination which endeavours to embrace too much.

A cleavage such as that which is needed between the two modes of moral education has long been taking place in the sciences, and a parallel may be drawn from the present relations between philosophy and psychology. For a long time psychology was a branch of philosophy. To reason about the processes of the mind, to distinguish between ideation and perception, to classify the emotions and to record impressions of the senses, were all within the province of philosophy. But it became manifest at length that to study the mind without taking into account its connection with the body was an inadequate means of gaining a knowledge of its working. It was discovered that by observing the abnormal mind much might be gleaned as to the normal, that the experimental methods employed in the sciences might with advantage be applied to the investigation of mental phenomena. The science of psychology was born as soon as these facts were recognised, and now it is becoming apparent that psychology must eventually be classed among the natural sciences. Very similar are the relations between religious and secular morals, which, as far as education is concerned, must be ultimately separated from each other.

prevailing ideas on the subject, it will probably be long before such an elastic regulation bears fruit. The question, however, is now being studied independently, and as a result more adequate provision for public moral instruction may be anticipated in a future Code of the Board of Education.

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But moral education meets with opposition from those who argue that education proper contains all that is needful for the conduct of existence. The study of mathematics is considered by them to teach pure truth. Equations may not be solved by subterfuge, neither is it possible to make the square of the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle equal to more or less than the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Two atoms of hydrogen combine to form water with only one of oxygen. By the law of Archimedes, bodies plunged in a stable liquid experience a vertical upthrust, the value of which is equal to the weight of the liquid displaced. All these are truths, which are supposed by some contagious influence to incline the student to seek and practise truth in the dealings of his daily life. Even language, subject to certain unchanging rules of grammar, may thus be held to teach allegiance to the fundamental laws of things. Experience proves, however, that the practice of dealing with quantities, substances, or grammatical inflexions does not by any means ensure proficiency in conduct. A very notable example of this fact was offered a few years ago at the Polytechnic School in Paris, a school devoted to the study of higher mathematics and of science, when one of the students was seen to use for his own purposes the money entrusted to him as treasurer of the school charitable fund. Moral truth is not necessarily to be acquired as an offshoot from mathematical or other truth, It has a well-defined existence of its own, and it cannot be neglected except at the peril of society. Sports are held by some to supplement these derived morals by inculcating the principle of fair play, but the rules of sport are conventional rules, framed for issues that are not of vital importance, and the probability that their spirit extends into the region of the strife of daily interest is somewhat slight.

In order to state the case in another manner, let us suppose a conversation between an advocate of moral education and a supporter of the non-moral system, the former designated by the letter A, the latter by the letter B.

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A. With what end do you educate? B. To enable the educated to engage successfully in the competition for existence, so that they may attain to pleasurable conditions. A. Pleasure, then, is the ultimate end in view? B, No doubt. A. You would not educate in order that they might attain to pain? B. Naturally. A. You spoke of the competition for existence; does your education teach how men should act towards each other in that competition? B. It is not concerned with that; it has only to provide the knowledge needful for success in the competition. A. If then the competition be engaged in for success alone, will not those educated in this way strive to defeat each other? B. Presumably. A. And in such a competition, I take it that the successful will attain to pleasure, while the defeated will be condemned to pain? B. Apparently. A. And therefore the end of your education will not be reached in respect of the latter? B. No; but that is the law of life! A. But supposing that as the ground-work of your education you taught how, in the labour for existence and for pleasure, men should strive to aid instead of to defeat each other, do you not think that the knowledge you impart would benefit a greater number than it does to-day, and that there would be more happiness than there is now? B. Perhaps. A. Should not then the inculcation of this method be the educator's highest aim? B. It should.

It is evident that in this dialogue the advantage is intentionally given to the moral advocate; nevertheless, its conclusion seems destined to be reached.

If the opportunity which early education affords of forming the moral character be not seized, then an inevitable social loss is made. In the early days of Rome regular and strict lessons in morals were given in the home, where children were taught obedience to the laws, moderation in all things, temperance, good behaviour, and other virtues, and the result was clearly indicated in the superiority of the Roman institutions and in much of Roman conduct.

Sometimes it is urged that moral education proper is

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wanting in the emotionalism which is held to be requisite in all that concerns the moral life, but the emotions are far too apt to be the causes of aberration for it to be possible to rely upon them as aids to moral education. It is the reason that must be appealed to first and relied upon to accomplish the required end. The sense of the beautiful is experienced in the study of ethics, and in so far as it is emotional it may be accounted as a useful adjunct, adding interest to moral themes; but beyond this, in this order of ideas, it is dangerous to go.

None of these objections can withstand the pressure of a necessity which is making itself more clearly felt as, in process of time, the proper functions are assigned to the proper things. It must at length be recognised that since in the child mind is contained the potential of the human intellect, it is imperative that that mind should be trained in the principles of conduct which experience has shown to be the most favourable to the welfare of society. The danger of organising early education in such a way that its sole aim is seen to be success in the strife for sustenance, is that it conveys the impression that this is the only object worthy of achievement, and the impression grows that conduct in the struggle is only to be regulated by the restraints imposed by law. It is true that the prohibitions of the laws, and the punishments awaiting those who offend against them, might be taught as a means of enforcing restraint through fear. But fear should have no place in moral education, and the law should only be explained as a regrettable necessity which better and more rational conduct might tend to remove.

For the above reasons there is an urgent need of an increase of moral teaching in education. If conduct, right according to the average of the best ethical opinion and adapted to contemporary life, be taught, supported by practical demonstrations of the social necessity for such conduct, does it not follow that we shall obtain from such teaching the most fruitful of all sources of social benefit? To doubt it is to doubt the results, inadequate but certain, already achieved by parental and

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religious moral instruction, by the educative influence of social opinion, and by the moral training of higher education. Crime and immorality are largely due to ignorance of moral and social principles, and if these principles were scientifically and extensively instilled, the effect would be to increase the value and the happiness of the nation's life.

It has been objected that to hope for such a result as this from moral teaching is to hope for an impossibility, and the senseless adjective utopian is frequently employed in this connection by those who, while admitting that it would be desirable to obtain a better social state, yet persist in thinking that human nature contains an element of corruptibility, which no education can remove. This attitude of mind has always acted as a cog upon the wheel of progress, perhaps as a not altogether useless brake, preventing a too precipitate advance, but its dictates are eventually annulled. Where there is an admitted possibility of reform, human effort must at length prevail to compass it. To oppose a new idea of acknowledged or apparent social worth, beyond the limits of a prudential circumspection, is to retard the progress of society.

II

The requirements of moral education are:

(1) Regular systematic graduated instruction in the fundamental principles of morality in primary schools;

(2) The same instruction, supplemented by moral science, in secondary schools;

(3) Greater prominence given to progressive morals in higher education.

At the present time in England, specific moral education is only given in about three thousand primary schools, and this number would be smaller than it is were it not for the efforts of a league which has convinced not a few local educational authorities of the necessity of teaching in their schools the

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fundamental principles of morality, as well as the elements of social and civic duties.

The syllabus carefully compiled by this society appears to be well adapted for its purpose. In a series of seven standards, it forms a well-devised introduction to the science of conduct. It deals in detail with cleanliness, amenity of manners, kindness, fairness, truthfulness, courage, obedience, zeal, self-control, order, prudence, thrift, justice, work, humanity, and in the higher divisions with patriotism, peace, ownership, co-operation, self-knowledge, and self-respect.

We have obviously here the virtues necessary to form good citizens. If this instruction be efficiently given, none but the most naturally perverse can fail to benefit by it. The insistence on politeness and urbanity, which is one of its prominent features, is especially useful for the children of the lower classes in England, who are often deficient in these qualities, which the parents themselves are apt to mistake for servility. The habit of mendacity, also, which has always been more or less prevalent among the populace in all countries, and which is largely due to the fear of loss of the daily bread by any confession of short-coming, may be checked by the early warnings of this system of instruction, by explaining to the scholars that as all sorts of consequences proceed from perversions of the truth, they should use their utmost effort to avoid placing themselves in positions where they might be tempted to prevaricate; considering, also, that the ages of the recipients of this instruction range from seven to fourteen years, it is clearly possible, in the latter half of this period at least, to impart to them some sound ideas of justice, which in after life should help them to pursue the interests of their own class in an equitable manner, as well as render the talented among them better candidates than they often are for elevation to the spheres of hereditary culture. It may be confidently asserted that insistence upon morals in primary education would, in a generation, greatly diminish vice and crime among the lower classes, wherever material want did not exert its debasing influence. In the lower strata

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of the population the moral teaching that the schools might offer would no doubt tend to be counteracted by the example of the home. This is evidently unavoidable under the present conditions, but if one hour a day were devoted to the moral lesson, it is highly probable that the evil influence of the home would not prevail against the principles acquired in the school,

Other moralising influences are also brought to bear upon the parents, and from them help may be derived. Moreover, if moral education were made a subject of primary importance, in many cases the child might tend to improve the parents, or, at all events, to be sufficiently aware of their errors to avoid falling into them himself, just as the children of inebriates are frequently seen to abstain from intoxicating drink.

It has sometimes been contended that it is difficult to induce the children of the people to take interest in conduct lessons, but testimonies have been obtained that this is not generally the case, and that, on the contrary, proletarian children are attracted by such lessons which deal, to a great extent, with the common experience of life.

In the moral charts used by the French educational authorities the principal virtues are taught by illustrations, portraying the consequences of vice, and, in the case of the people, there is no doubt that such methods are likely to produce good results. Owing to the progress of democratic ideas an improvement is taking place in the well-being of the proletariat, and it is possible that under the more prosperous conditions which the future appears to have in store for them, the moralisation of their children will be more easily effected. In England the benefits of a system similar to that outlined in the syllabus above alluded to seem destined to be great.

But if the advantage derivable from moral instruction in the primary schools would be considerable, and especially so in that large section of them devoted to the poor, there can be little doubt that still greater advantages would be obtained in secondary education, which is chiefly bestowed upon the higher classes, whose manners are imitated by the lower.

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And yet it is precisely in secondary education that the absence of moral studies is most conspicuous in England. As far as I have been able to ascertain, the subject is not contained in the curriculum of any grammar school. It is not considered practical, because it is not required for the entrance examinations to the professions, and therefore it is excluded. The recipients of secondary education, except in the higher colleges where morals are studied as a preparation for the courses of the universities, go out into the professions or into commerce with no specific knowledge of the laws of conduct, although every day of their adult lives they will be in need of such knowledge in their dealings with their fellowmen.

Few of those in whose minds clear notions of moral practice have once been formed, and who have become convinced of the beauty and necessity of moral action, will ever be extortionate or unjust, or will seek to amass wealth by means which must inflict suffering on others. The man who has acquired the moral habit cannot act thus. An inhibition, due to that habit itself, restrains him, and it is this habit which it is in the power of moral education to produce.

In some colleges, frequented for the most part by a superior caste, no doubt there exists a certain code of honour, a desire to refrain from mean acts, a dislike of mendacity; but this code is conventional and incomplete. Certain vices, tyranny and cruelty, are frequently practised in these institutions, and the custom of bullying is tolerated by the authorities on the principle that it serves as a preparation for the struggles of adult life. The same blindness and neglect of moral principle are shown by the directors of higher education in Germany, who permit and practically encourage the nauseating students' duels.

The aim of secondary education should be to produce not only politicians, doctors, lawyers, engineers, naval and military officers, merchants, but these men imbued with the spirit of social equity, both in public and private life. Some may be inclined to think that the present system achieves this result.

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We have only to peruse the proceedings of the law courts and to take a careful survey of society to be sure that it does not. Moreover, there are numberless moral delinquencies which do not come within the scope of the law by which men steal unfair advantages from each other, treat each other with undue harshness, punish with unnecessary rigour, exhibit egoism and indifference.

Moral education may and should be premonitory. In a recent work, I have endeavoured to show in what way such education might be made to convey warnings of the dangers to which the student must be ultimately exposed, as well as to suggest the means whereby he may avoid them. I conceive it to be a part of the educator's duty to explain the nature and the strength of impulses, to what extent restraint may be exercised in the pursuit of the aims of life as well as in the control of the body, and whether the subject comes within the province of the teacher of morals or within that of the teachers of physiology and psychology. I hold it to be essential that the youth of both sexes should be made acquainted with the laws which govern the hygiene of sex and the dangers which are attendant upon their transgression. It is clearly the duty of the moral educator to pronounce warnings against all the habits which exercise a destructive tendency among the higher classes, such as gambling, idleness, and undue luxury. A picture of society as it appears under a *régime* of egoism and under one of mutual aid might be drawn, and the judgment of the student appealed to for a choice between the two presentments. It may be claimed that the person entrusted with the moral classes in secondary establishments should occupy a special position in the school. He should teach, for instance, not as his colleagues in sole view of examinations, but largely with the object of improving the character of those whom he instructs. He would thus be a mentor who would be the more successful in creating lasting impressions as he was himself an accomplished moralist. He would not be prevented from teaching ethics as an intellectual study and even for purposes of examination at the

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same time; but always he would make it apparent that morals are something more than an intellectual exercise, that they are in truth the art or science the universal practise of which is capable of bettering the human lot. Such a man would be the friend and confidant of those committed to his charge, who would appeal to him in perplexity and trouble. No doubt the creation of such a post would not be without difficulty. The teachers of religion might consider that it was an encroachment on their ground, but the results achieved would prove to the latter that whatever they might have to say concerning the authority behind the teaching, they could not dispute its moral value. For although the instructor in the secondary schools would deal with morals as an independent science, subject to the laws of induction and deduction, his sanction would inevitably be the welfare of society, based upon the dictates of experience. In pursuing this course he would have to treat as merely historically interesting much of the teaching of Kant and of his school. A strict adherence to demonstrable truth would be required. Whatever conduct were taught as salutory, there must be shown the consequences which experience has proved to be attendant upon the opposite line of action. The instructor should trace the repercussion of the right and of the wrong act upon the individual and upon society. Even at the risk of imparting an interested character to the right act, he should not hesitate to impress the mind of his learners with the necessity of performing it for the reason of its palpable advantage to the individual as one among the other reasons for so doing of a more abstract and more ideal nature. The aim should be to suit the teaching to all types of individual, and to accumulate arguments capable of convincing the most refractory of the advantages, wisdom, and beauty of morality. The historical aspect of human nature is that of a good disposition, constantly checked in its development by an evil. It may be shown that the disposition to evil may and is being corrected; that it is in the power of each rising generation to hasten the process of correction. Society should not be shown to be

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better than it is, as some systems of religious and even of moral education exhibit it, because the disillusion which must be experienced when the truth is revealed is likely to give rise to pessimism. Therefore, the moral instructor should not shrink from depicting human nature both as it has been in the past and as it is seen to be at present under the modifications which increasing enlightenment have brought, carefully indicating the defects which are to be remedied and the remedies which are to be employed.

The ideal system of moral instruction would be a unified body of essential principles common to all schools, with a large measure of liberty accorded to the instructor in their elaboration; but such a system would only be possible if the State regulated all education as it does in France. Perhaps some kind of an understanding might be arrived at between the colleges as to the ground-work of moral teaching and an approach to uniformity might be made, but it is evident that the personal factor must always be considerable, and therefore the choice of the instructor should be made with excessive care. It is impossible in these limits to trace the course which the organisers of a scientific system must pursue, but the central purpose should be the establishment of a system based upon the most indisputable, least controversial, and ethically valuable dicta of moral philosophy, and especially of those of the last hundred years, the subject being given equal if not greater attention than any in the curricula of schools.

In the lower branches of higher education, or in the higher branches of secondary education, by whichever name it may be called, in those colleges which are termed university colleges, such as University College in London and the University College of South Wales at Cardiff, ethics receive a fair amount of attention. In the former institution, where about forty lectures are delivered, the field covered is sufficiently comprehensive. The students are exercised, *inter alia*, in problems and theories of morals, their social and historical aspect, and although special attention is devoted to the ethics

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of Aristotle, a barren study in the present day, and to those of Kant and Butler, the conditions of moral progress and development are examined. An attempt is even made to form a conception of a final end of human acts, a somewhat ambitious effort in the present state of our knowledge. The minds of students, however, are set thinking on these themes, and the habit of moral inquiry is acquired. In Cardiff, considerable time is devoted to the study of morals. Here, although Butler and Kant are studied, the developmental idea of ethics is not omitted, and the doctrines of Spencer are considered. A survey is taken of the different schools of ethics, and in the historical portion the best authorities are prescribed. Four hours a week are devoted to these studies, which is sufficient under the received conception of the scope of morals, but which might be found to be insufficient if they were given a greater place than they now occupy in education.

At the universities, the lacunæ in respect of morals, which are apparent in both primary and secondary education, are filled to a considerable extent. Oxford and Cambridge exhibit few progressive tendencies and appear unable to throw off the yoke of Aristotle, while Aberdeen fulfils more nearly the modern requirements of moral education. Here, where the chair dates from the sixteenth century, one hour daily for five days a week is devoted to the subject, and the field of study embraces such antagonistic authorities as Wundt and Spencer. It is evident that an attempt is made to convey the whole content of ethical teaching, including the metaphysical aspect of it. The psychology, ideals and substance of the moral life are studied here, together with the functions and institutions of the State, and the works consulted cover a wide range.

In London, where the different schools of morals, ancient and modern, are treated, a progressive tendency is manifested, and sociology, without which moral education is incomplete, is introduced. In this respect it is not doubtful that other universities must eventually follow the example of London,

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because as society grows more complex the study of social morals becomes imperative. It is necessary, however, that sociology should rest upon a moral basis, for if it be only treated as a descriptive science, as a species of social statistics, as it often is, then its value for moral education is infinitesimal.

It is not, however, in university education that the need for an increase of moral study is particularly great. Universities are frequented by only a small proportion of the population, and in any case the moral character is almost formed before they are entered. In addition to this, the courses, although capable of extension, are, in the main, sufficient to produce minds with the moral stamp upon them. No doubt this is not wholly attributable to the effect of moral teaching, but in part to the wisdom which higher studies give and which is in itself a moralising influence. It is significant, however, of the uncertain esteem in which moral education is held, that the subject of moral philosophy is, as a rule, an optional one, and may be exchanged for another of totally dissimilar nature.

While the present system is in force, that according to which the moral training of the young is left to chance or to unsystematic agencies, we shall have from this cause a loss of moral and social progress. Religious moral instruction, which is too often deemed sufficient, belongs by its nature to the spiritual domain, specific moral instruction to the scientific order of things. The morals of religion are a series of commands that are to be obeyed implicitly; those of a scientific system are a series of instructions accompanied by reasons capable of demonstration of the need of conduct suited to the general interests of men.

It was early seen that human conduct presented problems which were not solved by the ethical teachings of religion. The mingling of ethics and theology in the form we have inherited is mainly a Jewish conception. The Greek religion was to a large extent unmoral. If religious morals must be taught, the proper places for such teaching are the Churches, and the proper teachers are the clergy. If morals

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were not a separate science, religious teachers since the world began would have been the only moralists. Such has by no means been the case, and there is even an instance of a religion, Confucianism, being founded chiefly on the precepts of a moralist. For the purposes of primary education a system, it must be repeated, may be constructed which while not contradicting any of the fundamental dicta of theological ethics yet enlarges the scope of moral study, renders it more applicable to modern needs and contains a social factor. The question of moral education does not, as is sometimes thought, concern educationists alone. It is of the first importance to the community at large. From its solution, in the sense here indicated, must come, if the arguments used above are true, an increment of social good.

F. Carrel.

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ESPRIT DE CORPS IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

BRIEFLY, there is no *esprit de corps* in elementary schools. The question here raised concerns only the why and the how.

The why of the absence of *esprit de corps* from elementary schools is in one way simple enough. In another way, it is involved in the tangled skein of all our modern ideas of progress. The obvious cause of the defect is the lack of individuality both in schools and teachers. From John O'Groat's to Land's End, from Milford Haven to the Naze, Britain is dotted with elementary schools, all of substantially the same pattern. Go into a school in Northumberland and you might almost believe yourself in a school in Kent. The same maps hang on the walls; there are the same floors, the same cupboards, the same desks, the same school apparatus. Look inside the cupboards and you will find the same books, the same slates, the same pencils, the same everything. The teachers are the same, the teachers' minds are the same; and there in the desks sit the children receiving the same instruction given in the same voice according to the same methods. The syllabus of subjects is the same for all English latitudes and longitudes. Conditions are different—local circumstances, character, traditions, occupations; even the children are different at the start. But the curriculum is unyielding and universal, unyielding *because* universal.

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At nine o'clock every morning of the school week thousands of teachers stand up before tens of thousands of children to instruct them in the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. At 9.30 a.m. a tenth of the population of England is engaged in working sums; at 10.15 in writing exercises in a copy-book. At four in the afternoon, thousands of teachers and tens of thousands of children return to their homes, irritated, tired or relieved as the case may be. The appalling uniformity of schools and teachers is nothing less than a nightmare to the imaginative mind. Conceive it and laugh at it who can. For my part, the spectacle of those patterned schools all over the land reminds me of the network of blockhouses which Lord Kitchener built in South Africa. They are the fortifications we have built against enlightenment, for the subjugation of individuality and the conquest and peaceable settlement of the whole world of joyful imagination.

Well, but it is not to be expected that *esprit de corps* can rise or flourish under uniformity. The very breath of its nostrils is the belief that the "corps" is something unique and incomparable. You cannot have an *esprit de corps* as big as the world, or even as big as a county. To develop *esprit de corps* there requires to be something peculiar, something privileged, something quite unattainable anywhere else. It does not at all matter whether the peculiarity or the privilege is small in itself or even ridiculous. The value lies in its being peculiar. Uniformity, in fact, is the one thing that *esprit de corps* cannot tolerate.

Turn now to that Dantean vision of the elementary schools of England, and find if you can a foothold for the spirit. Where lies the uniqueness of a school of which the pattern is in London and the examples everywhere? Why should children be attached to one school rather than another, to one set of teachers rather than another, to one tradition rather than another, when they know and feel that four or five million children have exactly such a school, such teachers, such traditions?

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Esprit de corps is absent from our elementary schools because individuality is absent; and until that is introduced and made possible, our children will continue to grow up as they do now, ashamed of their schools, contemptuous of their teachers, and worst of all, suspicious and unfriendly towards each other.

The question remains whether *esprit de corps* is possible in elementary schools at all; and the problem carries us at once into the profounder issues. I have no hesitation in saying that the danger to Europe (for elementary schools on the Continent are little different from elementary schools in England) of uniformity is at least as serious as the danger to Rome of the Goths. The demons of uniformity are the Goths of Europe. Now it is unfortunately true that a good deal of Progressivism is no more than a movement of Goths. For it is the great leveller, the feller of ancient institutions and privileges. The very word, privileges, is as a red rag to a bull to the majority of Progressives. They hate it and all its works. In the blessed name of Democracy, death to Privilege!

Consider the position of an Education Authority, popularly elected, and possessed of Progressive ideas. Under the impulsion of a democratic desire, obscure, vague and ill-defined, but always in the same direction, the Education Authority creates for itself an image, a Utopian aspiration. And what is it? The very image we have already seen in our mind's eye of a land dotted with schools of the same pattern. To be quite explicit, that odious picture is the ordinary Progressivist's beatific vision. He would fain see the land like that — and not in respect of schools only.

Perversely enough, there is reason on his side. The plea for special privileges, special treatment, special attention is met by the obvious reply that a public authority must be impartial, must not make fish of one and fowl of another, must not in fact individualise. And against this conception of justice which of us can direct our guns? For it is useless to urge that justice consists in inequality to the unequal, in bartering

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privileges for responsibilities, in just that act of making fish of fish and fowl of fowl. This, he rightly says, is simple negative. What is our positive alternative? Our positive alternative, of course, is that almost forbidden word aristocracy. Call it if you will—as I understand the better sort of Progressivists are astutely beginning to call it—the Hierarchy. The idea at least is the same, namely, the classification of children, schools, institutions, yes, the whole State, in the ancient Platonic way of iron and brass and silver and gold. But that is democratic injustice, and the future, they say, belongs to democracy.

Regarding the problem, then, of the creation of *esprit de corps* in elementary schools, it would seem at first sight insoluble. For if *esprit de corps* depends, as plainly it does, upon specially granted and guarded differences and privileges; and if the aim of democratic Progressivists is to abolish, and to maintain and guard the abolition, of all differences and privileges—then, clearly, *esprit de corps* and Progressivist schools are mutually polarised. On the other hand, it is possible that even they will one day be appalled at the sight of their handiwork. In the flush of their youthful enthusiasm, the parade ground of elementary education, where our young barbarians are drilled and dragooned into usefully useless citizens, presents a very different scene from that which they will have when the flush has cooled. Already we hear the cry go up: "How dull the teachers are! How dull the children are becoming. How dull the world is!" And if on that grey morning there are a few of the better Progressivists, the men of the Hierarchy, perhaps the prospect of another reflection will lie near to them—the prospect of a democracy deliberately willing itself an aristocracy.

In plain practical terms, the issue for the moment is between the policy of uniformity and the policy of multiformity. With our young men seeing visions and our old men dreaming dreams, it does not appear to me hopeless to expect that before very long Education Authorities may begin to

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cultivate with set purpose those very differences which hitherto they have aimed at suppressing. What is to prevent civic pride, for instance, rising to the height of making its schools unique and expressive? The Infinite is infinite in an infinite number of ways. And there is no one model school, but an indefinite number of model schools. The London County Council should and might build London schools for London; other County Councils should and might build schools of another pattern for themselves. *Esprit de corps* is, after all, a spiritual thing, but it grows amid differences.

If in our great public schools *esprit de corps* is the thing we say it is, then no sacrifice is too great if we can create it in our elementary schools. And I am here suggesting that the means, the only means, is for the Education Authorities to turn upon themselves and their old ideas, to have done with uniformity, of which even they have had enough, and deliberately, sanely and steadily, to begin the process of differentiating, classifying and individualising the elementary schools under their charge.

On the part of the teachers and on behalf of the teachers, however, a good deal remains to be done. A uniform national system, in the first place, fails to attract; in the second place repels; and in the third place, destroys individuality in a teacher. The spirit of a place is in part at least due to the spirit of its principal persons; and if in our schools the predominant spirit is dulness, the dulness of a frost-nipped enthusiasm, there is little wonder the place is without attraction. As I have said, it is the universalising of our syllabus-makers that lays the dead hand on all initiative. And I am convinced the only remedy is in the same direction as already pointed out, the direction of privilege. Let it be the teacher's privilege, in return for his responsibility, to alter, amend, and create syllabuses for his own school. In a very little while, it does not matter to a boy whether he learned at school Botany or Hydrostatics; whether the Rule of Three was taught before Vulgar Fractions, or the Geography lesson included the Capes

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of India. What does matter is whether he came into contact with a free and independent mind, from which his own mind might catch a contagion of freedom and independence.

Therefore, I say, by all means give teachers more liberty in the construction of their curricula. Make differences, and have them made. For let us remember that the hope of Europe lies in its great individuals. They alone can save Europe from the fate of China. If by some means the devastations of democracy can be checked, it must be in its stronghold that the war must be waged. *Esprit de corps* is a thing of the spirit; the creation of *esprit de corps* is a spiritual act. But only by such means will our elementary schools become the nursery of aristocracy, and thereby, strangely enough, the saviour of democracy.

BOARD SCHOOL TEACHER.

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THE LEGAL ASPECT OF THE BOOK WAR

OF the many aspects from which the controversy between the *Times* Book Club and the publishers has been studied—the probabilities of profit and loss, of endurance, or victory, or defeat by procuring or withholding supplies—that of the law applicable has perhaps been less considered than the others. And yet on both sides of the Atlantic an injunction has more than once been the deciding factor of such a battle as this; and though the most striking instances have occurred in strife between capital and labour, the last word in the very probable event of litigation lies with the House of Lords and the loudest laugh with the successful suitor.

It is thus significant that the *Times* has already given details of actions in America and Germany between publishers and certain firms selling their books at sharply competitive prices, the publishers in each case being defeated. In the present strife, however, American and German laws are not applicable; the issue is essentially a domestic one, and the only arbiter is the law of England. It may thus be of interest to inquire how the parties stand in this respect, and which side has the best chance of success if, as seems possible, the war is ultimately carried into the Courts of Justice.

As the English law stands at present, one factor of paramount importance in this kind of litigation in some other countries may be dismissed at the outset. That factor is the

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statute law immediately directed against trusts and monopolies, which, from Mr. Hooper's telegram to the *Times* on October 31, seems to have decided the case in America. Now, whatever fate might in bygone days have awaited the man who cornered the market, or committed the offences of "forestalling" and "regrating" known to law students from their commentaries, the competitive arena in England is at present a singularly open one in this respect. For it has been laid down on the highest authority that not only may traders combine in their own interests, irrespective of the magnitude of the combination and of the result to the public, but that in so combining they may make at least a partial use of that very powerful weapon which is now known as the "boycott." Whether the law will have to be modified in future, and whether a distinction can be made between the full commercial boycott (*i.e.*, refusing to deal with the boycotted, or with those who deal with them, or with those who deal with the last class) and legitimate bargains for exclusive dealings, are interesting speculations, but not relevant to the present purpose; the point is that as matters stand neither an indictment nor a civil action for conspiracy in refusing to trade is likely to succeed, whichever side be the originator. As between capital and labour, this last statement might perhaps have to be qualified; but as between combinations of capital, and when there is no question of physical intimidation, any such action is likely to be a failure.

The facts, then, that the publishers have refused to sell books to the Club, that by agreement they have ceased to advertise in the *Times*, and that the Club has retaliated by the expedient of "pulling" and "pushing" books according to its own interests, will have no legal importance. And whether the publishers have conspired to boycott the *Times* Book Club, or the Club has boycotted them, or each or neither the other, is a question of terms which have no legal significance in England.

This will narrow the discussion to an issue which may be

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stated very simply. The *Times* Book Club claims the right to sell certain books at its own prices in certain circumstances; the publishers are determined that this shall not be done. Speaking generally it is lawful for the seller of a new book to get the highest price he can, and for the buyer to do what he pleases with it; the object, therefore, of each side is legitimate, if it can be attained by lawful methods.

And at first sight it might seem as if no law could affect the question. For if the publishers are able to prevent the Club from obtaining their books, the latter of course cannot sell them; but if the Club's secret agents are able to outwit the publishers and keep to the Club supplied, it might appear to the layman that the publishers must be defeated. For as an individual who buys a book can burn it, give it away, or sell it at any price he pleases, from a farthing to ten thousand pounds or more, no possible reason would seem to exist why the proprietors of the *Times* Book Club should not have a similar liberty.

Yet the matter is not quite so simple. It is extremely probable that there may be a pleasant game of hide-and-seek between the Club's agents and the publishers, but the success of the former will be barren if the law steps in and prevents the fruits of it being enjoyed.

How this may befall requires explanation. Speaking generally the average person's idea that he can "do what he likes with his own" is a true statement with obvious limitations. If he bought a freehold house in Park Lane and used it for soap-boiling or fish-curing he might perhaps discover some of them; if as the owner of a book he threw it into his neighbour's face, he might find out a few more. But while such a proceeding would justify a summons for assault, the more peaceful method of transferring it by sale and purchase is usually unimpeachable, and this whatever price may be agreed. For the price, it may plausibly be argued, concerns vendor and purchaser only.

So may the private customer suppose, and in his own case

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perhaps rightly, but for the wholesale dealer the retailer's price may be a matter of extreme importance. If, for example, he can sell a thousand articles to ten retailers it will be better business for him than to sell five hundred to one retailer, who, after underselling the rest, limits his stock and ceases to push the goods. If this contingency seems likely, the dealer will use all his endeavours to prevent the large retailer killing competition; and the simplest method—if it is legally possible—is to bind him not to re-sell below a certain price. That is a general proposition; by the appropriate substitutions of the publishers and the Book Club it is resolved into the particular one.

The first question is, then, whether the English law allows conditions of this kind to be imposed on purchasers of ordinary goods to "run with the goods" in legal parlance, that is, to bind anyone into whose hands they may come. And the answer to this question is in the negative. It is significant of the tendency of modern trade that the point was only decided about three years ago, the subject of the action being not books, but tobacco. And in that case a retailer of tobacco, who did not purchase directly from the manufacturer, successfully claimed to sell an ounce of tobacco at any price he pleased, although the manufacturers sold it on the express condition, perfectly well known to the defendant, that the retail price was not to fall below a certain minimum.

On the other hand, a somewhat similar action decided a few years before, resulted differently. The proprietors of Elliman's embrocation not only sold their goods with a similar stipulation, but bound the purchasers, wholesale dealers, to impose it again on their customers; one firm of wholesale dealers failed to do this and were held liable for their neglect. Though this case has not had the express authority of the Court of Appeal like the one previously quoted, it still stands, and the result of the two may perhaps be summed up as follows: that although A cannot sell goods with a condition generally binding all purchasers, yet he

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can bind B if he does so expressly and can stipulate that B shall bind C, or even perhaps that he shall make C bind D and so forth, the effect being that a dealer who breaks the chain and sells the goods unconditionally is liable in any damages which may result from the last purchaser being unfettered.

In effect this indicates a method by which the publishers might seek to tie the Book Club, and if a particular book could be traced through all the hands it passed this would be efficacious; but the last limitation will indicate a serious difficulty to lawyers under the present practice; with the exception of *éditions de luxe*, books are not numbered, and so a particular copy cannot be identified. If books were numbered, however, this difficulty might vanish; and if the agent of the Book Club continued to buy without being bound by the condition, the man who had sold it to him or some other intermediary would be liable. The agent would thus find very formidable obstacles in his way, and of course, if he could not surmount them, and had to buy with the condition, the Book Club would have to observe it.

One other factor remains for consideration. All the books in dispute are subject to the Copyright Acts, which give special rights to authors. Copyright being a kind of statutory monopoly, conferred for adequate reasons, it is curious that the American case seems to have been decided with reference to the law against monopoly; the effect of the decision seems to be that in New York the sale of a book at once deprives the owner of the copyright of any further rights in the book itself, though of course he could interfere if it was used for setting up a pirated edition. It must now be considered whether the English law is similar.

As the methods of the Book Club are somewhat novel to the publishing trade in England, the exact point has not yet come up for consideration; but there is a certain analogy between the Patent Acts and the Copyright Acts, the former protecting the property of inventors and the latter of authors.

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If this analogy was also true as to the efficacy of these respective Acts, a very recent patent case would be extremely significant. There the patentees had given certain manufacturers leave to make and sell their invention, a certain dye, but with the condition that both manufacturers and retailers should be bound to sell the dye in the original package, and retailers to consumers only. In this action (decided, however, on another issue) the patentees successfully established a right to make such a condition, and thus to bind a purchaser even if he knew nothing of it. It was also laid down that an inventor can in no circumstances prevent a purchaser using his invention, the law implying a licence to do so; but that he is able to impose conditions as to selling, for from his monopoly he may make his concession to a manufacturer or retailer a limited one. And the judge expressly distinguished between a patented and an ordinary article in this respect.

Now just as an inventor gives a manufacturer leave to make and sell his patent, the author gives a publisher leave to print and publish his book; the principle is the same, and as the inventor may choose to limit the number of articles to be manufactured, the author may grant leave to a publisher to sell an edition of so many copies. And by further analogy, as an inventor may impose conditions as to the re-sale of his invention, an author might do likewise with his book. In the cases decided on patents, the conditions have not been as to the price of retailing, but there seems no reason why a condition as to the price of re-sale should not be as good as any other.

If this reasoning was good, it would follow that the owner of copyright could legally forbid a retailer to sell his book below a fixed price, either for six months or, if he pleased, for the whole duration of the copyright, and this whether the retailer knew of the condition or not; though in the latter case a judge might hold that the author had forfeited his rights by inducing the purchaser to believe that no condition existed, if there

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was no notice of it in or on the book itself, or on its wrapper.

A notice on the outside of the book or on the wrapper would obviate this; or, as the Book Club alone is concerned, a notice might be given to its manager, and thus obviate any necessity of disfiguring the cover. Unfortunately, however, as musical composers and other people know to their cost, the Copyright Acts do not always give to authors the full protection which Parliament has sought to confer on them; and though an author could certainly make a stipulation as to the re-sale of his book, a technical difficulty would arise on the wording of the Copyright Act, which might prevent him from proceeding against the Book Club. That an author has rights even in books sold outright, can be tested by anyone who brings to England a boxful of "Tauchnitz" editions and shows them to a Custom-house officer; but books published in the United Kingdom are not on the same footing.

But from the above considerations, it will be seen that, ultimately, the masters of the situation are neither the managers of the Book Club nor the publishers, but the authors, who retain their respective copyrights. Thus, Mr. Kipling could impose a condition on the re-sale of his books, which the proprietors of the Book Club could only evade with the greatest difficulty, if at all; Mr. Bernard Shaw, on the contrary, could direct his publishers to sell unconditionally, and, if they had covenanted to use diligence in selling, could perhaps maintain an action against them if on their own initiative they refused to supply the Club.

And from the same considerations it will be seen that most of the grievances so loudly proclaimed in the columns of the *Times* and elsewhere at once vanish. In particular, the author being free to make any arrangements he pleases as to the re-sale of his books with his publisher, has no ground of complaint if the latter, looking after his own interests as a whole, declines to sell to the Book Club at greatly reduced prices; the matter

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is entirely one of bargain, in which the author as well as the publisher will endeavour to make the best terms for himself. The publishers in their turn can regulate the re-sale of their own books as they please, subject to the authors' consent, if the latter retain the copyright; and the proprietors of the Book Club have the least grievance of all, for the only books they are forbidden to re-sell at their own prices are those which have been supplied on terms which are especially favourable to them. If the publishers stood on their strict rights it might be possible for them to forbid the re-sale of any copyright book for a given time save at the full price at which it is offered to the public, which would probably be a very serious matter for the Book Club. This right, however, is not claimed at present as regards books bought by anyone at the full price, but only in respect of those sold to the Book Club at specially discounted prices. The publishers contend that their restriction on the re-sale of such books, sold by them at prices particularly favourable to the buyer, is a fair one; this is a moral question, on which, according to some people, a lawyer's opinion is of no special value. But so far as the state of the law is a factor in deciding such an issue, it is relevant to observe that, on the above reasoning, the publishers are asking not more, but less, than they can obtain lawfully.

ALFRED FELLOWS.

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SOME FRENCH IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND

AT a time when *ententes cordiales* are in the air, when French and English perpetually exchange knowledge, customs and ideas, and London and Paris are in daily touch, it is difficult to realise that two hundred odd years ago we regarded France with the stolid animosity of invincible ignorance, and that she looked on us as a nation mentally as well as physically enveloped in perpetual fog, and exclusively occupied in drinking porter and exclaiming "Godam."

Yet it is a fact that before the eighteenth century scarcely any famous Frenchmen, and few Frenchmen of any kind, visited our shores. Nor was there any inviting reason why they should. True, we were a great little people. True, William III. had made our name respected abroad. But far down the century, in our own house, the most self-satisfied John Bull who has read our history of the period, must concede that we were a coarse-mannered little household, our masters German boors, while in the cultivation and graces of daily life we were immeasurably behind our gay and gallant neighbour under Louis XV. It says much for a people to whom such graces and cultivation come naturally, and with whom they therefore naturally count for much, that it did penetrate our rudeness and our reserve, and that it sent to us some of the greatest of its sons, who have left generous and noble appreciation of those sterling qualities of the soul, and those wide powers of the mind our uncouth exterior hid.

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As early indeed as 1654, an enterprising Jesuit priest, named Coulon, had published a Guide, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, a Warning, for the benefit of travellers to England. As Julius Cæsar had successfully braved the Channel, his descendants might also venture. But the good Father considered that Providence had set down poor little Britain "at the extremity of the world," and given it its "sorry climate" especially to deter Frenchmen from making a long stay in it. "It would be better to set out again for France."

Some forty years later, another predecessor of Baedeker, Misson de Valbourg, drew up an alphabetical list of the customs and peculiarities of our country. He had, besides a delightful vivacity, "the whole art of writing—how to omit." What can be more refreshing when one lights on the word "Cantorbéry," for instance, and fully expects a tedious description of architectural beauty, to find simply: "In the Cathedral we see the Tombs of several Kings of Kent, and, if I am not mistaken, a drop of blood of the Archbishop St. Thomas. There is some story about him, but I do not remember what it is." Pages of dull dissertation on English Protestantism would fail to paint the graphic picture contained under *Dimanche*. "If the English killed their father and mother they would think less of it than if they broke their Sabbath. . . . One great rule of the Sabbath Day is to eat well, and, above everything, not to forget the Pudding." Misson was so impressed by this Pudding, that he reverts to it under many heads as an important institution, exclusively English. As to another English institution: "Football is a charming exercise: it is a leather balloon filled with air, which is tossed with the foot in the streets by any one who can get hold of it; this is all." The bold man penetrated, at any rate in fancy, as far as "Plimmouth on the Plime in the Devonshire," and much admired "Hamsteed" and "the large village of Islington, where one drinks waters which do neither harm nor good." If he was an observer *pour rire* he at least avoided that too common fault of serious observers, to produce masses of

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stolid information which can be much better acquired out of geographies and histories, in lieu of the original, vivid, first-hand impressions, which are really interesting.

But our earliest Gallic visitor who took us thoughtfully as well as gaily was Muralt, a Swiss Frenchman, who also came to England at the close of the seventeenth century, and was the first promoter of a friendly admiration for England. He found the English with "a strong prejudice in favour of their own excellence" which badly affected their manners; and pronounced their clergy fat and lazy, and their women "blondes, blanches," and dull. But he whom Voltaire calls "the wise and clever Muralt," and to whom Voltaire himself is not unindebted in his own opinions of England, first dared to proclaim us to the Continent as a nation, rude and rough perhaps, but of profound and of greatly daring thinkers; of strong imagination, though "its fire resembles that of coke, it is powerful but yields little light;" of wise silences—"a people of reserve and composure," and of a spirit "more solid, more free and more simple" than that of his own countrymen. He generously gave us indeed more than our due, and a "virtue" and "liberty" we had still to attain.

The heterodoxy of his boldly expressed preference for English good sense over French cleverness brought down on him a storm of criticism from his own people, while too few of ours even now show him the gratitude they owe by reading the first and not the least graceful of many graceful compliments France has paid them—his six "Lettres sur les Anglois."

Written in 1697, at once widely circulated and read, Muralt's book was not actually published until 1725. In the beginning of May 1726 Voltaire landed at Greenwich.

His England of "one sauce and thirty religions," his passionate worship of Newton and Locke, of our free thought, free speech and "loyal passion for our temperate kings," his revelation to the world of the sublime genius of Shakespeare, and his hot rage at that genius' "heavy grossness" and abominable lack of taste—all these things are well known to English

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people in the famous and often translated "Lettres sur les Anglais," which have dwarfed or entirely obscured, not only Muralt's letters, but the views of the great compatriots for whom Voltaire led the way.

He had not left our shores eight months, when there landed here from Lord Chesterfield's yacht, another Frenchman who, at that date, was infinitely more famous than that exiled scapegrace, Arouet, and who still remains one of the great names in the amazing category of genius which lit France before the Revolution.

About forty years old, with a keen acquisitive face, strongly like a Roman Emperor's on a coin, a wealthy, comfortable, easy-going country gentleman, with advanced views on government and on the masses, which he had been clever and indiscreet enough to express in the airy *persiflage* of the "Lettres Persanes," such was Charles de Secondat, Baron de la Brède et de Montesquieu, when he arrived in England in November 1729.

If Montesquieu knew little English, Chesterfield, the urbane, polished Chesterfield of the immortal "Letters," was an admirable French scholar, and too thoroughly man of the world not to appreciate the advantage of having as his guest one of the very best French lions.

Montesquieu was already the friend of King James II.'s natural son, Marshal Berwick, and of Berwick's nephew, the Earl of Waldegrave. Between Waldegrave and Chesterfield he received the *entrée* into the highest English society. He was presented at Court. He was introduced to Swift, Pope, and Walpole. He was made a member of the Royal Society. He constantly attended debates in the Commons. And he brought to bear on the laws and government of our country the brilliant and penetrating judgment which later produced "L'Esprit des Lois," and on its manners and customs the gay and shrewd observation which had written the "Lettres Persanes."

As to the government, George II., with his German speech,

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his German mistresses, and his clever wife, Caroline of Anspach, was then new to the throne of England. Robert Walpole was Prime Minister, and serving under him, or in the Opposition, were those of whom he said, "Every man has his price." Montesquieu agreed with him. "A Minister in the lower house," said he, "only thinks of triumphing over his adversary, and in order to do it he would sell England to all the powers in the world"; and again, "Money is here esteemed above everything: honour and virtue very little." He heard Walpole attack Bolingbroke in the House "in the cruelest fashion" on the subject of the Utrecht treaty, and noted the ignorant jealousy between his own people and the English.

Forty-six years before that supreme disaster he prophesied the American War of Independence. "If any nation is abandoned by her Colonies, it will be the English nation first." And a hundred and seventy-five years ago he wrote on the Irish question as he might write to-day:

> If I were an Irishman I should desire the union of my country with England; and as I am everywhere the friend of liberty, I sincerely wish it, for the simple reason that a weak nation joined to a much stronger nation can never be certain of always enjoying the advantages of constitutional liberty unless it is proportionately represented in the Legislature of the stronger country.

But if there was much to criticise in our government, he found how much more to admire! It has been well said Voltaire was most influenced by the religious, Buffon by the scientific, and Montesquieu by the political liberty of England. He boldly declared her to be the freest country in the world—"I do not except any republic." It is true he saw her liberty rising constantly from "the fires of discord and sedition," and noticed approvingly that though the throne was firm, the King's security thereon was dependent on his good conduct, and that the freedom of his subjects was that meted to honest men, and not a careless licence accorded to the vicious. As for the country itself, he declared he knew nothing so frightful as the streets of London. "You must make your will before you take a fiacre;" and happily contrasted our capital and his

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own—"Paris is a beautiful city with ugly things in it, London an ugly city with beautiful things in it."

With regard to our people, with him as with Voltaire it was a case of forgiving their persons for the sake of their minds. The men he divided into two classes—those who really knew a good deal and were spoilt by their bashfulness, and the fops who knew nothing and had no bashfulness at all. The women were cold and reserved because their menkind saw so little of them. "They always think any stranger who speaks to them intends to be impertinent—I do not wish, they say, *to give to him encouragement.*" The words call up the picture of the typical, stiff, angular, British old maid, with her prominent teeth, large feet, and unbending backbone, so often to be met in French farces and comic papers, and, alas! still more often, as a depressing reality, with a circular ticket on the Continent.

As to the national manners, Montesquieu found us, as indeed nearly every one finds us, and as we are, somewhat cold and repellent. "People do not trust each other here lest they should be deceived, so they soon get hard." "Here you must live for yourself, ask help of no one, love no one, and count on no one. When I am in France, I make friends with everybody; in England with nobody; in Italy I flatter every one; and in Germany, I drink with every one." In brief, "One should travel in Germany, stay in Italy, think in England, and live in France."

Montesquieu thought in England for eighteen months, and left as a result those "Notes sur l'Angleterre" which are as just and judicious as they are scholarly and succinct, and whose admirable conciseness should be, but has not been, the model to all observers writing impressions of foreign countries.

Diderot, that delightfully inventive person, added a little story to Montesquieu's experiences, and relates that the Baron, having carefully learnt a few of the most polite and obliging English phrases for the purpose, went to see the Duke of

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Marlborough and produced them at once, with the vilest pronunciation. "Sir," says the Duke, "be so good as to speak to me in English, I do not understand French." The little episode might very likely have happened—only, unhappily, Marlborough was dead seven years before Montesquieu visited England.

Our next famous guest may be said to have been the first and the prince of Anglomaniacs. The ex-Abbé Prévost, unfrocked Benedictine, and the immortal author of "Manon Lescaut," had first taken refuge on our shores in 1728 and came here again in 1733. He did not simply like us, he adored us. He became himself completely Anglicised. He translated our books. He spoke our language with admirable fluency. He conducted, in London, a literary review, "Le Pour and Le Contre," by which he introduced our nation and its literature to his own countrymen. He produced a complete novel, the "Philosophe Anglais," on purpose to extol English virtue to the skies. His "Mémoires d'un Homme de Qualité" contain the most extravagant and enthusiastic hero-worship of our country ever penned by a foreigner. To be sure, the flattery would be more valuable if it were a little more discriminating. But it was not insincere. The author of "Manon Lescaut" could never have any difficulty in persuading himself that

> Vice was virtue, virtue, vice,
> That nice was nasty, nasty, nice.

The brutality and coarseness which disfigured the national character appeared to his admiring eye only as strength and manliness. He positively defended our climate. He very nearly went to the extreme length—for a Frenchman of that date—of admiring Shakespeare. He considered our other plays "not inferior to those of Greece or France," and derived infinite satisfaction from their performance. As to the amusements of the day, which a more decent age would not tolerate for a moment, this blind lover found them refined and delightful. His "Memoirs" are in fact largely taken up with directing

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the reader to British places of amusement of extremely doubtful reputation. But after all, if Prévost did not love us wisely he loved us well. "You must wish any one who is dear to you to be like the English," was his ultimatum. As Voltaire had popularised England in France among the educated classes, the Abbé revealed her to the *bon bourgeois*. He was certainly the propagandist of that Anglomania which reached its height under the rule and patronage of Marie Antoinette, and which introduced to our neighbour not only our freedom of thought and our newly born fiction, but also our "biliard," our "Newmarckt," and at least something of our very deplorable taste in dress.

The great naturalist, Buffon, joined in England, in the year 1788, his two friends, the wild young Duke of Kingston, and Kingston's tutor, the Abbé le Blanc. The Abbé le Blanc brought back from our country three tedious volumes of observations—now rarely read, but which were then considered to form a kind of continuation to Muralt and Voltaire. As for Buffon, the young Duke introduced him to the highest English society, in which the great naturalist bore himself with so much grace and dignity, and in clothes so sumptuous, that Hume said he was more like a Marshal of France than a man of letters. "This sensible and profoundly thoughtful nation," he called the English: and during his year's residence with us translated into French Newton's "Fluxions" and Hale's "Statics."

Helvétius, "the Well-Fed Farmer General," steward to Queen Marie Leckzinska, and the author of the famous "De L'Esprit," was scarcely less enthusiastic over us than Prévost, when he arrived in England in 1764, bringing with him "the two Miss Helvetiuses, with fifty thousand pounds a piece," in hopes of marrying them to a couple of the prodigies of English virtue and disinterestedness with which his flattering fancy had seen our Legislature filled. "He is quite crazy about the English," said Horace Walpole: and Diderot declared he returned from our shores as delighted with Britain as d'Holbach was disgusted with it. D'Holbach's disgust, as interpreted

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through that picturesque medium, Diderot himself, is not at all less just than the delightful compliments his friends had paid us.

Baron D'Holbach, "the maître d'hôtel of philosophy," famous for his atheism, his good dinners, and as the host, at his charming country house at Grandval, of Hume, Wilkes, Shelburne, Garrick and Franklin, came to England, said Diderot, "forewarned," was most hospitably received, enjoyed the best of health during his stay, and returned home, having "re-acquired his taste for living in France."

He found our architecture "bizarre or Gothic," which in 1765 it certainly was, and lamented the "vile taste" which collected in the great houses "the excellent, the good, the bad, detestable, all together, pell-mell." Public education there was none. The Universities—with their palaces of colleges "like our Tuileries" —were filled with rich idlers, "who drink and sleep half the day."

As for gambling, your Englishman "plays without speaking," and loses incredible sums with incredible stolidity. At his friendly dinner-parties—friendly!—the guests are seated according to their rank, and "by the side of each, formality and ceremony take their places." All their amusements have "the air of religious ceremonies." At some of them, the silence is so complete you could hear a pin drop. At the *al fresco* entertainments, which might be delightful, and where an orchestra plays really exquisite music, a hundred stiff and silent women walk round it—for all the world as if they were one of the seven processions of the Egyptians, perambulating round the tomb of Osiris. On every English face the unfortunate visitor read the freezing inscription: "What is there in common between you and me?" That gay, pleasant air of friendliness, which the surliest Briton does not fail to meet directly he is across the Channel, D'Holbach looked for here, as he might look now, in vain. The great had cold and melancholy manners: the lower orders had none at all. He declared that at thirty the Englishman of fashion had run through all the

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resources of life—that wit, wine, study, money, even benevolence—could charm him no more. Ennui conducted him naturally to the Thames—unless he preferred a pistol—or took his suicidal mania to other countries. "Was there not an Englishman who threw himself the other day in the Seine? But he was fished out living." Apparently, however, he had been fined for his bad taste and the inconvenience he caused in not confining the national tendency to his own shores. D'Holbach, in fact, found nothing to admire in us except the excellence of our post-horses and the promptitude—"but without affability"—with which the guest was served at inns. Unless, indeed, he intended a compliment when he boldly declared: "The Christian religion is nearly extinct in England. Deists are innumerable;" as Montesquieu had meant praise when he, too, had roundly asserted: "There is no religion in England."

To D'Holbach succeeded, in 1766, a yet more famous visitor, who already knew our language, had sketched in his "Nouvelle Héloise" a much approved portrait of an Englishman, and was intimate with all that was good, and much that was bad, in our literature. To be sure, Jean-Jacques Rousseau might have observed Englishmen more closely, if he had not during his sixteen months' stay in our country been fully occupied in a famous, furious tempest of a quarrel with the great Hume. But "the blaze and the whirlwind of Rousseau" did not make him unable to appreciate the solid calm and composure of the British race. "I have taken a liberty with the English nation which it never forgives," said he, "least of all in a foreigner, I have said the worst about them as well as the best." But he had also generously excused our churlishness—"Englishmen never try to get on with other nations—they are too proud to go begging out of their own country;" and spoke of us as "the only nation of *men* among all the tribes scattered over the face of the earth." It was Rousseau, too, who did more than any one, save his arch-enemy, Voltaire, to make us fashionable with the fashion of France, with so much success

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that Buckle declared truly that from the death of Louis XV. until the Revolution there was scarcely a Frenchman of note who did not cross the Channel.

That well Gallicised German, Melchior Grimm, the editor of the "Correspondance Littéraire," the friend of many kings and the most famous journalist in the world, brought here in 1771 not only his German shrewdness, but a large supply of Teutonic sentiment. He used to declare that he felt as deep an emotion over an English garden as he felt on leaving a theatre after a tragedy: and he admired, almost with tears, "our simplicity, naturalness and goodness." But his excessive sensibility did not prevent him deploring the "appalling progress" of Anglomania in France and its injurious effects alike on "our gallantry, manners and taste in dress": nor from reviewing English books very sharply and shrewdly in his "Correspondance."

The great ponderous Abbé Morellet—the "priest" of the Encyclopædia—was here for long visits in 1772 and in 1783—but on both occasions he was the flattered guest of Lord Shelburne, that most unpopular of statesmen and most generous patron of talent—and as such a guest could hardly criticise freely his host's country or countrymen. Besides, Morellet was heavy in style as in body, and his "Memoirs" are only conscientious facts, not amusing opinions.

The Abbé Coyer, the pushing friend of Voltaire, also recorded, in letters dated 1777, a series of statements about our country, which must have much bored the friend to whom they were written. Descriptions of the Monument and St. James' Palace, of "Ranelag" and "Wauxhall," may have improved the mind of this gentleman—if he read them, which is very doubtful—but they are now chiefly amusing for their mistakes.

To hear of "Stratford in the County of Warwick" as being famous "through having had the happiness to give birth to Hugh Clipton, become Lord Mayor of London" is certainly humorous. But after all, if his wit was generally

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unintentional, the Abbé had plenty of good sense. He justly complains of the insanitary English habit of burying the dead in the midst of their great cities: and the man who defined the English Church as "holding within her many other Churches at variance with herself and with each other" was not an observer to be despised. Then, too, while D'Holbach had mourned over our horrible melancholy, arising from our "strong drinks, heavy meats and constant fogs," while Misson de Valbourg had assigned the "melancholy hypocondric" as the most destructive disease in England, and Voltaire had laughed aloud at our heavy dismalness, Coyer declared us to be serious rather than sad in our pleasures, and allowed that we *could* enjoy ourselves, though it was "sans saillie, sans élan, sans transport." Coyer, too, was the first to approve the evolution of the English girl, and looked not unkindly on a young Miss who had a mind, a voice, and an opinion of her own.

In 1784 there burst on us like a tornado Mirabeau the younger, with his "seamed, carbuncled face," from whence looked "natural ugliness, smallpox, incontinence, bankruptcy —and burning fire of genius"—and who was already notorious in Europe. He was already, too, of fiercest unbridled passions, and famous for a law-suit with his wife. He brought over with him his mistress, Madame de Nehra. He went to stay with Sir Gilbert Elliot, who had been a school-friend, and made mad love to Sir Gilbert's sister-in-law, frightened his servants, his children and his wife—who stipulated that when this impossible person came to stay with them again he should be given rooms in the gamekeeper's cottage. When it is added that during his stay he plunged into a police-court quarrel with his valet over some stolen shirts, that he was writing political pamphlets, evolving a scheme to teach us political economy, and everlastingly in debt and disorder, it will be seen that he had not much time for calm comment on British character. Samuel Romilly and Lords Peterborough and Lansdowne were his friends—and he visited Burke at Beaconsfield. He also

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declared that he saw Gibbon at Lord Lansdowne's, "and heard him talk like one of the most arrant knaves in existence upon the political state of Europe." Only, unluckily, Gibbon was in Lausanne during Mirabeau's visit, and they did not meet. Mirabeau indeed was furious with the smug historian for his evident admiration in his "Roman Empire" for a kingdom "containing two hundred millions of men not one of whom had the right to call himself free": and swore the book, with its love and respect for wealth and its taste for luxury, was worthy to be written by "the slave of an Elector of Hanover," but never by a free-born Briton.

Of Britain herself he declared he was no enthusiastic admirer. "If her Constitution is the best known—her Administration is the worst possible." At a dinner at which Romilly was present, he was excessively rude and intolerant in a dispute he had with John Wilkes on criminal law. Wilkes defended the English system with admirable wit and good-temper. But after all, the great and angry Frenchman, who opposed "its severity and the frequency of public executions," has been proved in the right by the judgment and the experience of a wiser and a more merciful age. He returned to France to be, while he lived, King of the Revolution: and to die stormily, too soon. He was our last famous French critic. In the Revolution, and after it, many of his countrymen fled to us for support and shelter. But under such circumstances their natural excellent taste and feeling, and their warm-hearted French gratitude, prevented them from criticising our country with the perfect freedom and openness which alone make criticism valuable.

As a whole, then, English people have no reason to complain of the verdict their neighbour passed on them in the eighteenth century. Nay, if anything, her judgments were too favourable: and where she did find fault, it was entirely justly. The most self-satisfied John Bull will not assert that his climate, his cooking, or his manners are his strong points. He will confess that his capital is murky and dingy, while

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Paris, like her citizens, is friendly and gay. He will not claim for his parties the ease and charm which enable French social life to subsist without either eating or drinking, and with the most successful concealment of ennui ever practised. If he is a wise man, he will admit that in Englishwomen is seldom found that union of practical competence with grace and attractiveness which is the Frenchwoman's of every class. He will own that his middle-class Sunday is still dull and heavy—whether he think that dulness comes from excess of piety or simply from excess of meat and drink. He will not contend that he meets at Folkestone and Dover that spontaneity and *joie de vivre* which make a French holiday so truly a change for an Englishman; or that he has yet attained, either in conversation or amid all the great achievements of his literature, the Gallic art of touching serious subjects lightly, which is after all the only method of getting frivolous people to attend to deep matters.

As to the compliments, he will surely do well to see to it in these brawling times that he still deserves his character for solid good sense and steady, silent endurance; while he will be for ever grateful to his brilliant and generous sister for her appreciation of his qualities as thinker and free man, which have enabled England to reach, as, by other but not less noble attributes, France has reached, a foremost place among the nations of the world.

S. G. Tallentyre.

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THE LORDS AS THE SUPREME COURT OF APPEAL

THE House of Lords is not only a deliberative and legislative assembly. It is also the supreme Appeal Court of this Realm. As such it is the ultimate resort of the suitor who thinks an injustice has been done him by a decision of any of the law courts. Its judgment on the question at issue is final, and can be set aside only by Act of Parliament.

The sittings of the House of Lords in its appellate capacity are absolutely independent of the adjournment, prorogation, or even the dissolution of Parliament. The House sits as it pleases according to its list of appeals during term. The public are freely admitted to the House. It is seldom that a visitor, inspired solely by curiosity, finds his way there, and yet to see a sitting of the highest court of justice in the land is an interesting experience. In its composition, its procedure, and its environment it is utterly unlike any other Court. The Lord Chancellor enters the Chamber, wearing his long flowing robe and full-bottomed wig. He is preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing the Mace on his shoulder, and by another functionary called the Purse-Bearer, carrying a gorgeously embroidered satchel supposed to hold the Great Seal, of which the Chancellor is the Lord Keeper. The other Law Lords are already in their places. The Lord Chancellor takes his seat on the Woolsack, and the Mace is placed behind him. The presence of the Mace indicates that the House is sitting.

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The House of Lords always opens its proceedings with devotions. When it meets for legislative business, prayers for Divine light and leading in the deliberations are recited by one of the Bishops. Similar invocations are now offered up by the Lord Chancellor, and the responses are given by the other Law Lords.

But the doors of the Chamber have not yet been opened to the litigants and their counsel. Besides the Lord Chancellor and the Law Lords the only persons present at devotions are the Sergeant-at-Arms, the Purse-Bearer, one of the clerks of the House, who takes minutes of the proceedings of the Court, its orders and judgments, and the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod. After prayers the clerk reads the title of the first appeal case on the list. "Call in the parties in the case," says the Lord Chancellor to Black Rod, and thereupon the doors of the Chamber are thrown open. Immediately inside the portals is a low oak partition or barrier running across the Chamber. This is the famous Bar. Here the lawyers, litigants, and general public assemble. In the centre of the barrier there is a sort of pen, in which the Speaker stands when the Commons are summoned by Black Rod to the House of Lords, and within it counsel for both appellant and respondent, with their solicitors, are accommodated when the House sits as the Court of Appeal. The Lord Chancellor comes down from the Woolsack and takes his seat at a temporary table, spread with a scarlet cloth, placed near to the Bar. The other Law Lords sit on the front benches to the right and left of the Bar, each with a small movable table before him provided with pens, ink and paper, and a copy of a book, purple-bound, containing the statements of the case on which the rival parties in the appeal respectively rely. Unlike the Lord Chancellor, the Law Lords are in ordinary morning attire. It seems strange that while in all the lower courts the judges wear the imposing trappings of their office, here, in the Supreme Court of Appeal, the Lord Chancellor alone sits in wig and gown. The reason is that despite a statute regulating the formation and practice

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of the Court, it remains, at least in theory, no Court at all, but one of the Houses of Legislature sitting in a judicial capacity. It will be observed, too, that the forms and procedure of a legislative body, rather than of a Court, are observed throughout the proceedings.

Every Peer has the right to take part in the proceedings of the House of Lords, whether it sits as the final Court of Appeal or as a branch of the Legislature. But in practice lay Peers never interfere in the appellate jurisdiction of the House, and the hearing of appeals is left entirely to the Law Lords. By an Act passed in 1824 every lay Peer was bound to attend the House when it sat as a Court of Appeal, at least once in a Session, under a penalty of £50. Three Lords constitute a House for judicial as well as for legislative purposes, and the object of the statute in compelling the attendance of lay Peers by rotation was to secure a quorum for appellate business. The Court often consisted of the Lord Chancellor, or one of his surviving predecessors in office, and two lay Peers, but the decision in the appeal was left to the Law Lord. The lay Peers were simply dumb figures brought in to comply with the Standing Order, which requires a quorum of three before business can be proceeded with. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to remedy this state of things before a satisfactory solution was found. With a view to strengthening the legal element in the House, by increasing the number of Lords who had been judges of the High Court, the Queen, on the advice of Lord Palmerston's Government in 1856, revived the right of the Crown to make life Peers, which had been in abeyance for four hundred years, and issued a patent creating Sir James Parke, formerly a Baron of the Exchequer, Lord Wensleydale "for and during the term of his natural life." The Lords were jealous of their rank and privileges as a hereditary order. "The very essence of nobility," said Lord Malmesbury on a subsequent occasion, "is in the succession of the title to posterity." They disputed the right of the Crown to create peerages for life. The question was the subject of many stormy debates in

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the Upper Chamber. Finally, the Peers passed a resolution that the patent conferred only the empty title of "Lord," without the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords, and the Government, bowing to the decision, created the peerage afresh by making Baron Wensleydale a hereditary Peer, with the customary right of succession to heirs male of his body lawfully begotten.

Sixteen years elapsed before the constitution of the House of Lords as the final Court of Appeal again became the subject of public discussion. In 1872 Lord Hatherley, the Lord Chancellor of Gladstone's Administration, brought in a Bill to abolish the appellate jurisdiction both of the House of Lords and of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—which hears appeals from India and the Colonies—and to create instead an Imperial Supreme Court of Appeal for the decision of all cases which went hitherto to these separate and independent tribunals. The feeling among the Lords was strongly against any invasion of their ancient privilege to revise on appeal the judgments of the Courts of Law, and the Bill consequently had to be withdrawn. In the following year Lord Selborne—who had succeeded to the Woolsack in the same Administration on the resignation of Lord Hatherley owing to failing eyesight—introduced another Supreme Court of Judicature Bill. This measure also dealt with the question of appellate jurisdiction. It proposed to substitute for the duplicate machinery of Lords and Judicial Committee one Court of Appeal consisting of nine judges, sitting in three divisions. The Bill passed both Houses. The Lords had now surrendered by Act of Parliament their ancient jurisdiction over appeals. However, they soon repented of their action, and not too late to prevent the constitution of the Supreme Court of Appeal. The new Court was to deal only with English appeals, Irish and Scottish appeals being still reserved to the House of Lords. Before the date on which the Act was to come into operation so great an outcry was raised against the measure by Scotland and Ireland, backed by the House of Lords, that it was never carried into

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effect. In 1876 Lord Cairns—then the Lord Chancellor of Disraeli's Administration—also tried his hand at the reorganisation of our judicature system. He brought in another measure, entitled the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, which passed and came into operation. By this statute the appellate jurisdiction of the Lords was preserved, and the House as the Court of Appeal made more efficient.

Formerly the House, sitting as a Court of Appeal, was often constituted, as we have seen, of one Law Lord and two lay Peers. The Act of 1876 provides that at least three Law Lords shall be present at the hearing and determination of appeals. Law Lords consist of the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, judges who are Peers of the Realm, Peers who have held high judicial office, and four Lords of Appeal in Ordinary. The Lords of Appeal in Ordinary were specially created by the Act of 1876 to assist the House in the discharge of its judicial business. The qualification required of a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary is that he has been a Judge of the Superior Courts for not less than two years, or that for not less than fifteen years he has been a practising barrister in England or Ireland, or a practising advocate in Scotland. He has a salary of £6000 a year, with a pension of £4000 a year on retirement and the rank of a Baron for life. Though a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary receives a writ of summons to sit and vote as a Peer in the House of Lords as a branch of the Legislature, his title does not descend to his heir.

An appeal may be made to the House of Lords from any order or judgment of the Court of Appeal in England, the Court of Appeal in Ireland, or the Court of Session in Scotland, in a civil suit. Before the case has reached any of these appeal courts it must, of course, have been heard and decided in a lower tribunal, so that the question at issue has been the subject of a judgment in at least two courts—the court in which the suit originated and the Court of Appeal—ere it comes finally before the House of Lords. If the party who has lost in the Court of Appeal has his faith in the

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justice of his cause still unshaken, or is advised by his counsel that the decision of the Court is against the law, he may obtain from the House of Lords a definite, fixed, and final judgment on the legal point at issue. But this unquestionable interpretation of the law, by the highest legal luminaries of the land, is a very costly proceeding. The appellant who seeks to have the decision of the court below—that is, the Court of Appeal—reversed or varied must give, as security for costs—should the judgment of the House be against him—his personal obligation to the amount of £500 and the bond of a surety for £200. There are also, of course, the fees of the agents and counsel, which are enormous. The respondent, or the party in whose favour the Court of Appeal has decided, is not required to give security for costs, but should the House reverse the decision he may be required to bear portion of the expenses of the appellant. Giving security for costs is not, however, the only thing preliminarily required of the appellant. An appeal to the House of Lords is brought by way of petition. It must be addressed "To the Right Honourable the House of Lords," and set forth that it is "the humble petition and appeal" of So-and-so, praying that the judgment in such-and-such a case "may be reviewed before his Majesty the King in his Court of Parliament, in order that the said court may determine what of right and according to the law and custom of this Realm ought to be done in the subject-matter of such appeal." The petition must be printed on parchment. The reasonableness of its prayer must be certified by two counsel, who have appeared for the appellant in the Court of Appeal, or propose to plead for him before the House of Lords. Forty copies of the counter cases of the disputants, printed in clear type on quarto sheets, and bound in book form, at the expense of the appellant, must be lodged with the petition in the office of the House of Lords. It is also required that ten copies of the book are to be bound in purple cloth for the use of the Law Lords.

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It is a most grave and solemn tribunal, the House of Lords sitting for appellate business. The case opens at once. No preliminary objections of a technical nature or applications for adjournment are allowed. Such points are previously dealt with by a Committee of the House called the Appeal Committee, which is appointed at the opening of every session to relieve the House, sitting as a Court of Appeal, of the work of seeing that the Standing Orders have been complied with by appellants, and of dealing with respondents' objections to the appeal or applications for an extension of time. There is no bustle and no excitement. Dignity and decorum reign supreme. The methods of the Court are austerely judicial. No witnesses are examined. It is all argument. Brow-beating is, therefore, unknown. Two counsel are heard on each side. The lawyer who opens the case stands at the centre of the Bar, and in a placid conversational style states at great length the facts and the points of law upon which he relies. Then counsel on the other side leisurely and with similar amplitude unfolds the case of his client. The Court listens with unwearied patience and the closest attention to the apparently interminable addresses of the lawyers. Judgment is not, as a rule, delivered at the close of the arguments. Knotty legal problems, or delicate and difficult points of equity, are always involved in these appeals, and therefore their Lordships allow themselves plenty of time for the consideration of their judgment.

On the day of judgment the House does not display quite the same aspect that it wore on the day the arguments were heard. The Law Lords are again sitting on the front benches close to the Bar, with their little tables before them; but the Lord Chancellor is now on the Woolsack. Rising from his seat, the Lord Chancellor reads his judgment from a manuscript, and concludes by moving that the order or verdict appealed from be affirmed, altered, or reversed, as the case may be. The Lord Chancellor is followed by the other Law Lords, in the order of precedence, each in like manner reading from a

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manuscript reasons justifying the decision at which he has arrived. All begin their addresses with the invocation, "My Lords." They are supposed to be not judges delivering judgment in a case, but members of a legislative assembly stating in debate the reasons why the House should take a certain course in regard to the question before it.

When all the Law Lords have spoken, the question at issue is put in exactly the same form as if the House were sitting for the purposes of legislation. Should the Lord Chancellor have arrived at a decision hostile to the appellant, he says: "The question is that this appeal be dismissed. As many as are of that opinion will say Content; of the contrary opinion, Not-Content"; and then he adds, "The Contents have it." The House is usually unanimous in its decisions. But should there be a conflict of opinion among the Law Lords, judgment is pronounced in accordance with the views of the majority. It is possible, however, that there may not be a majority one way or the other. In the event of a tie, or an equal division between the Law Lords, the decision of the Court of Appeal stands, and each party have to pay their own costs. The Lord Chancellor, in cases where the issue has been decided unanimously or by a majority, finally declares: "The judgment of the House is that this appeal be dismissed, and that the appellant do pay the respondent's costs in the appeal." The decision thus given is the judgment of the House of Lords, and it is entered as such in the Journals of the House. It does not make the law, nor alter the law. It interprets and fixes the law. What it says is the last word on the tangled legal point at issue. The fiat is final and irrevocable. Its definition of the law can be altered, amended, or added to only by Act of Parliament, for Parliament, as Lord Palmerston once put it, can do anything except make a man a woman or a woman a man.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

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THE STRANGE OBSEQUIES OF PAGANINI

IT is a curious fact in history that the lives of some of those men who make their mark in the world—whether in the arts, in politics, or in warfare—come down to succeeding generations as clearly defined as if they had lived in the days in which their descendants read of them: while in the case of others, a mystery grows with years, until it is almost impossible to separate the true from the false. Such a case is that of Nicolò Paganini.

Although but sixty-six years have elapsed since the death of the great violinist, many of the facts of his life and all those concerning the history of his remains subsequent to his decease, are so obscure that even after the lapse of this comparatively short period, we are reduced to supposition rather than proof as to what actually took place.

Much has been written on Paganini's life, but little attention has hitherto been paid to the strange and renewed burials which were bestowed upon his body.

M. Georges Maurevert, to whose research I am indebted for many facts set forth below, not long ago endeavoured to elucidate the mystery in the columns of a provincial French journal, and collected much interesting information without coming to any very definite conclusion.

Everything to do with Paganini bears the impress of mystery, his life, his talent, his death; and the truth as to the

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peregrinations of his embalmed body has been so obscured as to be difficult of elucidation.

Paganini died at Nice—then of course Italian—on May 27, 1840, in a house at the corner of the Rue Sainte Réparate and the Rue de la Préfecture, where a marble tablet records the fact in the following graceful inscription:

Poichè da questa casa, volgenda il giorno XXVII. di maggio MDCCCXL., lo spirito di eterna armonia. Giace l'arco potente di magiche note, ma sulle aure soavi di Nizza, ne vive ancora la dolcezza suprema. (C. Bonelli pose. A. G. Barrili detto. MDCCCLXXXXI.)

"His magic notes still vibrate in the soft breeze of Nice."

Family archives relate that this historic house was then the property of the Marquis de Châteauneuf, a Niçois. The Marquis' *homme de confiance* was a man named François Amba, who—when he saw that the clergy refused the last rites of the Church to the illustrious dead—begged his brother-in-law—Jules Bessi Cadet, a hatter—to allow him to deposit the coffin of Paganini in a cellar which he had rented in the said house, and this was done on the morrow, May 28.

But here, at the outset of the story, the mass of contradictory detail which obscures it begins to confront the enquirer; for a contemporary, Francesco Regli, in his "Storia del Violino," relates as follows:

When passing through Nice, not long after the death of Paganini, as I wanted to visit whatever was curious and interesting in the town, I saw at the hospital—not in a *cantine* as I had been told, but in an apartment on the ground floor—a case. As we came to it I noticed my guide's face flush, and he said to me in a vexed tone, "You are looking at that case; your instinct tells you something. It contains the remains of the famous Paganini. Monsignor Galvano, our Bishop, learning that he was *in extremis*, sent a Canon to speak to him about receiving the Sacrament. He made his confession, but as he was suffering from constant vomiting, the doctor would not allow him to take the Communion, and gave a certificate to that effect. So he died without receiving the Sacraments, and Monsignor refused him burial in consecrated ground. His son Achillino—who has inherited his entire fortune—has brought an action against the Bishop, but no one can tell how long it will last as priests stick to their principles and don't give way easily.

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The story is continued by Fétis, the well-known musicographer,

In vain his son Achillino (whose mother was the singer, Antonia Bianchi), his friends and most of the *artistes* in Nice, begged leave to have a service celebrated for the repose of his soul, alleging that—like all persons suffering from consumption—he had not thought death near, and had passed away suddenly. The Bishop, however, refused permission, and contented himself with granting a death certificate with leave to transport the body wherever they wished. This solution was not accepted, and the matter was taken into Court. The decision of the Tribunal of Nice was in favour of the Bishop. An appeal was then made to Rome, which annulled the decree of the Bishop of Nice, and appointed a commission, consisting of the Archbishop of Turin, with two Canons of the Cathedral of Genoa (Paganini's native city) to hold an inquiry into the Catholicity of the deceased. During all this time the body remained in a room in the hospital at Nice.

From this point we plunge straight into legend, but a legend which supplies the motive for the first translation of the remains.

It is asserted that the population of Nice began to get uncomfortable. Men declared that, nightly, lamentable cries issued from the room in the hospital in which Paganini's body was enclosed, devils were said to be seen dancing round the coffin, and the wildest gossip was rife on all sides.

The authorities, fearing unpleasant demonstrations, decided to remove the remains to the Lazaretto at Villefranche.

The disorder of Paganini's life, and the little respect he had evidenced for religion, might in some measure account for this legend, but his extraordinary personality—attached to the marvellous dexterity through which he had made his name famous by playing on a single string the most complicated and surprising variations—doubtless went far in the readiness with which diabolical interference was credited by a superstitious populace.

The word-picture of the violinist painted by Théodore de Banville in his "Mer de Nice" goes far to prove this:

I seem to see again [he writes] that terrible grandiose fear-inspiring head of Paganini, so imperiously modelled by genius and by grief. His burning eyes were hollow like a deep abyss, where an infinite ocean of disenchantment seemed to roll in fitful waves. His thick, bushy eyebrows bristled

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round that eager glance so often wounded; his dilated nostril sought the breath of freedom; his mouth was distorted at once by ecstasy and irony; and on his thin and powerful neck the fine locks of his hair fell in caressing curls, like tired snakes.

This is flamboyant writing, but produces the picture of no ordinary countenance.

But his playing even more than his appearance gave currency to the tale that he had sold himself—body and soul—to the Evil One. A story is still current at Nice that a blind man hearing him play at the Opera House, demanded how many musicians were performing, "It is Paganini," was the answer. "But how many are with him?" "No one, there is only Paganini." The blind man replied, "Come, friend, let us go, that is no man, it is a devil." (*Es un diaoù.*)

A Viennese amateur was so convinced of the truth of this that at a concert given by Paganini in Vienna, he publicly declared that he had seen the Devil assisting the performer. But to return to our story.

The transference of the remains to the Lazaretto at Villefranche appears to have been carried out with but little delay, and here they remained a full month waiting a decision from Rome on the subject of their interment.

The statement in the "Grand Dictionnaire" of Larousse that they were kept for five years in a cellar of the hospital at Nice is evidently erroneous, and has doubtless arisen from the fact that it was not till five years later (in 1845) that the body —at the suggestion of the Empress Marie Louise, then known as Duchess of Parma, Placentia and Guastalla—was transported to Parma and buried in the property which had belonged to the artist at Gajona in her States.

It is the history of these five years that is so obscure, and the statements as to the disposal of the remains during that period are so confused and contradictory, that the light thrown on them by the investigation of M. Georges Maurevert is of the highest interest.

After the coffin had been lying at Villefranche for a month,

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the odour of decomposition—in spite of the fact that the body had been embalmed—became so insupportable that the authorities decided to get rid of it, and it was actually deposited close to the sea by the side of a fetid rivulet formed by the refuse of a neighbouring factory where oil was extracted from olives in the primitive method of the country. There it remained for some days, no one having the courage to risk the displeasure of the ecclesiastical authorities or the phantasmal terrors of excommunication by giving it decent burial.

But among the friends with whom Paganini had been on terms of intimacy at Nice was one bearing a name respected for many generations among the Niçois nobility, the Comte de Cessoles, whose son was a well-known figure in the public life of the Riviera until his death a year or two ago.

This worthy gentleman, who had held Paganini in high esteem, not only as a personal friend, but also as a great *virtuoso*, was himself an amateur violinist of no mean order, and he had received from the *maestro*—not many days before his death—the present of an *Amati* of great value.

The Comte de Cessoles was, not unnaturally, highly indignant at the treatment accorded to the remains of his friend by the bigoted and ignorant ecclesiastic who then ruled the diocese of Nice, and he decided to bury them with decency at his own risks and peril.

He made known his project to four friends, two—the Comte Urbain Garin de Cocconato and the Comte de Pierlas, whose names are well known in the country—and two others, a young sculptor called Alexis de Saint-Marc (who was then at Nice working on a bust of the Comtesse de Cessoles) and Félix Ziem, the famous artist, who was at that time about twenty years of age.

It was Ziem who, towards the close of a long life, recalled the incidents of the drama in which he had taken an active part over half a century previously.

On the day following their conference, the Comte de Cessoles and his four friends met at Villefranche at midnight,

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having taken the precaution to furnish themselves with torches and cords. Four peasants from the Comte's estate also accompanied the party.

They found the coffin in the place indicated, and by the uncertain light of torches, with the help of the ropes and long sticks, it was got out upon the seashore and placed on a hand-litter, which the sturdy arms of the peasants bore in the direction of Saint Jean. The night was starless, and the waves dashed at the feet of the *cortège*, wetting the coffin with spray, while the shrieking of the wind brought to the minds of those engaged in the adventure the demoniacal tales that had sprung up among the populace of Nice. M. de Cessoles marched ahead with a torch, and slowly the little procession fought its way along the peninsula until it reached a property belonging—not to the Comte de Cessoles, as has currently been reported—but to M. de Pierlas. It was at a point on the extremity of the Cap St. Hospice, just below the ancient Saracen Round Tower that the tomb of Paganini was made.

The coffin was laid upon a rock, some yards from the edge of the sea, which in stormy weather often completely covered it, and a marble slab inscribed only with the name "Paganini" was set over it.

M. A. Blanchi, a lutemaker at Nice, relates that his father had seen it in 1850, and long afterwards described to him the tomb of the great violinist; and he himself affirms that he recently found traces of masonry on the spot indicated to him many years before by his father.

This is the first stage in the strange Odyssey of the dead artist.

The events that follow are not quite so clear, but it would appear that the body rested here from about the end of June 1840 till a date—a year, or even two years, later—when Paganini's son Achillino decided to transfer the remains to Genoa, where his father had been born.

The coffin was embarked on board a ship which set sail for that port, but on arrival permission to land it was rigorously

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refused, as the vessel had started from Marseilles where a severe epidemic of cholera was then raging.

The little ship therefore returned along the coast to the Lérins Islands, where—possibly as a result of another refusal for permission to land from the Cannes authorities—on the Islet of Saint Ferréol the body of Paganini was again entombed.

On this tiny isle, only rarely visited by a few fishermen, a hole is still shown under the name of *Le Trou de Paganini*, where it is believed the coffin rested.

Guy de Maupassant describes Saint-Ferréol in "Sur l'Eau" in a few vivid phrases:

> We pass near a bare red rock, bristling like a porcupine. So seamed is it with teeth points and fangs that it is scarcely possible to walk on it; you must set your feet in the hollows between its tusks and advance with caution; it is called Saint Ferréol. A little earth, come one knows not whence, has gathered in the holes and crevices of the rock, and from it have sprung a kind of lily and some delicious blue iris, whose seed seems to have been dropped from the skies. On this curious reef in the open sea the body of Paganini lay hidden below ground for five years.

So far the writer is accurate—except that it is impossible that the coffin could have remained so long a time here, but the rest of his narration is worthy of little credence.

He mixes up the refusal of the clergy of Nice to give Christian burial to the remains with the sanitary reasons which induced the Genoese port authorities to refuse them admission to their city, and states that Paganini had died of cholera instead of laryngeal phthisis.

He also mentions a return to Marseilles before the burial at Saint Ferréol, for which there appears to be no valid authority.

An old print gives the date of the second translation of the coffin to Genoa as August 15, 1844—though Fétis states the year as 1845—when on the demand of Marie Louise (as has been mentioned above) it was taken to Parma and interred in Paganini's own property at Gajona.

Here the body of the *maestro* rested until the year 1858

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when it was once more exhumed for hygienic reasons, and some fresh process of embalming resorted to.

At last in 1876, thirty-six years after the death of Paganini, the Papal Court authorised the transference of the remains to the Church of the Madonna della Steccata at Parma—a church especially affected to the Chevaliers of the Order of St. George, which had been founded by Charles II. of Parma, when Duke of Lucca, in the thirties, and membership of which had by him been conferred on Paganini.

Hither, after his many wanderings, the great violinist was at length borne. The translation took place at night by torch-light, and a vast concourse of people lined the banks of the torrent Baganza along which the *cortège* passed.

The mourning was conducted by the Baron Attila, nephew of Nicolò, and the tardy rites of a solemn requiem were celebrated over the body of the man who had died six and thirty years previously.

Here it might have been hoped that the much-travelled remains might be allowed to rest undisturbed, but such was not the case.

In April 1893 the Hungarian violinist Ondricek, of Prague, was staying at Parma as the guest of the Baron Achillino Paganini—now an old and venerable man—and on his solicitation, the coffin was opened and a few friends were permitted to view the corpse.

But even this was not the final disturbance of the tomb.

Another exhumation, described as being imposed by "urgent necessity," took place in 1896.

A Genoese journalist, who was present at the ceremony, wrote in the *Caffaro* that the identity of the corpse was undeniable and the features still well preserved.

> The black coat [he said] was in tatters, but its cut was still clearly discernible on the shoulders. The lower and middle part of the body are no longer anything but a heap of bones. But the face, after lying for more than half a century in the grave, still preserves its indescribable expression.

A photograph was taken of the head, and his aged son then

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placed his father's body in a fresh coffin, into which a pane of glass had been let so that the features could be observed.

For the last ten years Paganini has lain in peace.

The tale of his *post-mortem* wanderings during so many decades has not, I believe, been previously put before the public in this country.

J. D. E. Loveland.

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TO AMERICA IN AN EMIGRANT SHIP

A LONG and shrill whistle shook the air of the cold January morning—I have never experienced a colder or a drearier dawn—in Fiume harbour; it was as if an otherwise brilliant Nature were shedding farewell tears. Certainly I never witnessed a more melancholy departure than that of those poor workmen who were leaving their old country.

As the chains were raised their rattle went through one's heart, as though all previous bonds were being severed. All memories of long ago, all recollections of childhood, seemed to have disappeared, as though forcibly destroyed. All that one loved vanished, and all the ambitions and hopes that had brightened one's youth seemed to be sucked down and drowned by the hungry waves, that tossed us about mercilessly, as we set forth on our way to our new destinies.

Two thousand four hundred workmen were leaving their own country to seek their daily bread in an unknown world. If every departure has its sadness, even if it is only for a short time, how very much harder must it be for those who leave their all, often for ever! I never witnessed a more desolate scene in the harbour of Quarnero, usually so bright, as if intended by Nature for holiday-makers and scenes of happiness only.

Fiume is one of those charming cities, half mediæval, half modern, where the picturesqueness of the Middle Ages and

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the progress of modern times join hands, with their many contrasts of light and shade forming a delightful water-colour picture. It is extraordinary to think how this part of the Adriatic, formerly so utterly unknown and forlorn, should in fifteen or twenty years have become one of the centres of wealth and fashion, where magnificent hotels have sprung up in the midst of the olive groves, and where men and women from different parts of the world pass several weeks during the winter in the midst of a population of fishermen, who, undisturbed by exterior changes, continue to lead their strenuous lives of hundred years ago.

During my stay at the Governor's palace, a splendid display of marble and bronze and the home of every luxury, I had opportunities, while waiting for the departure of my steamer, of strolling about in the poorer quarters and observing the wretched conditions of most of the population, the pomp of the official quarters making the general poverty seem all the more striking. But is it not a curious coincidence that generally in those countries where the conditions of the working classes are the gloomiest and darkest, the display made by the Government is all the more splendid?

On the same occasion I had an opportunity of getting acquainted with the general sentiments of the public. It was just the election time; the streets were crowded, and riots were of constant occurrence, as in the days when the Frangipanis were defending their turreted castle, which still crowns the heights, against the turbulent citizens. Every passer-by was recounting his grievances and his aspirations. However, I had no time to enter into the details of party interests and the politics of the free town of Fiume, which has quite an exceptional constitution of its own, forming part of the Hungarian Crown and yet being autonomous under a Governor-General, which it would require volumes to explain, and one would very likely fail to make matters clear even then. Fortunately, I have little to do with politics. On this occasion my mission was simply to be ship's chaplain to a

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company of my poor compatriots on a long and mournful journey.

I had volunteered to do this work, having heard of the great need of spiritual help and moral support on emigrant boats. When we consider that each town and village of less population it may be than one of those large boats—nay, even men-of-war belonging to different navies, are provided with their own church or chaplain—how much more necessary is it on these occasions, when depression is so great and after all danger so near, where old and young and people of both sexes are present, that spiritual help should be provided. Great attention is paid by all the leading companies to ensure for their passengers every physical or material advantage, such as wholesome food, good doctors, and a plentiful supply of medicine, but they do not seem yet to realise the importance of adequately providing for moral needs.

The necessity for such help was shown at the very outset of our journey in a tragic way. A sailor, while taking in a reef, fell into the hold and broke his spine, dying soon after, leaving a large family behind. An even sadder case that occurred shortly afterwards, was that of a poor woman who was on her way to join her husband, who was working in the mines of West Virginia. She had two children, but one had not been allowed to sail by the authorities on account of delicate health, and was therefore sent to the maternal relations in Hungary. She had not, however, reached her destination at the time we started, and the mother's anxiety was so great that, on receiving a telegram brought by a steam launch to the effect that the child had not arrived, she fell down with a shriek and expired in a few minutes. Is it not natural in moments like these for those who remain behind to require moral support and to seek consolation in their faith?

The journey lasted nearly twenty days. There were hours of long and monotonous tossing on a dreary waste of waters. How different from my first journey to the United States on the floating palace, *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, in the beautiful

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midsummer of '90, when everything was bright and happy, and the boat crowded with people who seemed never to have known want and sorrow, while the universe seemed a magnificent background to their joyous lives! What a difference two or three generations can make, and what a change is often produced in the life even of an individual by well-directed energy! When reading the biography of one or the other citizen of the New Continent, it is hard to understand by what means it has been possible for men of mature age to adapt themselves to new conditions, and to develop themselves so as to be able to achieve works of universal importance in the short space of ten or twenty years.

Among the matters of interest which appeal to the scholars of the United States and of all new countries generally, the most essential questions are (1) What are the qualities necessary for success? and (2) What circumstances and factors develop these qualities? It is an inexhaustible subject of research to determine whence comes the bulk of the people that has settled down and populated new continents. To do this we must go back to the fountain-head and observe them in their respective native lands, and understand, to a certain extent, their childhood, the conditions of their life and work, their social state and culture, in fact their whole material and moral existence. We must have a certain idea of their whole history.

During the long days of our journey I had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with my fellow passengers in long conversations, when they spoke openly of their personal affairs. I had a chance of penetrating into their mode of thought. There were men from different parts of Eastern Europe, mostly Hungarians, some Slavs and a certain number of Teutons. In their external appearance naturally there was a great deal of difference: the Hungarians, who were most numerous, were dark, short, but well made; the Slavs, tall, slender, fair and extremely passive; the Teutons, of whom there were not many on board, seemed to be the point of

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union between the two; mentally too, they were less fiery than the Hungarians, and more so than the Slavs, unquestionably men of serious qualities, practical thinkers. They expressed their various grievances and aims in a different way, looked upon their past in a different light, and had forecasts of the future seen through different coloured glasses. But their motives were always the same. Their reason for leaving their countries and breaking with the past was identical, that of primary necessity.

I was especially anxious to know why my own countrymen leave their homes in such numbers. The country is far from being over-populated, and there are whole districts which need double and treble the present number of souls. Even now huge areas are uncultivated, and the natural conditions of soil and climate are most favourable and capable of supplying all needs. Yet 100,000 workmen left Hungary two years ago, and 118,000 last year. How to prevent and to improve this state of affairs is one of the burning questions of the day.

We must not forget that no people leaves its country easily and lightly. The Magyars are especially a patriotic race and devoted to their fatherland: it is only under pressure of great necessity that they can bring themselves to part from it. At the same time they know that they are not welcome in the new country. The Immigration Laws become harder every year, and are all directed against the admission of too many new-comers, and hundreds and thousands are rejected every month by the authorities on various reasons and pretexts. It is quite comprehensible that the men in possession should dislike too great an influx of strange elements and an undesired competition. Indeed, there is a great danger that these people, arriving in shiploads, will remain in the cities on the chance of dubious jobs, instead of travelling farther into more scantily populated districts. The American Government desires, as far as possible, to prevent agglomeration, and to facilitate settlement inland. But the attractions of towns and the possibilities of eventual success in large

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centres are counterbalanced with difficulty. The great manufacturing cities and commercial towns offer wages of from two to three dollars a day to the humblest worker, and this is too great a temptation and deters men from looking ahead and from going farther afield. As I said before, all emigrants are actuated by primary motives. They want their daily bread first, clothing will come next, shelter third, and all the other requirements some time later. They are struggling for life, and all their ideas are dominated by the instinct of existence and self-support.

The early part of our journey was along the beautiful coast of Apuleia and Calabria. One of the most beautiful landscapes was spread before us—Monte Gargano towering above his evergreen slopes—all this land which played such a great part not only in Italian history, but also in the history of civilisation. Now there was a glimpse of a magnificent cathedral, built by the great Popes of the period; now a view of fortifications, crenellated bastions and watch towers erected by the mighty Hohenstauffen Emperors; but all these meant nothing to my simple travelling companions. Neither the beauty of nature nor the glories of the historic past appealed to them. Only one or two asked me if they were already the shores of America, and on receiving a negative answer, took no further notice, but turned away with indifference, as from something which was of no practical use to them. It is difficult to understand the train of thought of people who have never had any but elementary things to strive for. It would be even more difficult to know how much should be added, and in what way, to their knowledge, to improve the harmony of their inner life.

The third morning the first rays of the sun tinged the peak of Mount Etna with a rosy radiance against a cloudless sky, blue as it can only be in this most beautiful part of the world, only adequately depicted and sung by the greatest artists and poets of Hellas and Rome. The sea was blue too. Between Scylla and Charybdis, girdled with white villages, which were

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calmly reflected in the mirror of the waters, the whole scene was so beautiful, nature was so radiant, that a consciousness of love and hope penetrated even through the gloom overhanging the minds of those poor emigrants. They all came on deck, sat down in circles with their psalters, and sang those fine old melodies which took them back again to memories of their homes and childhood.

At Gibraltar we bade good-bye to Europe. We stopped in the harbour for several hours, and I had time to go ashore and revisit this unique place. It is unique, indeed, this key of the Mediterranean, as it is called, one of the greatest strongholds of the world. And yet those invincible fortifications and huge guns, pyramids of bullets and other deadly weapons, are so artistically hidden by pleasure-grounds, mountain walks and flower gardens, that one would never guess their destructive object. And all the men one meets look so smart in their fresh khaki, scarlet tunics, or other brilliant uniforms, walking up and down on the Promenade, amidst their happy families, that it is difficult to realise that the object of their life is after all war or destruction; but let us hope that the ambition of Gibraltar is even a higher one—the prevention of war and the maintenance of peace.

Opposite is the African coast, which is turbulent enough to need constant watching to suppress undesirable outbreaks. We passed Tetuan and Tangiers within gunshot; the former is certainly one of the most beautiful Oriental cities I ever visited; with its whitewashed streets and white-burnoused population, it reminds one of one of the fairy cities of the "Arabian Nights," and it is untouched by any kind of alien influence up to the present, and during my stay several years ago the knowledge that I was the only foreigner within its closed gates greatly added to its charm. Tetuan, like Fez and Morocco city, seemed to be the last vestige of the civilisation of the Khalifa, and the last remains of the glory of the Abencerrages. With what different eyes one sees a country in which one has lived and worked, where one

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knows the towns and the people, great and small—remembrances which may throw a light upon things that may make them become important and interesting, even if intrinsically insignificant.

The rest of the voyage was passed on the open sea. For over ten days we were tossed from side to side; the greater part of the time the weather was very bad indeed. We experienced two regular hurricanes, met icebergs, had gales and snowstorms. Poor emigrants! Is it not natural that people who have never been to sea before should lose heart and think they were going to be drowned? I don't want to give too gloomy a picture of the interior of an emigrant boat; but it is easy enough to imagine the hull of a ship full of thousands of human beings, where they are packed together day and night. Even with more civilised people, it would not be exactly desirable to crowd so many together, as far as pleasant companionship went. And yet I must speak most highly with regard to the management of the crew. The boat was called the *Pannonia*, one of the newest types of twin screw, and everything was fitted up in accordance with the latest improvements. A portion of the hull was set apart for the women and children. The meals were served on tables, and the food was plentiful, and the best medical help was at hand. But who could eat or benefit by medicine when suffering agonies of sea-sickness? And it was interesting to see that those who, when starting, had been most anxious to be assured that there was a good cook on board and an experienced doctor, and who had not thought that a chaplain could be of any use, did not care for food and, seeing that medicine could not help, all came to me and wished to join in the service, that they might pray for fine weather, and that God would bring them safe to shore. In these moments of despair, there was not a man, however old and hardened, who did not recognise plainly his nonentity and the vanity of all earthly things, and who did not recognise the Supreme Will, and put his hope in the hands of the Almighty.

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It was a trying journey in every respect. It was hard, even for me who have long been accustomed to sea voyages, and shared in all the comforts of the large Transatlantic boats belonging to the Cunard line, and benefited by the kind attentions of the officers. They were all men of world-wide experience, who seemed to understand life and its sufferings, and were always ready to respond to my appeal for assistance for any of the steerage passengers. Long as was the voyage, I had no time to be bored, for with such a large number of "parishioners" my hands were quite full.

I wanted to enter as fully as possible into the psychological reasons for emigration having attained such colossal proportions in Hungary. The only means of doing this was to pass a great deal of time with the people and to hear the opinions of each one in turn, so as to get to the general sentiment. The summary of all the grievances and opinions that were related to me, always in very vivid language and sometimes not without a touch of humour, pointed to three principal causes. First, excessive taxation; secondly, inadequate local administration; thirdly, the heavy burden of a long compulsory service.

With regard to the taxation, the complaints were only too well founded. The burden of taxation weighs most heavily on the land, giving great advantages to all kinds of commercial enterprise, while the great capitalists and speculators go almost scot free. This antiquated system, which dates from olden times when land was the only asset, can still be borne by very large landowners; but as in Hungary nearly all the cultivators of the soil are peasant proprietors, a few consecutive bad years suffice to ruin them.

With regard to the local administration of the laws, the present method gives too much scope for a despotic exercise of power and corruption, and is sometimes made use of, as the people explained to me, for political and party purposes, and often for merely personal advantage.

With regard to the compulsory military service, the people

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were more reconciled to this. They even sometimes regarded it as a good school for their children, and it only seemed to press hard on those who depended on grown-up sons for their support.

I listened with great interest, and was struck by the remarkably clear common sense and the keen judgment generally displayed, and had nothing to oppose to their arguments, except a hope that the future might have better things in store for my poor country.

At last we arrived at Sandy Hook on a chilly February morning. We got in for the tail end of a heavy blizzard, arriving two days late in consequence. A magnificent picture of desolation was presented to us, everything being grey and white, a silver mist hanging over the shore, white flakes whirling though the bitter air, and the sea foam frozen on the funnels of the boat. The whole ship being covered with snow, we must have looked like a phantom ship as we slowly entered the Hudson River.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the outlines ot the gigantic city became visible: huge mansions apparently perched somewhere in the sky, bridges spanning the clouds, and the majestic head of the colossal statue of Liberty welcoming the newly-arrived pilgrims, seemed to burst through the veil of haze and mist. The 2,400 souls on board all gazed with amazement. They seemed to stare without the least comprehension of the picture before them. What can have been the sensations of these simple people? What can have been the first conceptions they formed? What can have been their impressions of their long-expected Promised Land?

Every arrival is fraught with a certain amount of mystery; every fresh place excites our imaginations. How much more is this the case when reaching a so-called New World?

But there was not much time for musing. The Customs House and Sanitary Officers came on board in the exercise of their duty, which they perform with true American brusqueness. The manner of proceeding in vogue in the States has

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been so vividly described by native writers of marvellous observation that I will not venture to attempt a narrative of my own.

We cast anchor in those huge Docks which form such a characteristic part of the environs of New York. But what a different appearance they presented now from that which usually meets the eye of in-coming and out-going steamers! Arrivals and departures in America are full of colour and life. Seeing those huge Docks crammed with people where every new-comer is met by somebody, and every departure is accompanied by groups of relations and friends, where every hand holds souvenirs or flowers, where every pocket-handkerchief is waved and cheers mingle with the strains of patriotic songs, is a typical picture never to be forgotten. What a difference now! The quays were silent and deserted. Those huge barn-like buildings did not bid anybody welcome. No one was waiting for the forlorn flocks of humble workers, except steam launches which were in readiness to convey them to Ellis Island to undergo inspection.

The regulations regarding new arrivals have been too often discussed and explained, too, by the leading American newspapers, and their own prominent politicians have given every argument for and against them, for me to enter into the matter. It is only right for a nation to adopt adequate precautions to ensure the prevention of undesirable elements. Diseased and penniless beings, or those who are incapable of earning their own living, are justly excluded. Like all regulations, it is very difficult to make hard and fast rules without giving a great deal of personal responsibility to the officials. In fact, the spirit in which the instructions are carried out depends on the individual officers, and therefore varies very much. In a country which has developed so rapidly it is doubly difficult always to maintain an ideal standard.

My personal experience on this occasion was on the whole favourable, and we had no special cause for complaint. The *Pannonia* had on board only people who could not be in any

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way undesirable, all being born in the country, inured to hard work, and healthy both in body and mind. They all wished to go to the mining or agricultural districts, for the Hungarians are essentially a rural people, not loving to live in towns; and, after inspection, they all started for the new work in far-away States.

The departure was rather sad. We had got accustomed to one another, and I was fully rewarded for my labours by the real sympathy and confidence shown to me. Looking back on the long voyage, I could not recollect one single disagreeable or regrettable incident. Even those who had kept most to themselves or been to a certain extent indifferent at first, afterwards became communicative. And I could not but recognise the remarkable qualities that were often hidden by rough or uncultivated exteriors.

At leave-taking the simple folk expressed their feelings in a most touching way, sending a deputation of their leading men to thank me for my ministrations. In a few simple words they expressed their gratitude, and said that what they had appreciated most was that I had treated them more like friends than as inferiors, and that they were convinced that I had a sincere desire for their well-being and took a real interest and sympathy in their future lives.

One of the most absorbing problems for any one interested in the social conditions of the human race is how to prevent the working classes from being submerged in slums when an entire change of atmosphere and of the conditions of their lives takes place. They come from an existence of almost archaic simplicity and are drawn into the vortex of a great metropolis; the dangers are great and temptation is at hand, perhaps even more so when the first necessities are already provided and there is money to spend on sensual pleasures, gambling and drink.

On arriving in a new place, all the old deterrent influences cease. We must not forget that in those old homes each man was a social being, with his own ties and hindrances, surrounded

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by relatives and neighbours, in whose eyes even the poorest wishes to appear a respectable member of the community; and the barrenness of the daily life is lessened by the little interests and petty ambitions of a humble circle. On settling down under new conditions, lost in a surging sea of humanity, self-respect is easily lost and may disappear for ever.

The great danger for such people is the possible loss of belief. Should their religious sense vanish, they have no higher ideals left to take its place, and they fall under the dominion of their lower instincts. Even in cases where the material life is not corrupt and the sense of duty prevents the people from coming in conflict with the laws, it is not enough if they are wholly without higher impulses and incentive, such as love of the family, patriotism, and faith in God.

When in America the newly-arrived settlers are so often complained of, it is always those people who are lacking in these very higher feelings who are regarded as a source of danger to the national ambitions.

A fear is sometimes expressed that emigrants do not amalgamate quickly enough with the rest of the population. Public opinion often goes even further, and seems to believe that foreign countries try to fan national interests in the United States. I do not know whether this is so or not, but, speaking from experience, I should say it would be a futile task. As to the first objection, that adult emigrants do not amalgamate quickly enough, this is scarcely to be wondered at; for there must be difficulties for grown-up aliens in adapting themselves to the national characteristics, and especially in regard to the language: but the children born on American soil are as American as if their parents had arrived with the first pilgrims. They are Yankees through and through, with all the exuberance of American youth. They have the same restless activity and craving for work, and, looking into the future, they see that life offers them the same chances, and they hope to get as much advantage out of it as they can secure by their personal gifts.

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To the coming generation, the stories recounted by their parents of the simple life in the hamlets at home, on the wooded slopes of the Carpathian Mountains, or on the Steppes of the lowlands, with all its melancholy and its crumbling institutions, can scarcely offer a very alluring temptation to return.

A certain number of those who go out to seek for work return, after putting by a modest sum, not being able to take root in a new country; but it is the exception, if it ever happens at all, for the second generation, born in America and educated there and imbued with ideas of equality and democracy, to wish to return and settle down in the home of their fathers.

During my stay in different parts of the United States I was astonished to note what a short time was required to transform the descendants of people who had emigrated from the different countries of Europe, whether from the frozen land of Scandinavia or from the sunny South, from Germany or Hungary, into a new race, which takes a little after all the others, yet at the same time is independent and apart, psychologically and physiologically, as striking in external appearance as in internal qualities.

The populating of America is one of the most interesting features of modern times. It is not less interesting to observe how the surplus of Europe was and is carried away towards these new countries. And it is not less instructive to notice how the wave of migration has flowed, beginning first in the British Isles, whence it spread to the North of Europe, especially Germany, and then extended to the East, having now reached the Austrian Empire, whence over 200,000 emigrate yearly. There seems to be a regular ebb and flow; in view of the fact that from Germany ten or fifteen years ago there were over 100,000 emigrants yearly, the number now amounts to only one-fifth of that figure.

If one dared to make a forecast of the future, when the political and economical struggles in the Dual Empire will have been brought to some termination, one would expect that

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the tide, at present highest in the Carpathian district, would follow its indicated course to the eastward, and would find its largest complement in the Balkan States.

The great and uninterrupted flow of population to the New World in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, both in respect of extent and of portent, can only be compared with the migration of mankind in the dawn of civilisation. Millions and millions have left their fatherland in Europe and have founded new homes on the other side of the globe. It cannot be helped if this migration is sometimes detrimental to the countries or to the individuals concerned. One cannot place impediments on the freedom of the human will. And who knows if it is not in obedience to a higher law, if we may not see the overruling hand of Providence directing the inhabitants of lands peopled only by savages and heathen, to be absorbed into civilised and Christian countries?

This conviction, which must have been felt in the first stages of colonisation, has lately been even more emphasised on public occasions by statesmen. President Roosevelt, in his speeches of high moral and ethical character, constantly lays stress on simple life and healthy social conditions, on a strict family bond and the development of the religious sentiment as being the most essential duties of the citizen to uphold, and the strongest guarantee for the welfare of the country.

But President or workman, neither he who holds the reins nor he who pulls, can fail to see that the greater and mightier a country grows, the more necessary it is that its internal life should improve in proportion with its external prosperity.

If the first ambition was to become rich, and the second to become mighty, the third should surely be to become better. Travelling as I did on an emigrant boat, I had special opportunities of understanding that class which forms the greater part of the population, and is still providing millions of new comers. It is evident that for those enormous masses, who often lack the primary necessities of life, the first need of existence is to secure a living. All higher aims must

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come afterwards, and the development of these is the united work of the home, the school, and the church.

Those who have written on America, both foreigners and even more Americans, have been sometimes too hard, and have criticised too severely the roughness of the customs and unpolished manners of the States, they have omitted to take into account the primitiveness of the conditions from which many of the community have emerged.

If on the occasion of my first visit, five years ago, I had become acquainted with all that American civilisation and wealth can produce, in the splendour of social life at New York and the refinement of artistic and literary knowledge at Boston, it was not less interesting this time to observe the conditions of the humblest and the life of the labourers. After all, the latter are the nation; the former are only the exceptions. Occasions were not wanting when I could admire the life and the qualities of those who have not yet attained to prosperity, who may lack in polish but are not wanting in sterling attributes.

How apt one is to judge people falsely from their appearance without knowing the conditions of their lives, and one hears only too often adjectives applied which are certainly misplaced! How often is the expression "vulgar" used, when "crude" would be better employed, or "pushing" instead of "energetic"; and we don't seem to be aware that the fresh elements which have risen by their own efforts cannot understand and still less appreciate many of those conventions which are remnants of days gone by, and that indolence and sluggishness which still pretends to be high-bred or distinguished.

But I hope to dwell in future papers on all these features merely touched on here. I will now only say that what impressed me most was the capacity of work and production displayed alike by people and land—work in its essence—work as an abstract force—all in short that the word expresses—work displayed as much by the individual as by the community.

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It is this open and unlimited field, this respect for work, which draws not only the active minds towards the shores of the New Country but the humblest from the Old World—work which dominates, which is admired as the motive force, work which can raise the lowest of beggars to the greatest height in the social scale—indefatigable work, which has made the United States the leading Power of the present day.

VAY DE VAYA AND LUSKOD.

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THE ACTOR, ART, AND THE STAGE

IN treating of a subject so popular as the stage in connection with art it is as well, as a precautionary measure, to begin with an axiom. Briefly, then, art is creative. Out of nothing the artist gives form, shape, sense, colour, melody, to his imaginings. The results are based on his innate talent only, and they are independent of the tools he uses in the pursuit of his art. These do not lessen his originality. His dexterity with brush or chisel, his manipulation of pigments, his knowledge of counterpoint and harmony, or his physical effort with pen and ink, are only instrumental in giving to others the outward and visible sign of his creative ability. The artist is not *inspired* by his tools; in no sense are they the raw material—the pabulum—of his work. Though the seed be the germ of the tree, canvas and paint will not of themselves materialise into a landscape. The architect uses the bricklayer and the carpenter to erect his palace, but these—even though they be members of a plutocratic trade union—are not capable of designing the structure. The true artist, therefore, is self-controlling and self-sufficient; in other words, he creates. Does the actor create?

Before the actor is equipped to take his place in the scheme of things an author must provide him with the design for his work. His characterisation is defined; his mental attitude in regard to the other characters in the play and

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the scheme of the plot are expressed in words. The inflexion of his language, his actions, his place in the dramatic picture, are all carefully indicated. Nothing but the details that can be taught at rehearsal is forgotten; little is left to chance; and to lessen the risk of the actor wrecking the conception of the author by the use of any initiative of his own he is carefully rehearsed in his part for several weeks either by the author or someone who is conversant with the author's views.

Let us assume that the play be successful. To whom is the credit? The actor? He has been schooled and drilled for a month or so in his fraction of the whole work to the imagining and designing of which the author gave, perhaps, a year. It may be contended that without the imitative faculty supplied by the actor such success could not be attained. No doubt that is true in the sense that the palace cannot be completed without the services of the bricklayer; but if we deem the actor an artist, obviously the bricklayer is an artist too—a view hardly admissible outside of Labour Member circles. But the parallel will not be allowed by the actor; he will maintain that the imitative faculty is an art, forgetting that he shares it with parrots, that it is largely developed in the undeveloped brains of children, and seen, in a superlative degree, in monkeys. None of these has any temperament to speak of, and art is only attained through temperament. One may be immensely diverted by the performances at the National Theatre as held in the monkey house of the Zoo, yet one does not associate that delightful institution with art or the Society of Dramatic Authors.

What is, then, left for the actor to portray which the author has not provided him with? Emotions? They are conveyed by the words of his part (otherwise, as a dramatic effort the play would not have succeeded) or explained in stage directions. Moreover, is it art to depict feelings conveyed by another mind? One may acutely move a beholder by the portrayal of emotions that are personal and genuine, but surely

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it cannot attain to the dignity of art to move an audience by the exhibition of second-hand emotions which have been drilled into one by another person? Again, the charm of voice and presence or the grotesqueness of manner (highly paid for in the person of the low comedian) are extrinsic qualities that owe everything to nature and nothing to art. What, then, in the way of art can the actor presume the possession of? Does he claim a share in the efforts of the scenic artist or the work of the costumier and the limelight man? One can only wonder where or what he would be without them.

To summarise: the architect, in designing the theatre, creates; the author, in imagining the play, creates; the scenic artist, in giving form and colour to the setting, creates. Each of these is an artist. The actor is like the child with an outlined plan who is told to fill in its different sections with certain colours. He creates nothing. He is instructed to paint the trees green and the sky blue. If he follow his mother's directions she will regard his labours proudly; if, however, he paints the trees blue and the sky green she finds amusement in this perversion of nature, forgetting that he may grow up to follow the calling of the actor, and either spoil an author's conception of one of his characters or become a low comedian.

It is, of course, a matter of no consequence, except to the wounded vanity of the actor, whether he be an artist or not. He believes himself to be one because he has been told so by people who would not hesitate to include the fourth dimension in the same category, and because he sees his work criticised in those parts of the public journals reserved to matters of art. He regards that work as on a par with literature, music, and painting, ignoring the fact that the exponents of those arts only engage his services in an operative capacity, just as the architect engages the bricklayer. The public have accepted him on his own estimate, tempered by the unconscious reservation that, *au fond*, he is a jester. They tolerate him—allow him to take himself seriously—so long as he clowns.

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That this is the status of the actor and his feminine equivalent in England will be admitted by people who take the trouble to analyse their feelings towards him. They will, for several reasons, be assailed by many doubts in the process. They will be biassed by the preposterous amount of advertisement—pictorial and literary—accorded to him in the Press. For, short of such papers as the *Lancet* and the *Churchman*, the reader can hardly hope to pick up a journal which does not devote an undue amount of its space to the stage. The illustrated weeklies invariably contain pictures of prominent actors and actresses in new parts and costumes. One of the most noticeable features of the daily Press is the dramatic column. Like the poor, it is always with us. In name and in nature it is gossipy, cut up into paragraphs of short length to attract the reader. Here is no criticism; all is fulsome praise. The doings, the comings and goings of stage people are chronicled with the care that is given to the movements of Royalty. We are told that Mr. Dash and Miss Blank (one hears very little of Mrs. Dash) were present at Claridge's on such and such an evening supping with Mr. Randstein—they always are supping with someone; there is no record of their ever doing any entertaining themselves!—of how the "fascinating" Mrs. Blue Hopkins (in abbreviated costume which hardly permits of details) sold programmes at five shillings each at Madame Déclassé's charity entertainment. When it happens that Mr. MacSycophant, the actor-manager, has successfully schemed for an invitation to the house of a careless peeress the event is chronicled as a serious society item.

The fact is, the Press has weakened its authority on matters dramatic by cheapening its favours. As Mr. J. T. Grein has put it, the Press has not only "made the actor, but exalted him above his station." It can hardly have escaped the reading public that the criticism of even the leading journals after a *première* is invariably directed against the author, seldom the players. If the plot be not to the critic's

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liking he points out what he considers are its defects. But his stricture of the actor is limited to sympathy with him for the indifferent part he has been cast for, or, alternatively, because of its unsuitability to his particular "line of business." Among critics, nobody but the late Mr. Clement Scott had the courage to express an adverse opinion of the actor; and for some inscrutable reason he continues to be exempt from censure.

Where the actress is concerned the kindness of the Press seems to be founded on *de mortuis* principles. Nothing too good, nothing too extravagant can be said of her. The mark is apt to be overstepped, as when we read:

> It is currently reported that Miss Fluffy Montressor has been left a fortune of £30,000 by a late admirer. Miss Montressor, who is quite prostrated with grief by the news of her friend's] death, proposes to charter Lord Freelist's steam yacht and go for a protracted cruise in the Mediterranean.

And yet a week later the same journal will state:

> We are told that a benefit is being arranged for Miss Fluffy Montressor, whose long connection with the stage (&c.). Tickets should be applied for at once to the Hon. Mrs. Main-Chance, or they may be obtained direct from the fair *bénéficiaire* at Makehaste Mansions, Upper Tooting.

Wild horses would not drag the secret of the lady's private address from her under normal conditions, but a benefit makes her reckless.

As for the journals that exist by illustrating stage life, one can only regard them as a disease—a disease which is infectious in direct ratio to the square of their circulation. It attacks the young of both sexes and the very old among males, and the symptoms of the disease are expressed in the form of the theatrical postcard. These journals teem with the set smile of the popular actress and the slightly-draped presentiments of the chorus. We are a puritanical people who bar the nude in art; wherefore we are made to suffer by the nearest commercial approach to it—in tights! When she is not depicted in scanty attire the actress poses as the owner of an automobile. She may be a "Gibson girl" at three or four pounds a week, or

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earning twenty as a "star"; yet here she is portrayed at the steering-wheel of a 40-h.p. Limousine of the value of a thousand guineas! She does this as a joint advertisement of herself and the maker of the car; and when the public who see it are told in confidence that her salary runs into three figures they believe it!

To tell the public that the decadence of the British drama is mainly due to their insane curiosity about the private life of the actor, and their craving to know the scandal of the *coulisses* would surprise them. Yet the fact is patent to the members of "the profession" themselves. Some of the more intelligent among them have long seen and deplored it. Certain managers do all they can to limit the public's knowledge of theatre craft, because they appreciate that the old saying "Familiarity breeds contempt" applies to the stage as to everything else. Among managers, however, a reservation must be made. Some, no doubt, foolishly encourage the curiosity of the public; others, with inflated ideas of their own importance, court ridicule by adopting a *noli me tangere* attitude towards the members of their company. Take, for example, the notice posted on the call-board of a certain London theatre to the effect that the manager requests the members of his company not to recognise him when they meet him in the street! Nobody, probably, has thought of explaining to this complacent person the phrase, "How we apples do swim!" As against this instance it is worthy of remark that there exists an American *impresario*, who in his contracts with actors and actresses, prohibits them walking in Broadway during the busy hours of the day. At first glance such a clause seems autocratic and unnecessary; but it was framed by a man who controls enormous theatrical interests, and we may therefore take it for granted that it is imposed in the best interests of the stage. For the majority of stage people live only to be noticed—their overweening vanity demands it; their improvidence stands in the way of any self-respect; and they would rather lose their livelihood than their publicity. Is it not on record that the mother

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of a budding actor implored a certain dramatic critic to write about her son—to praise him if he could, but if not, still to write about him?

The public, of course, never do obtain any true account of the private life of the actor, for the actor has no private life to reveal. Domesticity is a state of which he has no experience. All he knows of it is in connection with the term "domestic drama"—which might be domestic were it not perverted by theatrical conception.

The theatrical interview takes us no further into the private life of the interviewed. It is a delusion and a snare. It reminds one of the remark of the man who, when asked to write his autobiography, readily consented, because, as he said, it was so much more satisfactory to invent pleasant fictions about oneself than to leave it to a biographer to record unpleasant truths about one later on. Who, then, shall blame the actress for making the most of the occasion? Her confidences are so disingenuous; her occupations are always so artistic, her sensibilities all so tender. Her little daughter (if she possess one) is the "one consolation of her exacting professional life"! Here we get domesticity of 80 h.p. on the brake. It renders the interviewer incoherent. "She adores the country (with a frank and winning smile), but (with a vivacious sparkle in her eye) she loves the Strand! The dear old Strand, and theatre-land, where all her successes," &c. The picture that accompanies the text shows her pouring out tea by the fireplace in her "dainty" drawing-room. The fireplace, curiously enough, is invariably the most prominent feature of the illustrated theatrical interview. It is always white, with curly embellishment, and its style is probably Græco-Roman—a variant of the Catch-as-catch-can. To describe it otherwise is difficult, and might be libellous. But heavens! it is time for the actress to go to the theatre, where she is appearing "in the most delightful part it has ever been her good fortune to 'create.' To disappoint the public (and give a chance to her understudy) i not to be thought of!" There is a kiss from her finger-tips

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(some sub-editing), and the interview is ended. It has quite escaped the interviewer, as it does the public, that there is an absence of reference to the lady's everyday doings, and not a word about a husband; but the public are very heedless. Besides, they have spent so much sympathy on Petrarch and Laura that they have none left for Laura's neglected spouse.

Can it be doubted that stage life destroys the perception by its votaries of any life than that unreal one in which they are engaged? Life to them is summed up in the one word Effect. Ever under a thousand eyes, everything they express or do must be premeditated. Pose is the essence of their would-be art, and the pose, once acquired, cannot be shaken off—it is second nature. Among his own people, in his lodgings, his untidy suburban villa, even in his pretentious West-end house, in his clubs, in the street, the actor remembers he has an audience. He cannot avoid it—he does not want to—he acts. Unlike the ordinary mortal, the actor is never alone; his own company would be fatal to him. At no time can he play to an "empty house," and he avoids solitude as he would a pestilence. Even at the end, when he is about to "shuffle off this mortal coil," he dies consoled by the thought that, however insignificant his life, however trifling his contribution to the sum of mundane things, he will at least get half a column of emotional panegyric in the *Stage*, treating of his virtues, his trials, and his triumphs.

Let us now consider why the actor, in spite of his deficiencies, bulks so largely in the public eye. We have already spoken of the brief which the Press hold for him; and when we remember that the Press, in its capacity of honorary counsel to the public, has to support the public cause, we are able to find a reason for its apparent interest in the actor. To the public, then, we must go for a comprehension of the obsession which the actor has for them. The desire for amusement no doubt in part accounts for it; for, since the taste of the masses is uncritical, they are tolerant of the form in which amusement is provided for them. It must not be forgotten that the

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prosperity of the stage stands or falls by the taste of the majority; and the majority in this country are not exactly sound on the subject of taste. The grotesque appeals to them; simplicity they find insipid. They prefer some ghastly contrivance in wall-paper, such as a nightmare design in blue on a terra-cotta ground—which they are convinced is "art"—to plain symmetry. And so, to their untrained eye, the tawdry work of the English actor is all-sufficing.

The social prominence of the actor does not, however, depend on the acclamations of the crowd. The majority give him publicity and, through the Press, the "notices" so dear to him. But out of the theatre they do not want to share his life; they are too busy. It is the minority who are responsible for the intrusion of the actor *in impropria persona* among us. It is the idle, the vain, and the foolish of society who have inflicted the actor upon their intellectual betters in the hope of penetrating beyond the footlights, and so obtaining a close acquaintance with what is worst in theatrical life—the licence of the stage. This is what allures. The goal is the stage, the flesh, and Apollyon; and though the reward of success be but a little reflected notoriety it is accounted ample by those who earn it.

Nobody minds, nobody thinks downright ill of this stage traffic. Paterfamilias lets his girls discuss the association between Mr. Blank and Miss Dash, and collect pictorial postcards of the Triviality chorus (which, under the title of "studies," elude police suppression). The whole thing is excused as "Bohemianism"—a phase of life that never existed in this country, and never had anything to do with the theatre in any other.

A further phase of the mania for intimacy with "the profession" is seen in the proceedings of the theatrical syndicate. It confines its attention to musical plays and large choruses—the large female chorus is essential to its well-being. There is a lavish "production," gorgeous costumes, but no stage-management worthy the name. There are too many

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cooks behind the scenes, and the dramatic broth is meagre. But that does not trouble the syndicate. The subscribers to it crowd the "entrances" on the stage, and earn the right to call the chorus by their Christian names! Needless to say, the funds of these theatrical *souteneurs* vanish at an alarming pace, and when the doors of their theatre close they do so without a single regret from the paying public. So does the commercial side of genuine theatrical enterprise suffer.

We may blame the public, we may feel contempt for the peccant humour of the syndicate, we may shake an admonitory finger in the face of the Press that knows which side its bread is buttered, we may deplore national shortcomings in matters of taste—we may do all these things in order to account for deterioriation in affairs theatrical; but to find a true explanation of it we must go to the root of the evil—the actor himself.

The classes from which he is drawn are mainly two. In order of precedence, that of the "old professional" comes first. It includes all those who from childhood have breathed the atmosphere of the stage—whose forebears were actors themselves. To be born into "the profession" implies among its members a sort of brevet rank not accorded to those who come into it from outside spheres. The professional born belongs to a race apart. The stage has been his cradle, his nursery, his school, his church, and his home. His mental horizon is bounded by it; he knows no other world. On the stage he has learnt the tricks of his trade by mere force of habit. He is a "mummer" to whom schools of acting have nothing to impart. He does not, indeed, trouble any school more than an interfering Government insists. He is already employed on the stage when others of his age are groping amidst the various clauses of intermittent Education Bills, and his education is so strictly "sectarian" that—did he inquire into it—it would make the average passive resister feel he had no *locus standi*. But of books, knowledge, or anything scholarly the "professional" has no acquaintance. His reading is confined to the more popular columns of the daily papers and to the study

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of theatrical news in his two weekly trade journals. Beyond this he does not go, because he does not understand the need of intellectual attainment or the moral code that is followed by the average man. Laxity in everything has been his bane from childhood; and the narrow distinction between the sexes which must obtain in a calling where men and women play with the sexual emotions for so much a week necessarily dulls his sense of right and wrong.

Besides these, the stage absorbs the ne'er-do-well, the profligate, the unintelligent, and the vain among all classes. Among the hundreds recruited, the proportion of those belonging to the ranks of the well-born and the cultured is infinitesimal. If, to this small minority, we add the few among the old professional families who lead decent lives and give their children reasonable schooling, the leavening of superiority is still totally inadequate to appreciably raise the standard of life, the moral tone, or the mental qualities of the remainder.

This, then, is the class that is supposed to "hold the mirror up to Nature," to portray the varied phases of life and to deal with psychological problems that puzzle philosophers. These are the men and women to whom it is given to delineate the majesty and poetic fancy of Shakespeare's characters, and represent the exquisites of Sheridan. For the modern play we dress them up and label one, the Duke of This, the other, the Duchess of That. In appearance and manner the former, more often than not, seems based on the well-drilled young man behind a Bond Street counter; the latter appears to have made a careful study of something between a smart barmaid and a fashionable heroine of a penny novelette. The result, of course, is gross caricature. If acting were an art, we should find that the actor could provide as reasonable a picture of the duke as he does of the dustman; but he fails in representing the former by reason of low mental capacity and a limited imagination, whereas his admirable conception of the latter is the result of mere hobby.

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To cite another illustration of the limitations of the actor, let us take the realm of sport, which constantly figures in the work of the playwright. How seldom do we see any sporting character realised on the stage? How, indeed, can we expect to do so when there are probably not more than a dozen actors in England—the home of sport—who have any personal acquaintance with the outdoor pastimes of English gentlemen? A man who has never ridden or shot or yachted can hardly be expected to look or behave as though he had; and, as a natural consequence, when the actor on the stage has a gun put into his hands he holds it in a manner calculated to unnerve the stoutest-hearted shot in the audience. When one sees him in breeches and boots—full of anxiety lest he should trip himself up with his spurs—he reminds one of the man who went out on a horse and came home inside a cab. In nautical attire he convinces one that he would be unwell on a L.C.C. steamboat.

The incapacity of the English actor can only be a subject for regret, especially to those who have experience of the Continental stage. There, if we do not find art, we get something which compensates us for its absence. The average foreign actor has imagination—the first among the actor's gifts; he is spontaneous, easy, natural, realistic. Here, in place of those qualities, we are confronted with awkwardness of action, elocutionary deficiency, exaggeration, mannerism, and a self-consciousness that destroys every pleasant illusion of the stage.

"The drama would be tolerable were it not for the actors," was the remark of a thoughtful person after witnessing a play. But this view was anticipated centuries ago by the Chinese, whose civilisation cannot be doubted when it is stated that all their open competitive examinations are barred only to those convicted of crime, and to *actors, executioners, and others who inflict punishment*!

ARMIGER BARCLAY.

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GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

OLD Q.

IF one wanted to fix, among the eminent figures of our history, on a presiding genius for Piccadilly, one might wish, in a soft and gracious mood, to choose the Duchess Georgiana. Or, if one wanted a world-wide name that left a deep mark on England and Europe, one might think of the Duke of Wellington. One might wish and one might think, but one would have to fix on Old Q. He is there by right of familiarity and inveterate tradition; Old Q.'s is altogether too strong a case, and in fact over some less lovely aspects of Piccadilly Old Q.'s is quite the proper spirit to preside. Devonshire House and Apsley House must give way to No. 138.[1] Half a century ago there were scores of Londoners living who remembered the figure of him as he sat on a balcony of the house close to Hyde Park Corner, a parasol in his hand if the sun was hot, intent in observation, since he could no longer act, up to the last moment of his life, a ruined monument of such open licence as London could never see again.

From the middle of the eighteenth century until ten years after its close, first as Lord March and Raglan, and after 1778, when he succeeded his cousin, husband of Prior's "Kitty,

[1] And 139. They were one house in his day, the famous outside stairs to the first floor and the lift for his senile convenience being at 138. It was at 139, then "13 Piccadilly Terrace," Lord Byron lived.

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beautiful and young," as Duke of Queensberry he stood high, admired or offending, against the gaze of the world. It is only fair to state, however, that in the prime of life his conduct was not more scandalous than that of many contemporaries. Horace Walpole was afraid he had scandalised his neighbourhood by harbouring Lord March and "the Rena," the Italian singer who was his mistress at the time, but then Strawberry Hill was a quiet and decorous place. Lord Sandwich, the Duke of Grafton, the second Lord Bolingbroke, and many others, were quite as open in their unblessed amours in London and at Newmarket. Old Q.'s excessive reputation came merely from his continuing these manners into a generation which saw no other exemplars of them. Nor was he a man of uniquely extravagant passions at all. Many men in all ages and countries have led and lead essentially the same life, only no man of any position in this country has led it openly since he died. Monster for monster, for example, we may find a worse in the Lord Hertford who was the Regent's friend, "Red Herrings," the original of Thackeray's Steyne, and Disraeli's Montfort, and who married Old Q.'s daughter, "Mie Mie." A bad man, an immoral man, this Old Q. no doubt was, but I do not think his memory calls for any especial effort of denunciation on my part. I much prefer the elegant deprecation of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall:

> Unfortunately, his sources of information [he is speaking of the Duke's good judgment], the turf, the drawing-room, the theatre, the great world, were not the most pure, nor the best adapted to impress him with a favourable idea of his own species.

That is really the nice way of putting these things.

Not profligacy but racing made him famous as a young man. At this pursuit he was indefatigable, as the long series of his letters to George Selwyn constantly shows. He is always just come from Newmarket, or is at Newmarket, or going to Newmarket—with the Rena or the Zamperini to be sure, but still in a spirit of business. He was a gentleman jockey in his early days, riding his own horses in the matches

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which were so prominent a part of the racing in these times. He seems to have been generally lucky, but not always. "My dear George, I have lost my match and am quite broke," begins a letter undated, but apparently from Newmarket. He gave up the turf when he succeeded—at fifty-three—to the Queensberry title and estates, but he was still associated with it in the public mind. Two years later, when there was a rumour that he was to marry Lady Henrietta Stanhope, there was a lampoon of him full of puns on his late avocation.

> Say, Jockey Lord, adventurous Macaroni,
> So spruce, so old, so dapper, stiff, and starch,
> Why quit the amble of thy pacing pony?
> Why on a filly risk the name of March?
>
> Ah! think, squire Groom, in spite of Pembroke's tits,
> An abler rider oft has lost his seat;
> Young should the jockey be who mounts such bits,
> Or he'll be run away with every heat.

And so forth—all very hard on a man of fifty-three, who was to live another thirty years.

Betting, of course, went on in this sporting set all day. They bet about most things, but their favourite subjects, as any one who has read the "Betting Book" at White's or Brooks's will remember, were marriage and death. One would bet that a number of his friends would all be married before him—"or dead" is cautiously inserted in one such bet—or that old So-and-so would survive another year, and so on. It was about a bet of this last dismal kind that Old Q., then Lord March, and a friend went to law. Lord March bet Mr. Pigot 500 guineas that Sir William Codrington would outlive Mr. Pigot's father. He did; but Mr. Pigot's father was actually dead when the bet was made, though of course neither wagerer knew it, and Mr. Pigot refused to pay, and Lord March sued him before Lord Mansfield in the Court of Queen's Bench. In our time of course no such action would

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lie. The case was of great interest to the betting world, and Lord Ossory and other eminent sportsmen gave evidence. Mr. Pigot argued that his deceased father was in the position of a horse which had died before the day of a race; the wager in that case would be invalid. But Lord Mansfield charged the jury otherwise, and poor Pigot lost five hundred guineas, costs, father and all.

Precisely when Old Q. settled in Piccadilly I have been unable to discover, but certainly by 1767, though perhaps not at 138. Neither precisely do I know when he enacted in the drawing-room there his famous reproduction of the scene on Mount Ida, with three of the most beautiful women in London to represent the goddesses (in the same dress, so to speak) and himself as Paris to give the apple. As Wraxall remarks, it was a scene would have been appropriate to the days of Charles the Second, though when he marvels at it in the "correct days of George the Third" we marvel also at the epithet.

He seems never to have been really keen about politics, though the details of appointments are frequent in the news parts of his letters. He was a Lord of the Bedchamber for twenty-eight years, but lost that post in 1788, in consequence of a rare error in judgment. George the Third was insane, and Old Q., after careful enquiries among the doctors—with the caution of an old sportsman—thought it safe to bet on his not recovering. So he had conferences with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York in Piccadilly, regaling them, we are told, with "plentiful draughts of champagne," and finally went over to the side of the Prince and Fox. But George the Third did recover, and the Duke was dismissed.

That seems to have been his one personal move in politics, but political interest brought him under the satire of Robert Burns, who seems to have had a virtuous horror for the Duke's libertine character. Old Q. went down to canvass for the Dumfries Boroughs; and Burns, who was on the other side, let him have it.

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I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
Wha left the all-important cares
Of Princes and their darlins.

—on "Drumlanrig" the editor of my Burns has "the fourth Duke of Queensberry, of infamous memory," which is harsh. Burns's memory is of course immaculate. And again—

The laddies by the banks o' Nith
Wad trust his grace wi' a', Jamie;
But he'll sair them as he sair'd the King,
Turn tail and rin' awa', Jamie.

The day he stood his country's friend,
Or gaed her faes a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

Wordsworth, by the way, denounced the "degenerate Douglas" for felling the trees at Drumlanrig.

And now for his character, for no man's character is really summed up in calling him a profligate, or saying that his memory is infamous.

It was agreed among his friends that from early days this voluptuary was remarkable for strong common-sense. The letters are full of it—a sort of rough sagacity and a cynicism that was not of the affected type, a usual green sickness of youth, but the clear-eyed recognition of certain unfortunate facts in the humanity surrounding him. So when George Selwyn, who was rather given to much words about misfortune, wrote to tell him of losing a thousand pounds, he replied—and I quote a little fully because here certainly the style is the man—

When I came home last night I found your letter on my table. So you have lost a thousand pounds, which you have done twenty times in your lifetime, and won it again as often; and why should not the same thing happen again? I make no doubt that it will. I am sorry, however, that you have lost your money; it is unpleasant. In the meantime, what the devil signify the *le fable de Paris* or the nonsense of White's? You may be sure they will be glad you have lost your money; not because they dislike you, but because they like to laugh.

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And here is a glimpse of the punishment which comes to every clear-headed sensualist, that sentiment falls away from his emotions. He writes to George of the Zamperini:

> You see what a situation I am in with my little *Buffa*. She is the prettiest creature that ever was seen; in short, I like her vastly, and she likes me, because I give her money. I wish I had never met with her [because she broke his heart, or anything of that kind? Well, no] because I should then have been at Paris with you, where I am sure I should have been much happier than I have been here.

To be sure, my Lord March was over forty by then—a fact, by the way, which made Sir George Trevelyan, in his "Life of Fox," very rightly angry for these franknesses.

But the Duke of Queensberry was something more than merely shrewd and cynical. He carried a sense of logic to an extreme point, and applying it to an unusual sphere of human activity gained thereby a reputation of eccentricity which was not properly his. There is a logic of the passions, I know, which even commonly is sterner than the logic of the intellect; but this last, which is usually at war with the passions, Old Q. made their active and vigilant servant. He made up his mind that certain pleasures were, for him, the highest good in life; and to have them in abundance, and for the longest possible time, he used every means at his disposal, wealth, a great position and all his faculties. All this calmly, relentlessly, even with a certain Scotch canniness, and with an indifference to the world's opinion so complete that even in an eighteenth-century duke it should gain him some credit for courage. I do not know of any voluptuary in history quite of this distinction in his profession. One or two in the early Roman Empire come to mind, but in them one finds a sort of headstrong savagery, a vulgarity of magnificence, which you may parallel in some of our own millionaires, but not in the Duke of Queensberry. He, at least, was a man of taste, and, if you can waive the moral point, a gentleman. At the very last, worn out and diseased, we find him writing an apology to a

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friend for a passing touch of irritation. An evil type of aristocracy, it may be, but at least an authentic aristocrat.

Few men indeed, even sensualists, go through life without some softness of feeling, and this one had one real affection—for his friend George Selwyn. In letters so curt and businesslike and intolerant of affectation as his, a touch of feeling carries its truth with it. In the letter about the thousand pounds from which I have quoted, after saying that he would put it right at the bank, and "there will be no bankruptcy without we are both ruined at the same time,"—this, remember, was long before Lord March came into his kingdom, in days when he himself could be "quite broke"—he goes on:

> How can you think, my dear George, and I hope you do not think, that anybody, or anything, can make a tracasserie between you and me? I take it ill that you can even talk of it, which you do in the letter I had by Ligonier. I must be the poorest creature upon earth—after having known you so long, and always as the best and sincerest friend that any one ever had—if any one alive can make any impression upon me where you are concerned. I told you, in a letter I wrote some time ago, that I depended more upon the continuance of our friendship than anything else in the world, which I certainly do, because I have so many reasons to know you, and I am sure I know myself.

He could make this last statement with more truth than most of us.

But sensualists harden, and the Rev. Dr. Warner found him, many years later, most unfeeling on the subject of Mie Mie. The reader, I do not doubt, knows all about Mie Mie, but perhaps he will forgive me if in the interest of scientific thoroughness I tell him an oft-told tale. Mie Mie was the daughter of the Marchesa Fagniani, and George Selwyn, who loved all children, conceived for her a devotion which touched and amused and slightly bored his friends. Gossips of that day and a later have said it was doubtful whether he himself or the Duke of Queensberry was her real father. I think, however, that nobody who knows the world and reads the Selwyn correspondence can doubt that George could not have believed he was her father, and that, whoever it was in fact—and let us

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hope it was the Marquis Fagniani after all—he, and the Duke too, believed it was his friend. Letters from Warner to Selwyn assume the parentage of Old Q. Well, Selwyn wanted the child to be given up to him, to educate her, and Madame Fagniani refused, and half accepted, and refused again, and led poor George a cruel dance over Europe in his pathetic and slightly ridiculous quest. In all this Old Q.—who certainly professed no parental interest in the child—was sympathetic, though his common-sense could not but be in arms, and he pointed out that the more eager George showed himself, the more Madame Fagniani, a capricious woman who thought herself a neglected beauty, would torment him: also that he, the Duke, was the last person who profitably could interfere.

However, when George at last succeeded and the child was given up to him, the Duke began a little to pooh-pooh his friend's excessive tenderness and the fuss that was made over Mie Mie. Dr. Warner used to call on him in Piccadilly with accounts of her progress, and was indignant at his want of tenderness. Warner, by the way, was a good man strangely maligned by Thackeray, who said he was a parasite and licked Old Q.'s boots, whereas he said plainly he disliked Old Q., and only frequented him to oblige Selwyn, for whom it is quite clear he had a sincere regard. Warner's letters are by far the wittiest in the whole collection.

"Well, and how does Mie Mie go on?" asked the Duke, and Warner expatiated on her talents, "in the fond hope to please him," and said she was learning everything. "Pshaw! she will be praised for what the child of a poor person would be punished. Such sort of education is all nonsense," and so on. In this I detect an unwillingness on the Duke's part to let the Rev. Dr. Warner assume too much. Another time George had written from the country to Warner about "the little flannel petticoat" Mie Mie was wearing, and Warner read the letter to Old Q., "with which he ought to have been pleased, but which he treated with a pish or a damn."

Dr. Warner was severe on him for this levity.

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I have many acquaintances [says he] in an humbler sphere of life, with as much information, with as strong sense, and, as far as appears to *me*, with abundantly more amiable qualities of the heart, than his Grace of Queensberry.

Well, I am fond of children and am not a wicked duke, but I confess that if my morning avocations were interrupted by clergymen reading letters about little flannel petticoats, even my own daughter's, I might pish too. Selwyn and Warner expected too much of a voluptuary.

Old Q., however, left Mie Mie a fortune. And that brings me betimes, since I grow garrulous, to the end.

George Selwyn and all his old friends were long dead. He was blind of an eye and deaf of an ear, toothless and infirm. For his estates in Scotland he had never cared; Amesbury in Wiltshire, a place of most beautiful surroundings, he had ceased to visit; even his villa at Richmond, where he had grown tired of the Thames with its "flow, flow, flow," he had given up; Piccadilly was his home, and there he sat in the sun under his parasol. But this old man, much over eighty, was still keen to see life, still ready to talk if he could not hear.

Never did any man [says Wraxall, who saw him much in these days] retain more animation, or manifest a sounder judgment. Even his figure, though emaciated, still remained elegant; his manners were noble and polished; his conversation gay, always entertaining, generally original, rarely instructive, frequently libertine, indicating a strong, sagacious, masculine intellect, with a thorough knowledge of man.

And the statesman Wyndham notes in his diary, two years before Old Q.'s death, how he "went in to the Duke of Queensberry, whom I saw at his window; full of life but very difficult to communicate with, and greatly declined in bodily powers."

There he sat on his balcony, and the world saw him as it went by and moralised over him. Leigh Hunt, for example, often saw him there, "and wondered at the longevity of his dissipation and the prosperity of his worthlessness." Many tales of him went about. They said he took baths of milk,

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and quite a prejudice against drinking milk arose in the neighbourhood. It seems to be true that he kept a groom, Jack Radford, ready mounted to follow ladies whose appearance interested him as he looked down on Piccadilly.

There he sat, with his neat peruke, and his strong-featured, lively, sharp old face. It seemed as though he would sit there for ever; but at last, in 1810, at the age of eighty-six, he died, and was buried under the altar in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, and his will, with its various bequests to favourites, caused much more sensation than that of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. "The Star of Piccadilly," as a rhyme of the day called him, was set.

G. S. Street.

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"POPE'S TOWER"

THE afternoon sun was glinting pleasantly into a small room at the top of a tower. It was a square room with windows looking to the four points of the compass, not altogether unlike a lighthouse, one might say, after climbing the dark and narrow staircase leading to the apartment, but this illusion vanishes when we enter the peaceful wainscotted room. Latticed windows do not admit too much light, although a coign of vantage like this tower gives an outlook over the sleepy midlands wide as the ocean, but the only water we can see is the River Thames or the Windrush stealing through the meadows.

The day was still at its brightest, but it was the hour when labour calls for repose. A hard day's work had been done in that room, and the occupant threw himself back wearily in his chair, with a sigh of relief, as the pen fell from his hand. The work was not that of days, but of years, and the little wainscotted room with the latticed windows had been peopled with the busy images of a poet's brain, for this was a poet's study, and the fragile figure in the chair was Alexander Pope. That the conclusion of the work gave him peculiar satisfaction we may gather from the inscription still carefully preserved on the pane of glass on which he wrote it:

In the Year 1718
Alexander Pope
finished here
the fifth volume of Homer.

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The usual idea of Pope is that of a man of the world and society, the friend of statesmen, and the chosen companion of the wits and *literati* of his age. How he came to be exiled to this lonely eyrie is one of the interesting, but less well-known, episodes in his busy life. His sojourn there resulted from his friendship with Lord Harcourt, the Tory Chancellor of Queen Anne, who was amongst those who urged him to undertake the translation of Homer's "Iliad." Lord Harcourt was not only anxious that Pope should undertake the work, but was mainly instrumental in aiding its successful completion by placing his old deserted manor-house of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, at the poet's disposal. Here the seclusion necessary for the task was to be found, and the old tower and some other portions of the house still stand in perfect preservation, as in the days when he inhabited it, and the study is known in the neighbourhood to this day as "Pope's Tower."

The idea of this translation was first originated by Sir W. Trumbell, and we are told that the proposal of Pope's doing it was so popular that Whigs and Tories were alike equally zealous in promoting the scheme. One staunch Protestant, alone, obtained for the little Papist as many as thirty-eight subscribers! The plan was conceived on a liberal scale—the translation to be published in six volumes, its price, five guineas each volume, to be carried out by subscription. It was a grand thing for Pope in every way, though he had misgivings about undertaking it, and many of his friends, like Lord Oxford for instance, considered a mere translation a waste of time for a man of Pope's original genius. How the poet added lustre to his own name, while perpetuating the fame of Homer, is well known, and bears out the now generally accepted theory that a translation is the more valuable in proportion as it conveys the spirit rather than the letter of the original.

It is hardly possible for any writer to escape altogether the influences of his generation. The quicker his sensibilities, the more vivid will be his impressions of all around, and the more easily will they affect his writings. If his surroundings are

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frivolous, artificial, and scandal-loving, he will with difficulty escape the taint, but where the smaller minds succumb entirely to these disastrous influences, the character of the real man of genius generally throws off the shackles of mere environment when he intends to leave behind him a work of lasting repute. So with Pope when in the great world of London he talked its jargon, listened to its stories, and employed his pen to perpetuate many of its follies, but no one knew better than he the necessity of abstraction when he had a really big piece of work on hand. And hence his frequent visits to his patron's empty house at Stanton Harcourt. During one of his visits there, he writes:

I was necessitated to come to continue my translation of Homer, for at my own house I have no peace from visitants and appointments of continual parties of pleasure—things very unseasonable to a man who has such a cruel unproportionable task on his mind. There will be no stirring me from the country hereabouts till I have done this whole volume (the fifth); for here, except this day that I spend at Oxford, I am quite in a desert incognito from my very neighbours, by the help of a noble lord, who has consigned a lone house to me for this very purpose.

I could not lie at his own for the very reason I do not go to Grinstead, because I love his company too well to mind anything else when it is in my way to enjoy it.

When thus alone he became thoroughly absorbed in his subject, and in his own delightful humorous way he describes his methods:

What can you expect [he writes] from a man who has not talked these five days? When people talk of going to church I think of sacrifices and libations; when I see the parson I address him as Chryses priest of Apollo, and instead of the Lord's Prayer, I begin, "God of the silver bow," &c. While you in the world are concerned about the Protestant succession, I consider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a speedy conclusion.[1]

How happily and naturally this letter brings the writer before us; we seem to realise at once the scholar and man of

[1] Letter from Pope to Caryll, Courthope's "Life of Pope," August 11, 1718.

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letters happy in his work, and jesting over it while thoroughly appreciating its difficulties.

The lonely room seems to us, as to him, peopled with the heroic figures of the past, gods and goddesses mingling in the strife of mortals, and its walls resounding to the din and clang of Homeric warfare. What a change from the peaceful, home-like surroundings of Stanton Harcourt to such scenes as those suggested by the following lines :

> Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies,
> A sudden cloud came o'er his eyes ;
> Here the brave chief who mighty numbers sway'd,
> Oppressed, had sunk to death's eternal shade ;
> But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love
> She bore Anchises in the Idæan Grove,
> His danger views with anguish and despair,
> And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
> About her much-loved son her arms she throws,
> Her arms whose whiteness match the fallen snows.
> Screened from the foe behind her shining veil,
> The swords wave harmless and the javelins fail ;
> Safe through the rushing horse and feathered flight
> Of sounding shafts she bears him from the fight.[1]

What strange phantasmagoria to be conjured up at the will of one man, whose frail shrinking form droops now over his work, and whose sole weapon is his pen! The quiet room becomes suddenly empty, as the poet puts aside his writing, and, after searching for his stick to aid him, slowly descends the steep stair leading from his study.

Above the study there is a flat roof. From its battlements Oxford can be seen, its towers and spires gleaming through the summer mists—a pleasant spot to linger in in the cool of the evening when the soft wind blows up from the river freshening the sultry atmosphere. Underneath the study are two small rooms, one of them no doubt Pope's bedchamber, and on the ground floor is what was once the domestic chapel, in perfect preservation, dating from the fifteenth century, with the arms

[1] Pope's "Iliad," book iv.

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of its founder and his wife emblazoned on shields near the roof. Pope's whimsical description of this ancient residence, which has belonged to his patron's family for six hundred years, is to be found in a letter from him to the Duke of Buckingham, but though admirable from a literary point of view, we cannot commend its accuracy. The description of the kitchen, the oldest part of the building, is perhaps its most recognisable portion. He says:[1]

> The kitchen is built in the form of the Rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast calderons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch.

This old kitchen is of marked archæological interest, being the only building of the same description in England, excepting the one at Glastonbury. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in "Our Old Home," calls it "A kitchen within a chimney," in allusion to the manner of the smoke escaping under the roof instead of in the usual way. The walls are three feet thick, and the whole building is in perfect preservation, as fit to stand a siege to-day as in the reign of Stephen when it was built. With the adjoining buildings it formed part of an irregularly shaped structure built round three sides of a court and occupying a considerable portion of ground, the Tower which Pope inhabited being, as far as we can judge, the most recently constructed portion of the house.

The rest of the mansion had been allowed to fall into disrepair, and when the Lord Chancellor came into possession he preferred to dismantle it completely, living himself at Cokethorpe. Later Nuneham, which he acquired, became the principal seat of the family.

The remains of the old mansion lie surrounded by big elm trees whose sheltering arms protect it alike from summer heats and the blasts of winter. Hidden away behind their

[1] "Pope's Letters," edited by Elwin and Courthope.

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shade the fish ponds, full of ancient carp, still survive, the largest one reflecting in its depth as in a mirror the beautiful parish church with Pope's Tower and the old kitchen. A delightful old-world picture, and to be treasured in proportion to its rarity in these days when the hand of the destroyer has passed over so many of our venerable buildings! Here the shady walks lead through portions of the grounds described in old plans as the shrubs, the fish stews, the drying green, the hop garden, &c., forming altogether as quiet and sequestered a spot for study as the heart of poet could desire. And then how pleasant to stroll out into the cheerful village of Stanton Harcourt astir with the busy life of the fields, the villagers hay-making or harvesting with their noisy waggons passing continually, a relief after, as Pope says, "talking with no one but the dead." He has left us a proof of his acquaintance and sympathy with the lives of his humble neighbours in the lines he wrote on the tragic fate of two young villagers whose deaths occurred under the following circumstances while he was at Stanton Harcourt.

One sultry July afternoon the sound of voices broke the silence of the poet's study, and footsteps were heard on the stone stairs leading to his rooms. Slowly they came on, for the stair is very steep and narrow, winding the whole length of the tower. The two toiling up those steps were no infrequent visitors, and Pope knew the voices well as he flung open the tiny door to admit them. His kindly patron, Lord Harcourt, had come over from Cokethorpe, as was his habit, to see the poet and bringing with him "Mr." Gay. The greetings were, however, not as cheerful as usual, for Lord Harcourt brought the news to Pope of the terrible death by lightning of two of his work-people, John Hewet and Sarah Drewe, while engaged in the harvest-field at Southleigh, near Stanton Harcourt. The fate of these two, a young lad and lass, had a pathetic interest from the fact that they were shortly to be married. Lord Harcourt had a mural slab placed on the outside wall of Stanton Harcourt Church, with the following inscription:

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Near this place lie the bodies of John Hewet and Sarah Drew. An industrious young man and virtuous maiden of this parish. Who being at harvest work (with several others) were in one instant killed by lightning the last day of July 1718.

Lord Harcourt considered that the catastrophe ought to be further immortalised, and requested Pope and Gay to write an epitaph. Their composition, however, did not please him; he thought it beyond the comprehension of the village community. "Well, then," said Pope, "I will make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Sternhold or Hopkins."[1] He then composed the following quaint epitaph, which is inscribed upon the monument already mentioned:

Think not by vig'rous judgment seized
A pair so faithful could expire,
Victims so pure, heav'n saw well pleased,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.
Live well, and fear no sudden fate
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Gay[2] gives in a letter the following picturesque account of the death of the lovers:

They have passed through the various labours of the year together with the greatest satisfaction; if she milk'd, 'twas his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand. It was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posy on her silver ring was of his choosing. . . . Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of their wedding clothes, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion to choose her a hat for the wedding day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frighted, and fell down in a

[1] Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors."
[2] *Ibid.*

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swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder. Everyone was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field. No answer being returned, to those who called to our lovers, they stepped to the place where they lay. They perceived the barley all in a smoke; and then spied the faithful pair, John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eyebrow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast; her lover was all over black, but not the least sign of life was found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions they were conveyed back to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton Harcourt churchyard.

And thus the tragedy of these village lovers came to be interwoven with the great historical and literary names of Queen Anne's reign, for Lord Campbell goes on to tell us how Lord Chancellor Harcourt, with Pope and Gay, were all present when John Hewet and his pretty sweetheart were laid to rest in Stanton Harcourt Churchyard.

Lord Harcourt had soon, alas! to employ Pope's pen on a subject still nearer his heart, when shortly afterwards he lost his only son, also a friend of Pope, and a young man of rare promise. The sorrowing father turned to Pope for help in the composition of the memorial lines, his own feelings being too keenly stirred to allow him to write on the matter. His criticisms, however, were excellent, and the touching lines suggested by him and written by Pope appear on his son's monument in the burying-place of the Harcourt family in Stanton Harcourt Church:

To this sad Shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near.
Here lies the Friend most loved, the Son most dear,
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Nor gave his Father grief but when he died.
How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak,
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak;
Oh, let thy once loved friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a Father's sorrows mix his own.

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Pope's friendship with Lord Harcourt and his family is characterised by many pleasant incidents, and appears to have been unmarred by any of the stings and stabs he dealt out to others of his contemporaries.

Referring to the portrait of himself now at Nuneham, Pope wrote to Lord Harcourt:[1]

August 22nd, 1723.

My Lord,—It is a satisfaction to tell your Lordship that I shall not be in any way disappointed of the honour you intend me of filling a place in your library with my picture. I came to town yesterday and got admission to Sir Godfrey Kneller, who assured me the original was done for your Lordship, and that you and no man but you should have it. I saw the picture there afterwards, and was told then by his Man that you had sent and put a seal upon it, so I am certain that affair is settled.

Give me leave, my Lord, with great sincerity, to thank you for so Obliging a thought, as thus to make me a Sharer in the Memory as well as I was in the love of a person who was justly the dearest object to you in the world,[2] and thus to be authorised by you to be called his friend after both of us shall be dust. I am ever with all good wishes to your Lordship and your family (in which, too, I must do my Mother the justice to join her), My Lord, Your most Obliged and Most faithful servant.

In this, as in all the correspondence with Lord Harcourt, we see the really friendly terms that subsisted between Pope and his patron, and the extreme kindness which characterised all the latter's relations with the sensitive man of genius who was so frequent an inmate of his house. And there in his study in the solitary chamber in the Tower we will take our leave of Pope. Nearly two centuries have passed since he lived and wrote there, yet his memory haunts the spot with a persistent charm that speaks to all who value the best traditions of literature and love to trace its influence on a generation, remote and apart from our own, yet brought near to us by the attractive force of intellect and culture in one of its most distinguished sons.

MARY BLACKWOOD PORTER.

[1] "Pope's Letters," edited by Elwin and Courthope.

[2] Lord Harcourt's son.

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THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER XVII

THE TELEGRAM

THERE are moments, perhaps, in most lives (but such periods are not to be measured by the clock) of vague but perfect happiness; enjoyed almost unconsciously at the time, yet looked back upon afterwards with wonder and envy.

Jeanne did not pause to ask herself why the days at Challonsleigh were so much happier than any other days her life had ever known; nor why the spring season, always a time of rejoicing, should this year be so riotously glad as to fill her heart with actual ecstasy as she walked in the sunshine, beneath a cloudless April sky, and gathered the scented white violets and the yellow daffodils growing by thousands in the fields.

She tried her hand at golf, under the Duke's tuition; and being blessed with the luck that usually attends beginners, believed that she could play the game very fairly; she was driven to the meet in the Duke's dogcart, and with great wonder and admiration beheld the Duchess on her colossal steed, looking as trim as it was possible for a lady weighing fourteen stone to look, in her close-fitting habit; she sat with

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the Duke in the new tennis-court, and watched vigorous encounters between Dermot and Brian, evenly matched in the royal game, equally tall, active, and muscular; and she wondered that Cousin Denis could be so keenly and breathlessly interested as a mere looker-on.

She marvelled at the luxury of the stables, the number of the horses, the extensiveness of the kennels, and the perfection of the model farms on the estate, which appealed strongly to her own orderly instincts and practical experience.

The Duchess was fond of an out-door life. When she was at home in the country she discarded her fine clothes, her curled white front, and her long-handled glasses; and tramped about the grounds in all weathers, wearing a short tweed skirt, a billy-cock perched on her own grey hair, and a pair of spectacles which enabled her to see where she was going.

She carried always a stout walking-stick, and was generally followed by half-a-dozen dogs besides her favourite boar-hound. She visited cottages, inspected the home farm, and examined the timber with untiring interest and energy.

But it was new to her to find a female companion who was as tireless as herself and a great deal more active, and who had an even more practical knowledge of the subjects connected with stock, cider-making, and dairy-work.

She found fault (in her usual candid manner) with Jeanne's too elegant walking attire, and presented one of her own tweed skirts to her visitor (to Dunham's horror), which Jeanne gratefully accepted, as she did all the advice bestowed upon her by the Duchess, who was highly delighted by such docility.

Her fear of the Duchess vanished during the expeditions she made with her; tramping up steep, red, muddy roads, through coppices carpeted with primroses, down narrow stony lanes, and over springy mossy turf—they became very nearly intimate.

The Duchess, to be sure, monopolised the chief part of the conversation; but the country was hilly, and the great lady was stout; going uphill Jeanne had it all her own way.

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Thus her Grace learnt the history of the French pedigree (which bored her excessively), and, incidentally, the generous intentions of Louis, which she took breath to assure Jeanne (panting) were exactly what every one in the world would expect of him, and which could not consequently be thwarted; and this latter information interested her so much that she redoubled her kindness to her visitor, and pressed her to prolong her stay.

Habit doubtless inures human beings to all kinds of changes; but more swiftly to surroundings of luxury than of hardship. Jeanne soon learnt to go in to dinner without trembling; and to order her own breakfast quite fearlessly every morning from the *menu* handed to her as she entered the great dining-room, where every guest who breakfasted downstairs had his or her separate service, and special dish to order.

She retracted her hasty judgment of the bad management of large establishments, as she gained experience in the excellence of the *cuisine*, and the perfect attention of the noiseless and well-trained servants.

Her simplicity saved her from the mortifications and difficulties that might have beset a lonely lady with a little more knowledge of the world, who found herself suddenly included in a large and fashionable party assembled for Easter in a country house.

But allusions that such a one might be striving to follow and understand, passed over her head with perfect innocuousness; and here ignorance was bliss indeed. It did not concern her for a moment that she could not join in the conversation when it turned on racing, as it often did, or on bridge, or on motoring, or the latest doings of the best-known people in the land.

She knew as much about politics as about polo, and was perfectly contented to sit in her corner and listen whilst others talked; or to withdraw her mind altogether from her surroundings, and dream of Louis.

Her modesty attracted the men of the party, and mollified

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the women; had the Duke and his mother monopolised her less, she might have made many friends.

As it was, she saw the departure of most of the Easter guests without any particular feelings of regret, and rather rejoiced at the diminished numbers of the party, which led to a certain increase of intimacy among those who remained.

Lord Dermot had turned his attentions (always inclined to be exclusive) to the young lady who had intended if she could to marry the Duke; and as she prudently reflected that, after all, the younger brother would be the richer man of the two, she met his advances, as it seemed to the onlookers, rather more than half way; which resulted in a flirtation so very ardent and conspicuous that the Duchess hailed the return of her second son to his duties at Windsor with great relief.

Their devotion was so exaggerated that it excited open smiles, and Jeanne, overhearing fragments of a conversation between two ladies who were intimate with one another, could not be ignorant of the subject to which they alluded.

"Will it come to anything, do you think?"

"Good heavens, no. He never stays in the same house a week without *almost* becoming engaged,"

"He only just fled in time, then, I never saw any one so determined as she."

"She has met her match," said the first lady, shaking her head. "He will disappear to shoot lions or something, worst comes to the worst."

"They generally go to the Rocky Mountains in cases of extremity," said the other.

Jeanne listened with indignation; but it was being gradually borne in upon her simple mind that size, strength, and comeliness of person, are not the only desirable qualities in mankind; and that the Duke suffered less than she could have supposed possible, by comparison with his brothers.

Lord Dermot, loud and cheerful, ruddy and healthful, was obviously, to the merest looker-on, careless of everything in the world but his own pleasure; lustily ready to hunt, to shoot,

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or to make love, with equal zest; and, young as he was, already dependant on constant fillips of whisky.

Lord Brian, with an equally fine physique, and the same Saxon fairness, was at once heavier of build and duller of intellect than his elder; and appeared to exist for the sole purpose of getting from one place to another as quickly as he possibly could; for he dreamt, thought, and spoke of nothing but motoring.

"But at least they are brave," thought Jeanne, wistfully; "for they both went to South Africa to fight for their country;" but she could not help feeling that when she had said that she had said all.

She blushed at the memory of her earlier feelings for Cousin Denis; of her kindly pity, not unmixed with contempt, for his inferiority in appearance and strength to her idolised brother.

Was it possible that the difference of the setting in which she now beheld him had helped to increase her respect for the Duke, so that she now regarded him with something very like reverence, mingled with her cousinly affection?

Jeanne blushed again, and with shame, at the very suspicion.

Yet human nature is undeniably subject to the influence of surroundings.

The quiet, lame young man, whose fair complexion was liable to such unfortunate variations of colour—whose unassuming manners had caused her to forget her natural timidity—and who never asserted his own opinions, nor contradicted those of other people, nor expressed strong likes and dislikes—had seemed to Jeanne (accustomed to the more vigorous or less well-governed personality of Louis) a very ordinary individual indeed. But the Duke, seated at the head of that great banqueting table, with its double row of well-bred, well-dressed guests, and its burden of hot-house blossoms and gold plate and wax lights—the Duke, limping through the spacious hall, giving quiet orders in his low voice, to bowing and

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deferential servants of twice his own size, as a matter of course —the Duke riding through the deer park on his splendid chestnut horse—in short, the Duke at home, the head of a great house, and treated universally with respect as well as affection by those who had known him from childhood, could no longer be regarded by a little country maiden as such a very unimportant young man, his lameness and his delicacy notwithstanding; and perhaps Jeanne would hardly have been human had she not come to look upon him in a totally new light.

"High or low, indoors or out, there's not a living soul but has a good word for him," reported Dunham, thus doubtless summarising the information she had been able to glean in the Room. "He's spent the most of his money, they say, on his poor Irish tenants; but yet he always seems to have a something to spare. 'Twas he as come to the Vicar's help here, with the working-man's club, as her Grace wouldn't put her hand in her pocket for; and he as built the tennis court for his brothers. And nobody they says, from his childhood up, has ever heard a rough word from him, for all he suffered from his poor back and her Grace's tantrums."

The Duchess, although in no way gifted by any special quickness of perception, was yet, being a woman and a mother, enabled to divine the sentiments with which Denis regarded her young visitor, before Jeanne had been twenty-four hours under her roof.

Only her real anxiety to see her eldest son married could have kept her nimble tongue from allusion to the subject; but though a great talker, she could be silent when her own interests or her children's were at stake; and she perceived Jeanne's unconsciousness with something like awe, realising the simplicity which it denoted.

The Duchess knew very well that the unconsciousness was real and not assumed; no woman can be deceived on such a point by another; and she felt almost a maternal tenderness towards the girl as she realised it.

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"I have always wished for a daughter," she thought, "and here, for a wonder, is one that would suit me down to the ground. No modern anæmic young woman, all nerves and excitement, but a nice quiet gentle creature, come of a healthy agricultural stock; with an historic name, as it appears, into the bargain; and best of all, the prospect of a really suitable marriage *dot*."

For Mr. Valentine had told Dunham, and Dunham had told her Grace's maid, who had in turn informed the Duchess, of Captain de Courset's openly declared intention of sharing his unexpected inheritance with his twin sister.

No doubt, thought her Grace, he would be advised to do nothing quite so quixotic when the time came; but her favourite inquiry of How much? in the right quarters, had elicited the gratifying information that the late Miss Marney's gross estate had been valued at three hundred and sixty thousand pounds.

It would go hard with her if Jeanne's portion, from a young and generous brother—who had never before owned a penny in his life, and who practically owed his inheritance to his sister—should be less than a hundred thousand pounds; perhaps even more, when young de Courset realised the magnificence of the match Jeanne would be making.

"I should be quite satisfied with that," thought the Duchess, surprised at her own moderation, "quite—because she is so exactly the kind of girl I prefer, and never hoped to find, for Denis. Why can't he make haste and propose to her? Thank heaven Dermot did not take one of his fancies to her; no young woman would look at Denis beside Dermot." The Duchess was troubled with no illusions concerning the superiority of mind over muscle in feminine eyes. "She shall not stir from here until it is all settled."

But fate was too strong for the Duchess.

Jeanne's visit had lasted ten days (for she had needed but little pressing to prolong it), and she had spent a happy morning wandering in the old walled kitchen gardens with

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Denis; for the Duchess, who usually claimed her company at that time, had some arrears of letter-writing to occupy her, and was busy with her secretary.

It was a typical April day; light showers alternating with brightest sunshine, and the breath of spring flowers scenting the mild air.

They walked past beds of wallflowers, pale yellow and copper colour, and deep velvet red; and of blue forget-me-nots, bordered with stiff little red daisies; below sunny red walls where the blossoming peach trees were nailed fan-wise; through alleys of standard pears and plums, and cherry trees white with bloom.

Against a high north wall, the camellias flourished hardily, bearing their burden of waxen flowers in profusion, as though the outdoor climate of the West Country were more congenial to them than the hothouses of the North. Above the wall rose the delicate spires of the young larch plantations newly green; and horse-chestnuts just uncrumpling downy leaves; the cuckoo's call sounded far and near.

"I should think you must be fonder of this place than of anything in the world," said Jeanne.

"No: for it is not my home. Cuilmore is far dearer to me, solitary as it is. It is much wilder and more beautiful than this, though, alas, so much less prosperous and orderly."

"Can you not work at it—to make it grow prosperous and orderly?".

"It is the wish of my heart," he said, "if it could be done."

"When shall you go back?" asked Jeanne, simply.

"Very soon—it depends."

They took refuge in a greenhouse from a passing shower.

Jeanne stood beside a bank of arums and spirea and Madonna lilies, which rose amongst the palms above the lower tier, whereon brightly coloured hyacinths and gay tulips were ranged in long rows. A light green climber

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covered the roof and dangled delicate tendrils above their heads; the rain pattered upon the glass, and splashed through the open doorway; and the Duke half closed the door.

They had been together and alone very often; but never quite like this; shut into this narrow glass kingdom of colour and sweet scent, in a twilight of green foliage, and falling rain. A sudden consciousness touched both man and maiden, with that unpremeditated little action of the Duke's, in closing the door, as it were, upon the outer world; and although they were standing in such close proximity that the white cloth gown was almost touching the grey tweed coat, yet neither glanced towards the other.

The rain ceased as suddenly as it began; glistening silver drops fell from the cornice to the stone pavement of the entry, whilst the sun serenely conquered the last of the purple clouds, and shone forth with renewed splendour.

The Duke looked at Jeanne's bright face, which reflected the glory of the sunlight in the clear transparent red of her cheeks, and in her dazzled brown eyes—and said to himself, with new-born hopefulness:

"Not yet—but very soon."

For as she had passed from shyness to perfect confidence in his presence, so he was conscious now that her shyness of him was returning once more.

Almost it seemed as though she were beginning, at last, to understand.

Jeanne blushed as she met that half-tender, half-mirthful look in his blue eyes; and said hurriedly, "It has stopped raining, let us go home now," without knowing why; and indeed scarcely knowing what she said.

But as they went their way home over the wet paths, wherein the sun reflected itself from a thousand miniature lakes and gleaming pebbles—the song of the birds sounded as no concert of the woods had ever sounded in Jeanne's ears before, and evoked joyful echoes in her very heart.

They walked in silence; and in silence parted in the great

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hall; thus affording a happy illustration of the proverbial blindness of love; for by this time Jeanne was perhaps the only woman in Challonsleigh who did not know that she was the probable future Duchess of Monaghan; and Denis the only man who had any doubt as to what her answer would be, when he should actually utter the proposal which had so often trembled upon his lips.

Both were content, for the moment, with that vaguely blissful condition which precedes the declaration of first love, and seldom altogether survives it. So that instead of coming to an immediate understanding with his companion, the Duke sought the privacy of his study, whilst Jeanne flew upstairs to her own room, that she, too, might be alone with her happy thoughts, and her budding hopes, and the bewildering tumult of her suddenly awakened heart.

She did not know, as she entered her pleasant room, with the gladness of the spring in her hurrying pulses, and the brightness of the April sunshine still dazzling her brown eyes, that she was leaving her youth upon the threshold—and shutting the door upon it, for ever.

She crossed the room, humming a song, but her song died on her lips as she took up a telegram which lay conspicuously upon the dressing-table.

O.H.M.S.

Deeply regret . . . telegram received from Bohotle reports your brother Captain Louis de Courset . . . missing. Without doubt killed in action. Military Secretary.

Dunham entered from the communicating room and found Jeanne standing still with the telegram in her hand.

"It came an hour ago," said the maid, "and I brought it up here for you, thinking it might be important."

"Louis is dead!" said Jeanne.

She did not faint nor scream, only looked at Dunham; and presently sat down in the armchair, feeling a little sick.

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She heard Dunham asking somebody at the door for brandy, and thought she laughed in the old woman's face when she returned; but it was only a pitiful ashy smile that Jeanne gave. How could brandy possibly help her? Yet when she had obediently swallowed the mixture Dunham put authoritatively to her lips, she found that it helped her.

Her knees ceased to shake, and the mists cleared away, and she understood that the telegram was a reality.

"I know now why poor people take to drink when they are miserable," she said suddenly to Dunham. "You get strong, and you understand. But it all seems a long way off, and as if it didn't really matter."

Dunham was shocked when Jeanne said this; describing what she really felt, instead of what she ought to have felt.

But the effect that she described was so momentary that it was barely worth describing at all.

"I must write to Uncle Roberts at once," she said, and went to the writing-table.

Dunham stood watching her; not knowing what to do, but very sure that somebody must be written to at once, and relieved that her young lady should be able to do it.

Jeanne took one of the strawberry-crowned sheets of note-paper, and began her letter.

"*Dear Uncle Roberts,*

"*I am sorry to tell you that Louis is dead*——"

The written words looked to her so absurd that she laughed aloud, and Dunham became alarmed for her reason.

"You had better send a telegram, ma'am—or let me—and perhaps your good uncle would come to you, Miss Jane, for we must go home at once," said the poor old woman, and she suddenly broke down herself, and began to cry pitifully.

"Do not cry, Mrs. Dunham. What are you crying for?" said Jeanne, jealously. "He was nothing to you."

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CHAPTER XVIII

THE LONELY LADY STILL MORE LONELY

"For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor.
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth is honour."—BURNS.

UNCLE ROBERTS sat in one of the gilt and brocaded Louis Seize chairs of the morning-room at 99 Grosvenor Square; with his hands crossed upon the knob of the market umbrella he held between his knees. He wore his rusty old great-coat, which he had refused to leave in the hall, despite Hewitt's anxious persuasions; and he had put down his old round hat upon the delicate blue cover of the "Book of Beauty."

He was in a state of agitation indescribable; and Jeanne forgot her astonishment at seeing him in London at all—in her awe at beholding a man who was usually so stolid and immovable thus beside himself.

His light blue eyes stared at her miserably from the forest of red-grey hair which surrounded his weather-beaten face; the wretchedness of his look and of his tones appalled her in the midst of her sorrow; his tears—the rare and difficult tears of a man who has not wept since childhood—filled her with reverence as with pity.

"I been to the War Office. I done what I could," said Uncle Roberts, trembling, and unconscious of the drops that were falling over the unkempt beard and whiskers that Louis and Jeanne had so often deplored to each other. "You seen the papers this morning?"

"Yes, I have seen the papers."

"They could tell me no more than was written on the papers. It seems there ain't no hope of seeing him no more in this world. They sent 'un on a wild-goose chase and killed 'un. And all for nothing."

"Uncle, oh uncle! You mustn't talk like that. It makes

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it so much harder. He was doing his duty. You always say a man can do no more," she cried in anguish. "He has laid down his life for his King and country, as—as his father did before him."

But her efforts died away into choking sobs.

"And he was only twenty-five, and all his life before him," said Jeanne, and she sank on her knees and wept as she had not yet been able to weep; for the familiar presence of Uncle Roberts brought back to her the familiar memory of Louis at home—on the farm—and opened the fountains of her tears.

The sight of her agony did more to restore the old man's self-control than all her attempts at consolation.

He stretched his arm out, and laid his rough hand not ungently for a moment on the brown head. Then he rose, pulled himself together, and walking to the window, blew a trumpet blast into his red cotton handkerchief.

The storm of Jeanne's weeping passed, and she too controlled herself, and smoothed her hair about her little ears, and confronted her uncle, with pale face, and dimmed and sunken eyes.

A dozen newspapers were scattered about the room; each had been scanned in desperate hopes of some fresh item, some hint of a possibility that the disaster was not final—that those who were missing might yet be recovered.

But the same heading—dreadful in certainty—the same clear and appalling details were reported in all.

SOMALILAND DISASTER.
Ten Officers and 174 Men killed.

And here was the list, and the name of Louis de Courset in black and white; and among the other brief pathetic paragraphs was the one which summed up the history of his short life, so far as it concerned his country.

"Captain Louis de Courset had served on the Indian frontier and during the Boer War. For his services in South

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Africa he was twice mentioned in despatches, and received the D.S.O. He was in his twenty-sixth year."

All the rest—for Jeanne—was summed up in that portion of the main telegram which was headed: *All died fighting.*

. . . kept back enemy's forces until no more ammunition . . . at last enemy's forces overwhelmed square and annihilated all with exception of 87 fugitive Yaos.

"What are you going to do?" said Uncle Roberts.

"There is nothing to be done. I have been waiting and waiting and waiting—for him—all this time, and it was for nothing."

This was indeed the feeling of the whole household.

A dreariness indescribable had descended upon them. Nothing had been settled since their old lady's death. They had all been waiting, with Jeanne, for the return of the heir. And now he would never come.

"Will you come home?" said Uncle Roberts.

She shook her head.

"No, no. There might be—oh, uncle, I am praying day and night there may be—some more letters. The last had no messages—nothing special. But perhaps later—he may have written just before the—the disaster—with some presentiment."

But this was a flight beyond Uncle Roberts's powers of imagination.

"What good can letters do now?" His head sunk on to his chest. "I never thought to outlive the lad," he said almost angrily.

Then, as though the words led him into another train of thought, he asked, suspiciously:

"Has that lawyer chap been nigh the place yet?"

"Hewett went round to Mr. Valentine—Dunham said he must—directly we came home," said Jeanne. "But he has not returned from his Easter holidays yet. He is in Switzerland. Some one else came round from the office, but I said I

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would see no one till Mr. Valentine came home. He is very kind and he knows about everything. He will tell me what to do."

Uncle Roberts looked uneasy.

"I've no faith in lawyers; nor yet I ain't no match for them. Still—I don't like to leave a bit of a girl like you to fight them all alone," he said, in troubled tones.

"There will be no fighting," said Jeanne, with a wan smile. "Aunt Caroline trusted him."

"Aye, I daresay," rather contemptuously.

Jeanne sought for an argument more likely to convince her uncle of Mr. Valentine's probity,

"Louis—had heard all about him from a brother officer, He wrote that he trusted him, too."

"Did he? The lad had a good head," said Uncle Roberts, and his brow cleared. "I'll warrant he wouldn't say so without cause."

"If there were—any difficulties—there is my Cousin Denis," said Jeanne, wearily. "He brought Dunham and me home last night. We were staying, as I wrote you, with his mother."

"Aye; the letter was a bit long, but I read it all through. I don't hold with dukes and duchesses," said Uncle Roberts, gruffly; "but if they're relations, you're very right to be civil to them. Blood's thicker than water. When you're tired of 'em all you can come back home." No doubts assailed his honest mind but that Coed-Ithel must always be home to little Jeanne. "If they can be of use to you, so much the better. I doubt you'll be cheated out of all this fine fortune the poor lad was to have got," he said, heavily. "'Twill be nought but a burden upon a bit of a girl like you."

"Do you mean that—that it is me it—all belongs to now?" said Jeanne. "I never thought of that."

"Who else?—'twas left to him outright."

"How shall I know what he would wish me to do with it?" said Jeanne, weeping; then her face was suddenly

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illumined. "Oh, how could I have forgotten? He said—there was a letter which he sent to the bank long ago, with his insurance policy. I was to read it only if something happened. Mr. Valentine has it now. That will tell me what he wishes—but no—no—it can't, for it was written long before poor Aunt Caroline died. It will not help me—but at least, at least, I shall see his dear writing once more."

"Did the lad insure his life?"

"Long ago, that the debts he left behind him might be honourably paid," said Jeanne, proudly, "and oh—uncle, I may tell you now, he said I was to get the best horse that money could buy for you besides. He wanted to show you how grateful he was for all you'd done for him. Oh, Louis, Louis, you left nothing undone, ever in all your life, that you could think of——"

"I don't want no horse," said Uncle Roberts; but he cried as he said it. "What did he want with debts? Couldn't he a' wrote to me if he wasn't able to pay his way as he went along?"

"Oh, uncle, was Louis one to ask——?"

"If I kep' him short, 'twas for his good. I was brought up to believe a man should earn his bread," said Uncle Roberts, and his voice shook. "God knows, I grudged him nought."

"You did everything for him," cried Jeanne; and she came and knelt beside her uncle, and laid her wet cheek against his beard. "You gave him his start in life, as a kinsman should—do you think we would either of us forget it?—and after that—what shame is there in honourable poverty for a soldier? But it would have been shame for an officer and a gentleman to take your hard-earned money and play at being rich. Louis was never one to do that. Oh, thank God, he leaves a name unstained—unstained——" she sobbed.

Uncle Roberts went back to Coed-Ithel, and Jeanne was alone once more.

In a darkened room, with head aching and cheeks burning

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from long hours of bitter hopeless weeping, she lay, listening to the ceaseless jangle of hansoms, and the alternate nearing and dying sounds of horses' hoofs, that came to her through the open window. As she counted each chime of the clock, she had a wild feeling that she must be waiting still—for the bell that would never ring—the hansom that would never stop —the tread that would never come up the stair.

Presently a step did sound on the stair, for the Duchess had come to town, and would take no denial, but forced her arbitrary way into Jeanne's presence.

Yet, perhaps, it was well she did so; for of the mixture of motives that prompted her action, Jeanne's innocent eyes only discerned one; and that was the honest sympathy which prompted her warm, motherly embrace.

"Poor child, poor little Jeanne!"

"Is there any fresh news——? Has anything more——"

"No, no. Denis has made every inquiry. Alas, there is nothing. Nothing left for you, my poor child, but to mourn your hero and be proud of him." The tears in the Duchess's eyes were genuine. She kissed the burning cheek and drew the aching head on to her ample bosom, petting and soothing Jeanne as though she had been a child.

"But you can't stay here alone, my love," said the Duchess presently, in her authoritative voice.

"Yes, yes, indeed I must; until I get his letters, and know if there was anything he wished. The lawyer has not come home yet. I am better here. I shall grow braver when I have had time to face it. I shall be able to attend to—to business when Mr. Valentine comes."

With a marvellous effort—but the stake at issue was so great—the Duchess held her tongue.

"I am coming downstairs—to-morrow," said Jeanne. "Only Dunham thought it would be the best thing for me—to have one more day—to rest—up here."

"And I came to disturb you! But I won't stay—poor little thing! Only remember, if you want me, I will come at

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any time. I am in Park Lane, close by, you know. And Denis is thinking of you day and night."

"He is very, very kind," faltered Jeanne. She closed her eyes for a moment, and the Duchess did not guess that she was reproaching herself passionately for her happiness on that bright spring morning—was it only three days ago?—when Louis—Louis, had she but known it, was lying dead in the desert.

"Oh, let me die; oh, let me die," moaned poor Jeanne in her heart.

She came down on the morrow and faced a worse ordeal than the visit from the Duchess; for a card was brought to her scribbled over with Cecilia's pointed writing.

"*Surely you will see an old friend, dearest Jeanne?*"

"Oh yes, I will see her, why not?" said Jeanne, with dry eyes.

She felt as though she could weep no more. After all, what did it matter what Cecilia said?

"I heard the Duchess of Monaghan had been let in, and I was sure if you could see *her*, almost a stranger, you would not refuse an old friend like me," said Cecilia, who knew nothing of Jeanne's visit to Challonsleigh.

"It is very kind of you to come," said Jeanne, dully.

Cecilia looked at her almost with awe. Jeanne seemed to have lost her prettiness, and her fresh and youthful look.

Her cheeks and lips were pale, and there were hollows beneath her brown eyes, stained and reddened with long weeping.

A note of genuine sympathy sounded momentarily in Cecilia's voice.

"Oh, poor poor little Jeanne! Will you come and stay with me? Joseph is away, so we should be quite alone. I am sure I should be very thankful to have you, for I am nearly as lonely as you are," said Cecilia, shedding a few tears.

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"Thank you very much. It is very kind. But I must stay here, I am waiting for Mr. Valentine," said Jeanne.

"Well, I won't press you against your will," said Cecilia; with her handkerchief to her eyes, "for I know what you must be feeling by what I am feeling myself."

"Thank you," said Jeanne.

Cecilia began to recover herself, but still cried a little at intervals.

"I can't tell you how shocked I was—nor how grieved. It reminded me so—those things always do—of my own loss. You know, I told you I lost my baby—a boy six months old—pneumonia."

"Yes, you told me," said Jeanne.

"It makes one able to feel for others more, having been through just the same thing oneself," said Cecilia. "Not but what this is worse than an ordinary death—all so blank—no funeral—nothing."

"It makes no difference," said Jeanne, speaking with dry lips.

Oh, why had she let Cecilia in?

"You would not say so," said Cecilia, sobbing, "if you knew the comfort—of having—their grave to cry over—and keep nice and tidy. It may not be much consolation, but it is something."

"I daresay it might be to you. I should not feel it so," said Jeanne, in a hard voice.

Cecilia's sobs took from her every inclination to weep; and she felt only a strong desire that her friend should go, and that speedily.

"Well—I am glad to see you are able to keep up," said Cecilia, "for I was half afraid you would be like me. I was utterly prostrated."

"No, I am not utterly prostrated. I am able to keep up."

"Yes. People take things so differently. But of course I was *there*. That makes a difference. Perhaps it is better when one doesn't see them, after all."

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"Perhaps it is," said Jeanne.

"Have you seen the Duke?"

"No."

"What do you suppose made the Duchess call?"

"I don't know."

"I suppose——" Cecilia hesitated. Was it too soon to talk of such things? Really, when there was no funeral, it was very hard to tell. It must have happened on the 17th, according to the papers, ten days ago. But then Jeanne had only known it four days.

She looked at the set white face, and decided it was too soon to mention such matters. Besides, it was quite certain. He would have left everything to his only sister. Jeanne would undoubtedly be very rich.

"You look so tired that I don't think I ought to stay," said Cecilia, with a sudden outburst of renewed sympathy. "I only came to tell you how very very sorry I was. Goodbye, dear. If you want me you have only to drop me a line, or send a message."

She pressed her friend's hand, and went away at last.

The Duke did not come.

Jeanne knew that he called each morning and evening at the house, and asked how she was, and whether there were anything to be done that he could do—but he never asked to see her.

"Nobody understands but Cousin Denis," thought Jeanne.

She remembered, but almost as a dream, that hurried journey from Challonsleigh, and that he had put her alone into the carriage with Dunham, and travelled to town himself in another compartment, that she might be free to indulge her grief unseen.

Throughout the journey it was he who watched over her comfort, and yet never obtruded his presence, and scarcely spoke to her.

But every thought of the Duke brought with it a fresh access of self-reproach.

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"How could I? How could I? Rejoicing in the sunshine, so full of brightness and happiness—light-hearted—and my boy in that burning desert, marching to meet his death. I didn't think, I never thought. He has been in so many dangers, and come so safely through."

That her self-reproaches were unreasonable made them no less severe.

They poisoned the secret well of her happiness, and rendered the recollections of those bright spring days intolerable.

She never doubted but that the Duke divined her thoughts. His perceptions were so acute—his sympathies so delicate—he was gentle as a woman; far more gentle, indeed, than any woman she had ever known.

She put her hands to her eyes as though to shut out the memory of the grave fair face, the kind blue eyes, the expression of melancholy raillery as of one who for a long time had only looked on at life—half-amused, half mournful.

Ah, how could she think of Denis—what was he to her—when her twin brother, comrade and idol of a lifetime, who had no place for any one but her in all his brave faithful loyal heart—lay dead in Africa?

A little parcel, with a note, was brought to her.

It was addressed in the Duke's clear minute handwriting.

"*I am sending you a miniature. I think it may comfort you, even though I fear it must pain you to have it now. Anything you do not like in it can be altered. I took the photograph you gave me to an artist some time ago, and gave him what directions I could from your description; but it only came home last night.*—DENIS."

She tore off the wrappers and looked at the miniature. It was like and unlike, as such paintings usually are.

The eyes were the eyes of Louis; but the face, copied

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exactly from the last photographs he had sent, was the face of a graver and older Louis than she had ever known, and the moustache made it almost as the face of a stranger.

"And yet, oh yet, how glad I am to have it! I will put it with the other miniatures," she said; and suddenly realised, with a dreadful pang, that Louis was now numbered with that company of the dead, whose portraits, cold and smiling, hung round the walls of the silent gallery above.

She felt alone indeed.

She realised, as she had never realised before, that Louis had been to her, in all her past life, the only reality in a world of shadows. Among the figures who had moved upon the horizon of her limited view, the only one who counted.

The discovery comes to many of us whose worlds may be crowded with thronging figures, that very few of them are real, so far as we personally are concerned. What the others think may be interesting, or amusing, or false or true, but it doesn't really matter to us; for they move across our lives like phantoms in a dream. They talk to us and we reply—the words mean nothing; we meet them and smile, and part and smile again; for our little landscape is neither the brighter nor the duller for their absence. They suffer, and we would help them if we could, for who would see humanity suffer and not weep? Yet our heart of hearts will never bleed for them.

But for the few, how different!

Their lightest word, how fraught with meaning—for us; their thoughts revealed—how sacred; their companionship how satisfying to our lonely souls; and the silence of their absence—how unbearable!

And when those beloved spirits vanish in their turn from our horizon into the unknown whither we may not yet follow—then how that horizon darkens; how hopeless the longing—how dreary the outlook—how empty the world!

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CHAPTER XIX

THE LAST LETTER

"WHILST venturing to express to you my deep sympathy for the terrible blow you have sustained," wrote Mr. Valentine, "I wish to inform you that I have directed that a letter addressed to you, and entrusted to my care by your poor brother, should be immediately delivered to you by special messenger from our firm. As regards his will, which is also in our charge, it will be handed to you, as executrix, whenever you choose to apply for it; but I hope to be in London twenty-four hours after you receive this letter, when I will, if you please, call upon you immediately, as I have news of grave importance to communicate to you; for which I have reason to hope, that your poor brother's letter will, in some measure, prepare you."

Jeanne, white to the lips, broke the seal of the enclosure which accompanied Mr. Valentine's letter, forwarded from Bedford Row by special messenger, in accordance with the directions mentioned.

The envelope within was addressed to her by that hand which could write no more.

She opened the letter.

It was dated from Capetown, August 1900.

Nearly three years ago.

"You will never read this letter, my darling Jeanne, unless something happens to me before I see you to explain why I have acted as I have done, and kept it secret from my beloved little sister.

"I have married Anne-Marie-Charlotte de Courset, the only daughter of the late Henri de Courset, and the only living descendant of Charles, the Chevalier de Courset who remained in the French Navy when our great grandfather emigrated to England; and if you would know what she is

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like in face, look at the miniature of our dear Chanoinesse; but if in character,—why, she is *très dévote* (and you may look that up in the dictionary, my wee little Jeanne), and also, in her own sweet way, a bit of a mystic, and so beyond the power of such an ordinary mortal as I to fathom—I can but worship and wonder.

"Her father was killed (or died of his wounds) fighting at Boshof last April by the side of poor de Villebois-Mareuil, and as soon as she heard of his death she came out to South Africa to find his grave; defying all the difficulties, and overcoming every obstacle placed in her way. But when you know her you will understand. While others think (or talk) she *acts*.

"She heard of a de Courset in hospital at Kimberley, and inspired by God knows what wild hope of finding that there had been some mistake—that her father might be yet alive—she flew there on the wings of love and hope—oh what an angel come to seek a poor mortal, she seemed to me! and how do you suppose that, having found her, I could ever let her go? . . . I was nearly convalescent, and I got leave, and slipped away here, and married her quietly in the chapel of the convent where she was staying, and before the French Consul . . .

"Now if I had written this piece of news straight away to you, as I was sorely tempted to do—I know as well as you do, that between Uncle Roberts' horror at my marrying a foreigner and a Roman Catholic—and your anger—perhaps, who knows?—with your poor unstable brother, who has broken his solemn promise to you, and he knows it and deplores his weakness on his knees, and begs you to forgive him, though I am afraid he doesn't repent as he should—between all these conflicting emotions; and the certainty of your preconceived dislike for my wife, and your conviction of her complete unworthiness (which you know and can't deny you are feeling at this moment), I wonder how much chance of a welcome my beautiful saint and queen would have had from you all?

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"Not to mention that the life at Coed-Ithel, and the ways of our beloved uncle, would completely bewilder and upset her, without me to act as a buffer, so to speak. For though she is perfectly simple, yet she is also *très grande dame* in her way, my beautiful Anne-Marie.

"If, on the other hand, you and Uncle Roberts hear that I have a wife, and she *doesn't* come to see you—why what another hullabaloo once more! So all things considered in my poor crazy brain—half crazy with joy and pride to have won the one woman on earth whom God created for me alone—I have determined that silence is golden . . .

"But in case bad luck steps in, as it has an ugly knack of doing in South Africa just now, and prevents me from carrying out my happy plan of fetching my darling back from her own country (to which, alas, she has already flown), and hiding her in London until I have talked over both you and dear old Uncle Roberts (and you know I could do it, my silly little Jeanne) why then—why then I have no resource but to write my confession now, and to send it to safe keeping, that you may hear it at least from *me*, dead or alive, and from nobody else.

"So if you ever read this, my Jeannie dear, I shan't be here to know whether you forgive me or not, which makes me all the more certain that you will do it—and that you will remember that my wife is part of me, and the best part; and that I love and reverence her above everything and everybody in this world; and you will take her to your heart, and never never be jealous nor sick nor sorry concerning my love for her; because Love is Love, and we cannot help its mastery even if we would.

"With this I draw up a short will. Ah me, ah me, that I should have so little to leave! But I hope there will be a few hundreds over out of my thousand pounds insurance, after paying my debts, and buying Uncle Roberts his horse; and I appoint you sole executrix, for I know naught of French formalities, and have no wish to make legal difficulties to add

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expense; and I divide all my property equally between the two who are nearest and dearest to my heart, my darling sister, and my beloved wife. But my debts I leave to my little Jeanne d'Arc alone, for I know it would go to her heart that any other should pay them: and for the honour of the family (as you used to say when you gave me your new desk, &c., to take to school, and kept my shabby old things in their stead), the wretched provision I leave my wife must be as large as we can make it; though, thank God, she is not dependent on that, but has a competence of her own, and lives in great state and luxury with her old servants on about twenty thousand francs a year. Her home is not far from the Château de Courset! Which now belongs to a good little bourgeois (oh! if you could hear her benevolent tones!) of the Boulonnais. I write her address on the back of this letter.

"Now, of course, such a pauper as I had no business to marry at all—but blame me who will, what care I, so that you are on my side? For, with such love to inspire me, I should be a fool and an idiot not to get on, and I shall but strive the harder, for her sake, to do my absolute best with the chances God gives me. Feeling as fit and as jolly as I do now, for I am practically all right again, and hope to get back to duty at once, it is difficult to write very seriously, my Jeannie dear, and, after all, why should I try? If I am killed, I am killed—and there's an end of it. All the best and bravest fellows I know have led the way.

"'*End thy journey in content, just as an olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing Nature who produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew.*' Which reminds me that I gave my copy of M. Antoninus translated to a Boer who was wounded and a prisoner; a fine old fellow, and able to read English, and he said to me a few days later: 'Captain, this man has written down all my thoughts.' About the best and simplest criticism old Marcus Aurelius would have wished, I should think, to evoke.

"But I try once more to put myself in your place in case

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you read this, and fear terribly to cause you sadness, my little sister. Somehow I can't bring myself to fear anything for *her*; she is too far above me, in the calm certainty of faith which is hers, and at which I look on amazed, but reverent, I hope; as who would not be, that had watched an angel pray?

"Anne-Marie has a lion-heart; but you, my little Jeannie, I would fain bid you pluck up courage, and remember that the longest life can last but a few years;—a few more, or a few less, what does it signify?

"I believe it is D'Israeli who says, 'grief is the agony of a moment: indulgence in it is the mistake of a lifetime.'

"Take all the joy that comes to you in life and be thankful for it; and if you want to know what are my feelings—why, I would like you never to go into mourning for me, and to laugh whenever you mention my name; but, above all, to know that, though I am Anne-Marie's devoted lover and servant and husband to command, I am yet also, for ever and ever, your brother what loves you.

"LOUIS DE COURSET."

Oh! were they only written words, or was it her brother's merry, tender mocking voice that rang in her ears as she read? Everything was changed.

Her grief was no longer that pure and undivided anguish of sorrow all her own. Love, pity and jealousy, grief and disappointment, all had their share in the tumult of fierce emotion which was beyond anything Jeanne's gentle breast had ever known.

Louis was not only her brother, her hero and idol, her twin-spirit—he was also the husband of Anne-Marie,

While she had thought of him as dying with only her image in his thoughts, only her pictured face in his havresack, only her love—the love which she believed to be all in all to him—in his faithful heart;—his last vision had been that of his "saint and queen,"—of her whom he loved and reverenced "above everything and everybody in this world." And her

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name, perhaps, the last upon his dying lips. How much had she known of Louis, after all? Of the Louis who had kept this secret from her, whilst she had poured forth her very soul in her faithful letters to him? Of the boy who had become a man, during the long years of his absence?

He had failed in loyalty, failed—failed—thought Jeanne, gazing into the silent empty room in that dry-eyed desolate misery that hurts the very soul, unlike the tender sorrow which can be poured forth in tears, softening and healing as it flows.

In proportion to her unthinking and absolute trust in him, in proportion to the idolatry with which she had regarded him, and the simplicity which had enabled her to retain her childish belief in his infallibility—she suffered now.

Because he had broken his word to her, because he had withheld his confidence, because he was not the Louis—half soldier—half archangel—of her dreams; but a mere man after all.

The love of a sister for a brother stands apart from every other love in the world, if but for this cause—that it is the only affection which can truly survive and withstand the administration of home-truths.

The most tender of parents are well aware that such must be sparingly administered indeed if they are to retain the love and the confidence of their offspring; whilst if not nature, at least civilisation forbids a child to communicate his opinion of their merits or demerits to the authors of his being.

The most romantically attached husbands and wives know that if the mirror of truth be held up too often to the weaknesses of human nature, the illusion on which all romance is primarily based—must vanish. The lover dare not blame his mistress overmuch, lest love be drowned in resentment; nor must the friend treat his friend's feelings roughly lest he lose his friendship.

But the brother may say what he will to his sister; may deride her absurdities, label her faults, repel her caresses, scatter her prejudices; and if she loves him, she but clings the closer.

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The relationship, at its best, is the perfection of human comradeship; with all life's earliest memories to sanctify it, and every hope and ambition for the future to lend it an interest which can only increase with years.

Jeanne loved and blamed and pitied Louis all in one—but, like lightning, her resentment flashed upon the image of Anne-Marie.

It seemed to her that she had always known of this woman's existence; she felt as though a long-dreaded enemy had arisen at last, and snatched her brother from her; so that he was no longer her own, even in death.

Ah, but what were his words—his words that he had written with such careless certainty that, blame him who would, his sister would be on his side?

"*So if you ever read this . . . I shan't be here to know whether you forgive me or not, which makes me all the more certain that you will do it.*"

"Oh, with all my heart and soul I forgive you, Louis," cried Jeanne, weeping.

"*And that you will remember that my wife is part of me and the best part . . . and you will take her to your heart, and never never be jealous, nor sick, nor sorry concerning my love for her; for love is love, and we cannot help its mastery even if we would . . .*"

There came to Jeanne, suddenly, a memory of halcyon days, scarcely past; of a radiance she could not deny to those bright April hours; of her bitter self-reproach for the happiness she had dared indulge whilst Louis was in danger; nay, whilst death had already claimed him for its own. Death which he feared so little; for it was not possible for any one knowing Louis to think of him as fearing death, apart from his own words penned in the fulness of life and young love.

He had always thrown himself eagerly into his varied

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pursuits, working strenuously at whatever lay before him, and never pausing to count results.

Was this philosophy? thought little Jeanne, or was it carelessness? Did it mean that he thought too little, or too much—to fear death?

She could not tell. Human nature is apt to undervalue the greatness of even those fellow-creatures whom it holds dearest. Jeanne realised humbly that of the inner depths of Louis she had known little since his earliest childhood. There were subjects, of which, boy-like, he had seldom spoken; for which, perhaps, the little sister had thought him wanting in reverence; but it appeared that, at last, this quality had been aroused in her light-hearted brother.

He had watched an angel pray, and the angel had been Anne-Marie.

"*Remember that my wife is part of me—and the best part.*"

She put her lips to the letter, and locked it away with his miniature; looking at the face of Louis, and reading now, as it were, the meaning of that new purpose and determination written on his handsome brow.

Then slowly—slowly she moved to the escritoire, and sat down before it, and took up a pen—to write to Anne-Marie.

With the very action a little comfort came; a little lightening of the darkness of her grief. There was something to be done for Louis after all.

It was in every sense a difficult letter to write, for, in spite of her studies, poor Jeanne's French was as yet very far from perfect. But with her grammar and her dictionary beside her, she toiled over it, through the hours of the long bright afternoon, patiently making one copy after another.

It was Anne-Marie's home to which she was inviting her to come, since Louis had said that they were to share and share alike in all the property he left behind; though little dreaming, when he wrote, how great and rich a property it was to be.

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"*Si vous viendrez*," wrote Jeanne, in her best round hand and most surprising French, "*je vous prendrai à mon cœur comme il a écrit, et ie ferai ma mieux être une sœur à vous. Mais c'est je qui va payer ses dettes; pour il les a fié à moi.*"

As she finished at last, and paused, pen in hand, to consider doubtfully, how to address the envelope to her brother's wife—the door behind her opened.

The windows of the morning-room were thrown up to their fullest extent, letting in the freshness of the May air, and the noise of the season's traffic; and thus she had not heard the bustle and commotion of voices in the hall outside; but she heard very distinctly indeed the announcement which Hewitt made, almost at the top of his voice, in a tone of mingled wonder, incredulity and triumph:

"The Marquis de Courset."

(*To be continued*)

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